NOV 18 '58

The Saturday Evening
# POST
November 22, 1958 – 15¢

## YUL BRYNNER
By PETE MARTIN

Governor's Widow Vanishes:
## WHERE IS LYDE MARLAND?
By JOHN KOBLER

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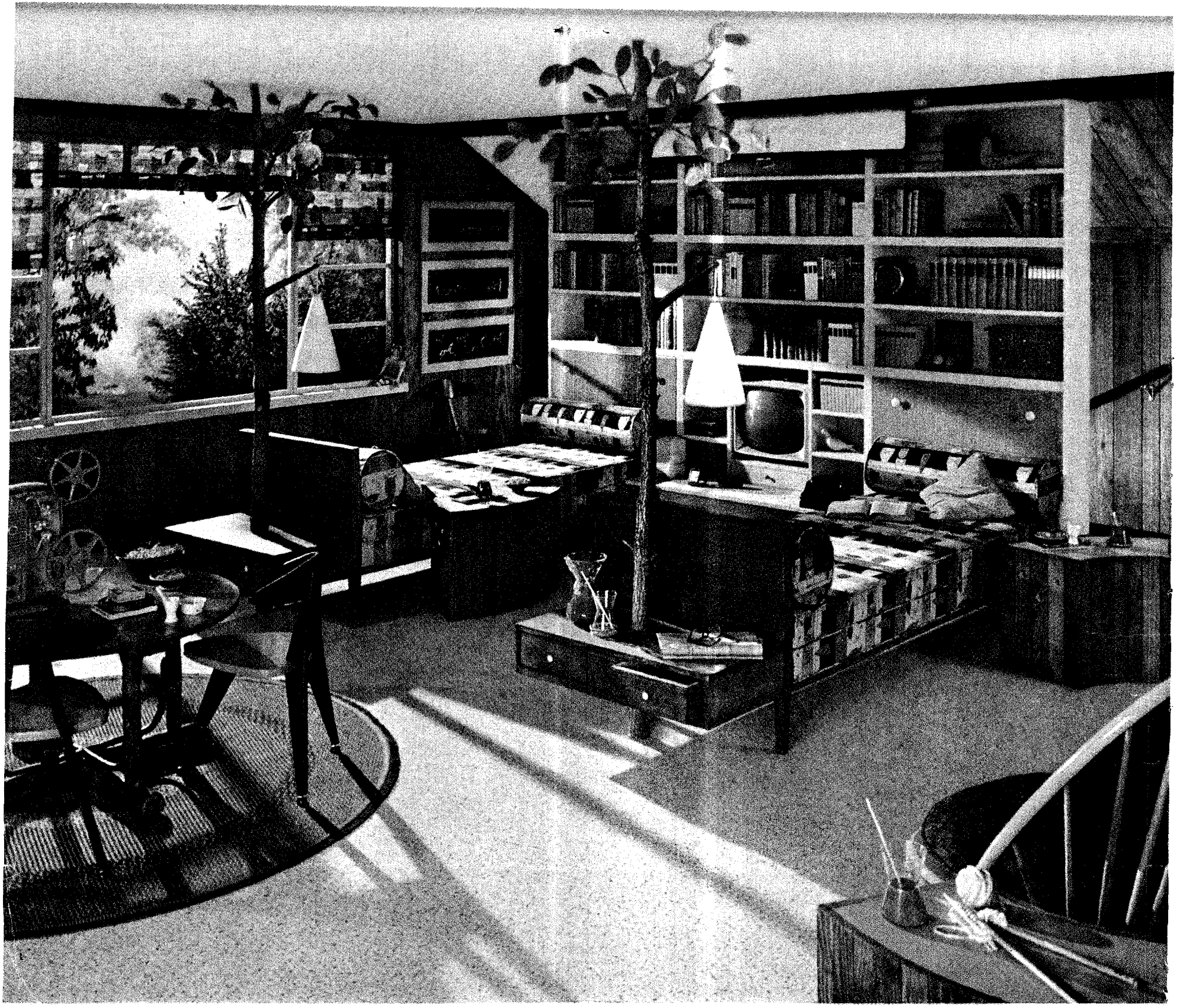

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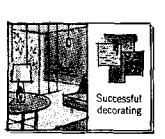


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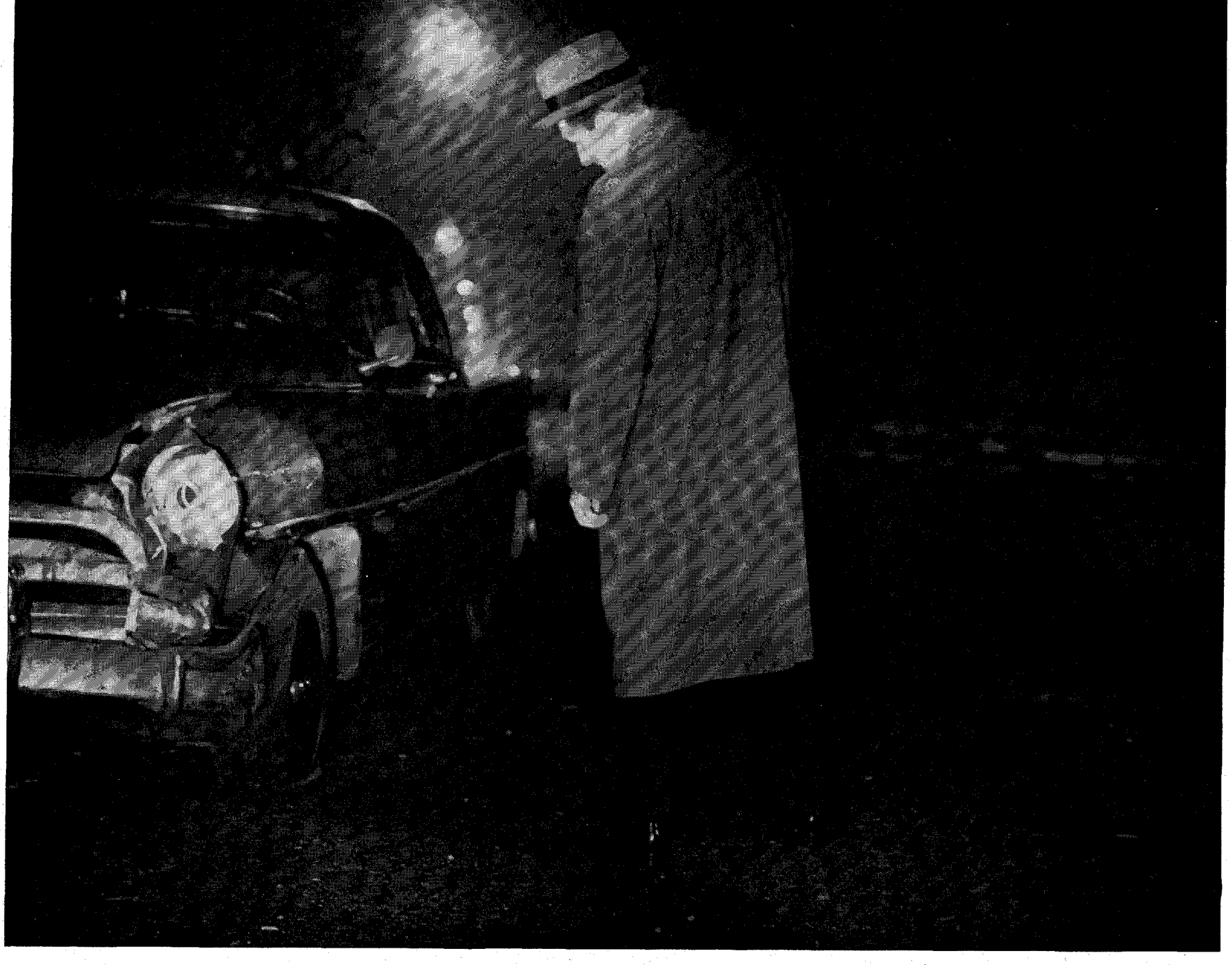

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## IN THIS ISSUE

*November 22, 1958* *Vol. 231, No. 21*

### 4 Short Stories


The Secret of Gumley Abbey . . . . . *Robert Standish* 22
The Gentle Outlaw of River's Elbow . . . . . *Paul Darcy Boles* 26
Late in Love . . . . . *Norma Mansfield* 30
The Innocent Captive . . . . . *Allan Seager* 37


### 9 Articles

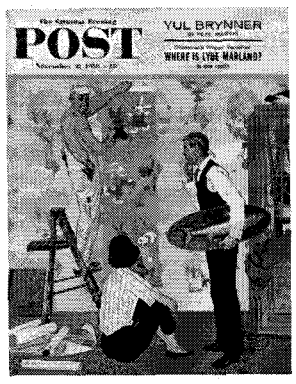

Where is Lyde Marland? . . . . . *John Kobler* 19
Will Your Dollar be Worth Ten Cents? . . . . . *Roswell Magill* 21
I Call on Yul Brynner . . . . . *Pete Martin* 24
The Face of America: Island Fortress . . . *Photograph by Larry Keighley* 28
All-Around Jimmy Brown . . . . . *Milton Gross* 31
The Man Who Changes Sky Lines . . . . . *Robert Cahn* 32
Secrets of the Head-Hunters . . . *Kenneth O. Gilmore and Howard Simons* 34
Divorce: "A Little Nest of Hate" (Conclusion) . . . *John Bartlow Martin* 36
The Nine Last Days of the Bismarck (Second of three articles) *C. S. Forester* 38


### Serial


The Case of the Greedy Grandpa (Fifth of eight parts) *Erle Stanley Gardner* 43


### Other Features


Letters . . . . . 4
Editorials . . . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . . . 40
Verse . . . 58, 78, 89, 102, 110, 118
Hazel . . . . . 126
Keeping Posted . . . . . 128


## THE COVER

The children need another room, so artist George Hughes has designated Mr. Fisher to be the displaced person. Mr. F., a lover of white-water streams and green-aisled forests, is devoted to his fishy den; but he is more devoted to the patter of little feet and the cacophony of little voices, and if just now he feels like snatching a gun from his arsenal and shooting those rabbits, such impulses will fade away. Tomorrow papa will be spared the pain of thinking about the interior redecorator clawing off his beloved wallpaper; at the office he will be mercifully worrying about something else. As for Mrs. F., she has no affection for mounted fishing trophies, but she does have affection for her husband; so over the living-room mantel she'll tenderly hang that deceased fish.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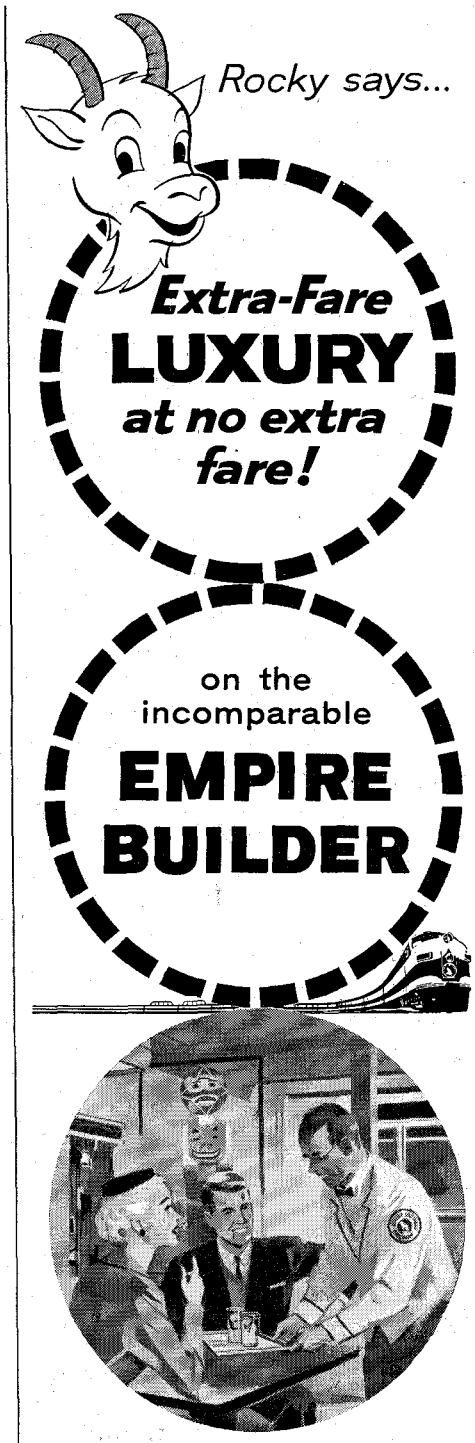


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# Letters

## WHAT TO DO WHEN BORED

*Mary Kraft.*

● *Miss Mary Kraft, aged "about 9," of Corydon, Indiana, wrote in our October 18 Letters that life was just too monotonous for words. Readers have suggested enough "things to do" to keep Mary—and every other schoolgirl in Indiana—out of mischief for at least a decade. Here are some examples.—ED.*

Dear Mary:

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

If you do not know who wrote that, please find out. And while you are doing that, also read a few of the other things that fine person wrote.

MRS. L. E. EATON
*Hooksett, N.H.*

Dear Mary:

Draw horses and coler in colering books, or play with cats they are more fun than anythin I can think of. . . .

If you know anybody who would like a cat, tell me.

ROXI HIGENBOTHUM
(age 8)
*Weirton, W. Va.*

Dear Mary:

If thou art bored with paper dolls,
And find that crayon drawing palls,
A grown-up little girl like thee,
Should take to writing poetry.

MRS. PHYLLIS BURK
*Chapel Hill, N.C.*

Dear Sirs:

I was 11 a few days ago, and when I was 9 my problem was almost the same. I decided to spend some of my time helping others. Two of my girl friends and I started a club called the Silver Sword. . . . The Silver Sword does things such as taking old clothes and toys to the Goodwill Industries and the fire department.

LINDA GORDON
*Minneapolis, Minn.*

Dear Mary:

Your letter was one of the saddest I have ever read. When I, another Mary, was nine years old in Indiana, there were more things to do "than you could shake a stick at". . . .

The reason for your . . . poverty is that you have never learned to *wonder*. Open your eyes and your ears and wonder at everything and anything—the thunderstorm shaking the maples, beeches and elms, or the ladybugs crawling up and down the grass stems.

Wake up, Mary. No little Hoosier should find life as dull as you see it. If you say your prayers at night, do not ask for different things to do or for a different environment; ask God to please put a spark plug in your imagination.

MRS. F. S. READE
*Berkeley, Calif.*

Dear Mary:

If you pluck the petals off a violet, you can see the Faery Queen soaking her feet in a tub.

MRS. ETNA T. GRAHAM
*Concord, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

I pity poor, perplexed Mary! Her plea sent me to the attic where I routed out my old blue-covered diary of when I was "about 9 yrs. old." I kept this diary for almost 2¾ weeks which might be a time record for that age! . . .

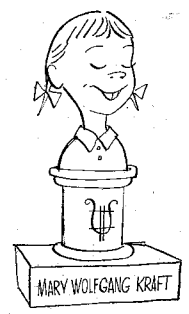
I did this: Wrote and staged a play with my friends about a prince and a "dragun" . . . went to one birthday party where I won a "braslit," visited my Aunt Annie, got a new hat, rounded up the kids to play grocery store, was beaten in a jump-rope contest . . . began an animal scrapbook (mostly dogs) . . . played "mothers" with my "best frend," played "lady" three times using my oldest sister's better clothes (she was not home) . . . played in a piano recital, found three new beetles and a dead bird, had "big funrle" for bird. . . .

And the last entry is: "I thot lots today."

MRS. R. P. JENSEN
*Birmingham, Mich.*

Dear Mary:

The greatest invention has not been invented. There might be a chance for you to be that inventor. The best music has not been written. You may be that composer. The best fudge or cookies have not been cooked. You may be that cook.




ETHEL COCKRELL
*Alton, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:

Gardening is a wonderful hobby. There is nothing more thrilling than putting little seeds in well-prepared soil and waiting for God to give the increase.

MRS. HARRY CLAIR WHITE
*Birmingham, Ala.*

Dear Sirs:

Mary Kraft would find less time to be bored if she would learn what real pleasure a little girl can find in helping her mother. By helping, I mean just that. A task looks very big to a child if she must tackle it alone, especially if it is not even in the same room where mother is working. But working *with* mother is different.

LUCY J. CORNISH
*Hammondsport, N.Y.*

● *Mary Kraft's mother writes: "I have been sick all summer and had to spend a month in the hospital. Mary has been my right arm since I've been home."* —ED.

(Continued on Page 6)

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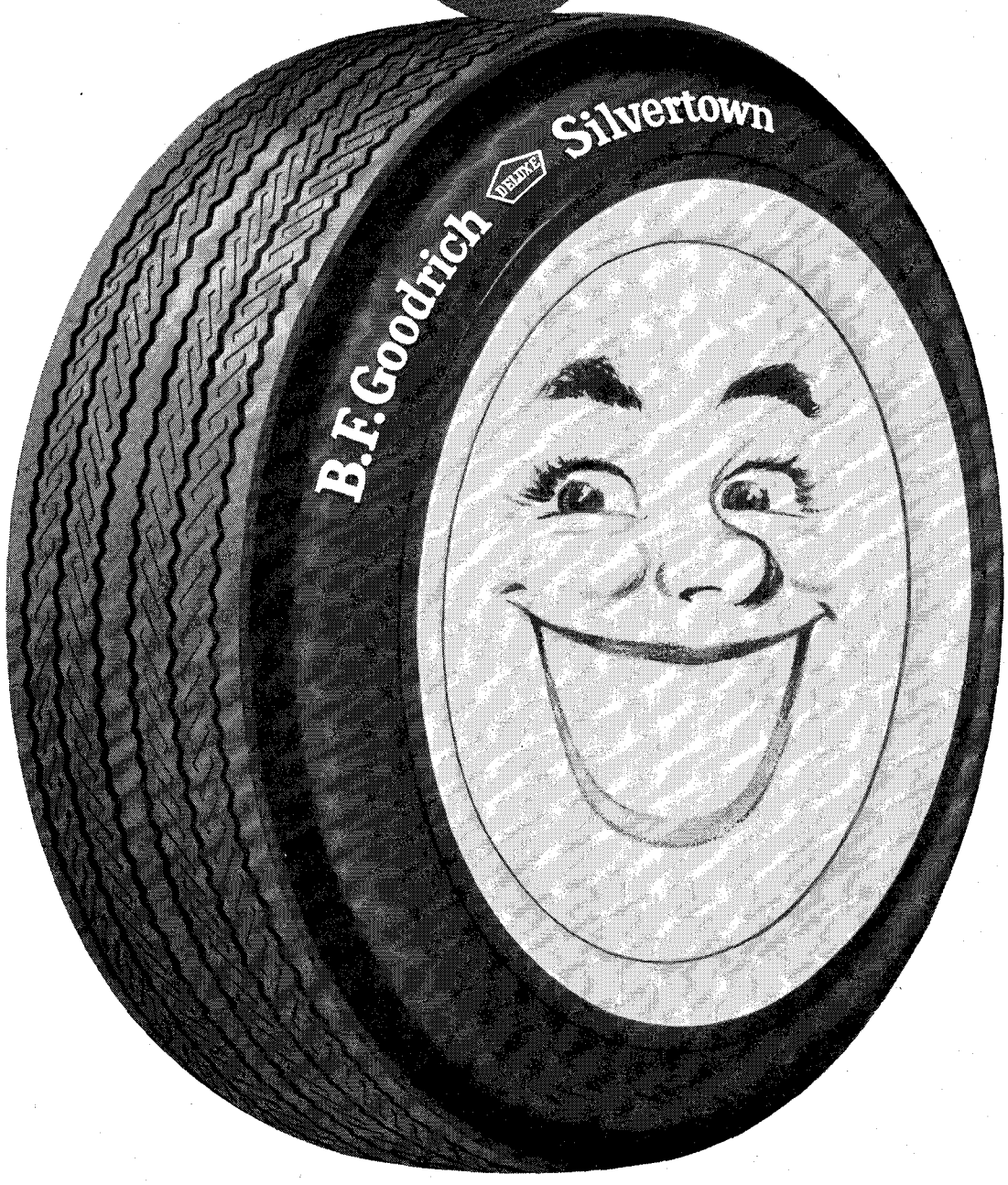
# B.F.Goodrich

# Smileage!



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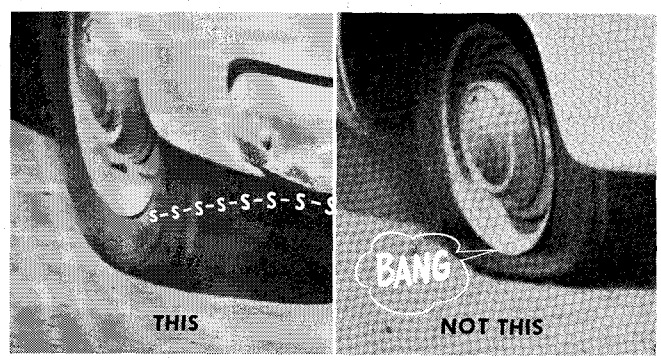


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# Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Mary:

Try to make friends with *one* little girl. You make the first move. Then ask her to stay overnight sometime. You just don't *know* all the things you can talk about after the lights are out and you're supposed to be asleep. Of course, mother will open the door finally and say, "It's ten o'clock. Now you girls stop talking and go to sleep!" Mother has to do her duty, but she understands, I hope. So you try to talk in whispers and giggle all the more. Even my five-year-old granddaughter does this. Try it!

MRS. CHARLES M. CARTER
*Amenia, N.Y.*

Dear Mary:

Practice the hula hoop, if you have one.

Wash your doll clothes and dry them in the sun.

MRS. RUTH W. BRIGHT
*Nashville, Ind.*

Dear Sirs:

I have a hula hoop, but I'm tired of that, too.

MARY KRAFT
*Corydon, Ind.*

## Aldous Huxley and the Lotus-Eaters

Dear Sirs:

Concerning your recent article by Aldous Huxley [ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 12: DRUGS THAT SHAPE MEN'S MINDS, Oct. 18]: . . . Are we actually to believe that the straight and narrow way to the Kingdom of God is strewn with drugs which will lift us into chemical self-transcendence? . . . Is God's Kingdom in truth to be found at the end of a doctor's prescription?

I am trying not to close the door on Mr. Huxley. I have read things which he has written prior to this article, many of which smack of the truth. Perhaps those of us who have been somewhat shaken by this article might be better able to judge Mr. Huxley's ideas after he has told us precisely how long he has been experimenting with such drugs, precisely how many prescriptions he has had filled within the last year. And do we not deserve to know of his visions, his dreams, and his voices?

*Huxley.*

Is it not possible to live too long in the land of the lotus-eaters, becoming even as they have become and believing even as they believe?

NANCY K. NINDE
*Westerville, Ohio*

Dear Sirs:

As she read Huxley's article, my wife delightedly realized she was married to an ardent seeker of religious truths, instead of a drunken bum. . . . She now informs her friends that I am girding for the coming religious revolution and should easily be a high priest.

C. T. SAXON
*Vidor, Texas*

Dear Sirs:

Religion is an activity concerned mainly with symbols only to one who cannot distinguish between a tranquilized neurotic and Saint Anthony.

Why did Christ not open a drugstore rather than establish a Church?

MRS. R. G. HONEYCUTT, JR.
*Wilmington, N.C.*

Dear Sirs:

Using pharmacological fuel in an attempt to rocket oneself out of the gravitational field of one's ego can only result in the disillusionment and at least partial destruction in the inevitable "re-entry." Thus, flashes of spiritual insight in controlled LSD or mescaline experiments are admittedly temporary, and the spiritual "letdown" is often greater than the temporary "pickup". . . .

Only those with a most shallow concept of religion would even attempt to produce or induce a true supernatural state with a purely natural tool.

JOHN H. HAMPSCH
*Calabasas, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

Surely these potions can only induce spiritual transcendence in those who are seeking it, those who were already on the borderline of new knowledge. . . . I am reminded of the confessions of so-called "proven witches" of the Middle Ages. It is on record, for instance, that even at the heights of their mystical frenzies, and exerting their peasant minds to the uttermost, at no time did these confessions exceed the subject's knowledge of life.

MRS. G. I. MCNEILL
*Dundas, Ontario*

Dear Sirs:

One wonders which of the recommended tranquilizers the Post editors are using to get them in condition to give Aldous Huxley's snow job space in an otherwise fairly intelligent publication.

L. S. MCGEE
*St. Louis, Mo.*

## Lew Burdette and the Yankees

Dear Sirs:

Since [my wife and I] have been ardent Yankee fans for years, you can imagine how Lew Burdette's THE YANKEES KNOW ME NOW [as told to Joe Reichler, Feb. 15] made our blood boil.

Sweet is revenge, however, and we have bided our time. In the light of recent events [Burdette's two Series losses], it gives us a great deal of pleasure to recommend that you ask Mr. Burdette to write a sequel entitled, I KNOW THE YANKEES NOW.

EUGENE A. CERVI
*Elberon, Va.*

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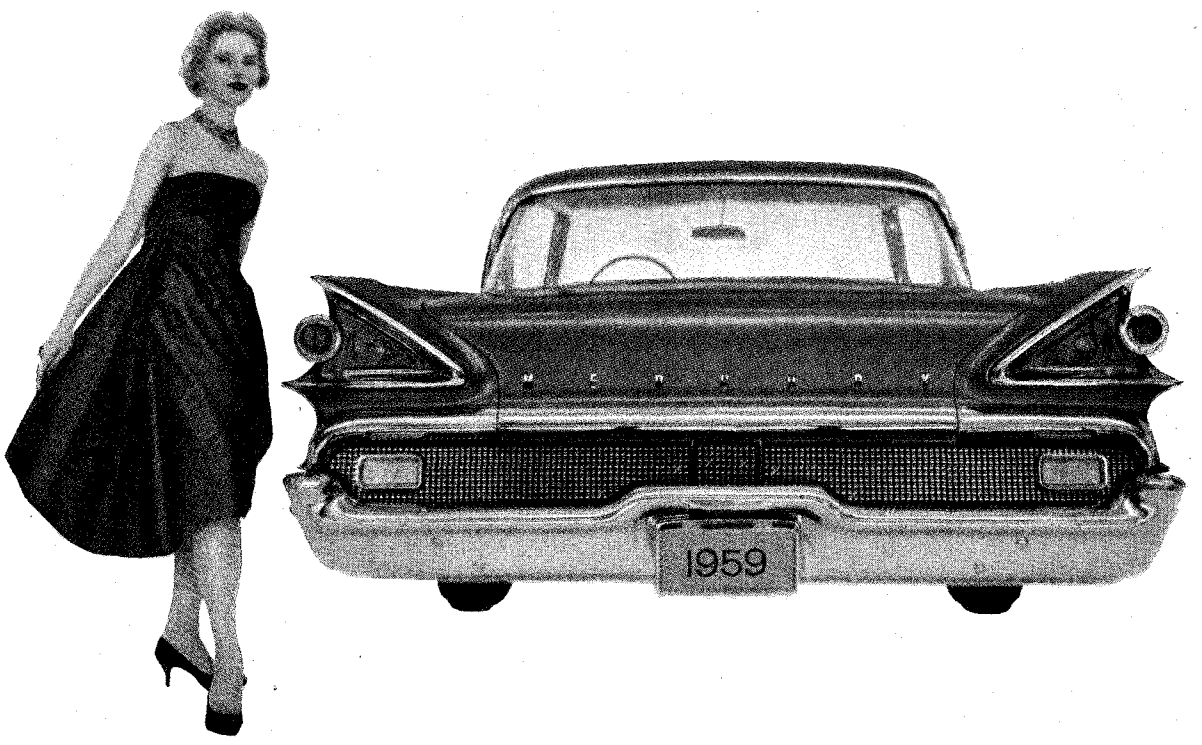


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all beautifully combined in the 20th Anniversary MERCURY

Americans are looking at the new cars with a new look in their eyes. They're searching for the best combination of all the things that count in a car. The answer in 1959 comes from this completely new Mercury. For in its 20th Anniversary year, Mercury offers the finest models ever presented by the most successful car introduced in its time. So you get the grand total of all the things you want on wheels:

**SEE NEW CLEAN-DYNAMIC STYLING.** Dramatically new—because there's purpose in every line. Distinctive—because Mercury has its own exclusive body design; (it is the *only* car in its class that does *not* use a dressed-up body shared by a low-priced car). Delightfully airy looking; more than 35 square feet of safety glass all around. Here's styling without clutter—Mercury is *lean, clean and dynamic!*

**RELAX IN A NEW KIND OF COMFORT.** No car in its price class has more usable room than this new Mercury. Examples: six more inches of entry room, nine more inches of knee room up front, 31½ cubic feet of luggage space. We've even cut down the hump in the center of the floor; the man in the middle doesn't sit with his chin on his knees (as he does in other 1959 cars).

**FEEL LIVELY NEW PERFORMANCE.** Mercury has always been known as a top performer and now it's even greater. Not just high horsepower—although Mercury offers as much as 345—but a *new* kind of response, quiet, obedient, effortless. Each Mercury has its own special V-8 engine tailored exactly to the series you choose and the job you want it to do. And there's a new front suspension system that

## '59 MERCURY BUILT TO LEAD

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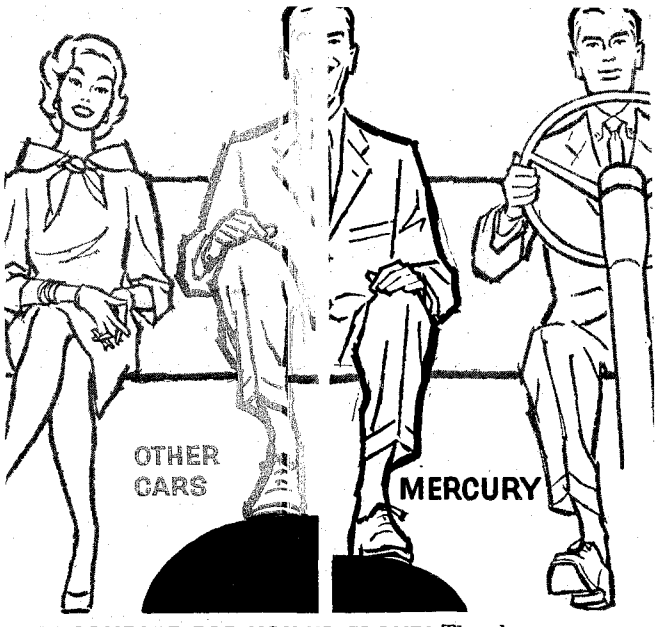
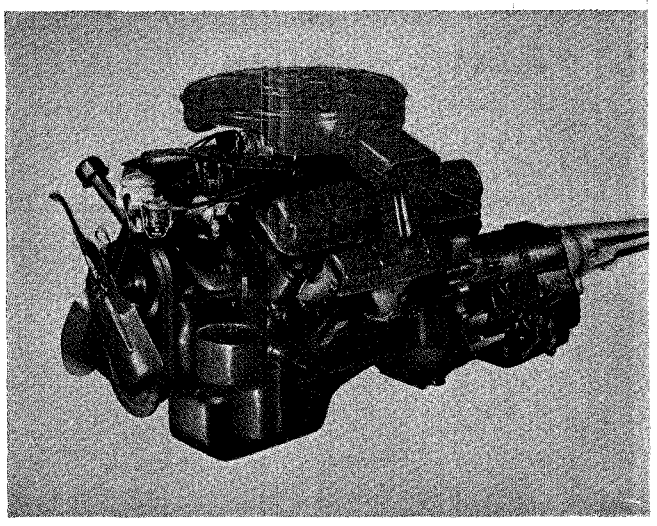
1959 Mercury Park Lane Four-door Hardtop Cruiser. Color: Blue Ice




**NEW COMFORT FOR YOU UP FRONT!** That hump you'll find on other '59 cars has been cut in half in the Mercury. 3 full-size riders can stretch out—in the front or back seat—including the man in the middle.

**FIRST CLOSED CAR WITH AN OPEN-AIR FEELING!** More than 35 square feet of safety glass all around. Mercury's big new windshield sweeps up into the roof, as well as around, to give you a view without limit.



**POWER WITHOUT WASTE!** New Marauder engines designed for modern power requirements deliver more power, more efficiently. Only Mercury has these great new budget-minded V-8 engines.

# WANT ON WHEELS!

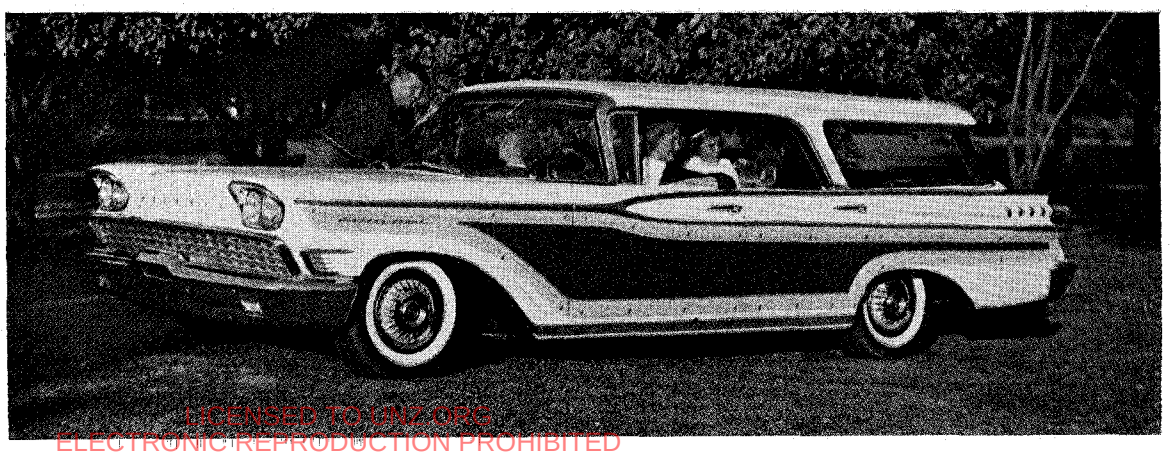
lets you glide, not dive, to a stop.

**ENJOY NEW ECONOMIES.** The 1959 Mercury has been priced so that 2 out of 3 new car buyers can afford one. The big special is the Monterey with a new, improved engine that lets you "ride free" 10 miles out of every 100 you drive. It works beautifully on regular (*not* premium) gasoline. You save 10% right there! And this special engine squeezes more mileage out of every drop of gasoline (*regular*, not premium). Yet, with all this economy, you get Mercury's traditionally fine V-8 performance wherever you drive.

Add it up and you get everything you want on wheels—the '59 Mercury. Your dealer will be glad to let you try one.

**Built to lead—built to last—built to give you the most for your money in 1959.**

**MERCURY'S COUNTRY CRUISERS—NEWEST IDEAS IN STATION WAGONS**—Mercury is the only station wagon with beautiful hardtop styling plus retractable back window (no heavy liftgate). First to offer you a self-storing third seat that faces front (stores easily in a recess in the floor). First with a hidden, locking luggage compartment just inside the tailgate.



## BUILT TO LAST

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# Editorials

## PUBLIC HOUSING NEED NOT BE AN ILL-KEPT SLUM

There's no nature like human nature. Now the biggest landlord in the United States has made that discovery. The New York City Housing Authority owns 100,000 low-rent apartments. Along with similar officials in many other cities, it is faced with the sickening fact that some housing projects, which look beautiful to the passer-by, have really become a kind of slum.

Though nine tenths or more of the occupants are decent and law-abiding, some projects are infested with gangs. They are filthy. Misbehaving children and adolescents have made the elevators so unfit for use that many tenants take to the stairs.

The chief cause of this disaster is the principle on which low-rent public housing is based. It is segregation by income. "Only the poor can live here"—that is the rule. It was not realized that this meant the exclusion of most people with leadership qualities. Every community must have leaders if it is to maintain standards. The leaders guide public opinion. They encourage the weak; they reprove offenders.

If you go in a bus or your car through some old slum district, it may seem at first glance that all the people in it are wretchedly poor. Yet this is not true. One fifth or one tenth of the dwellings may be far better than the others. There may be cottages and other homes that are in good condition.

Moreover, a fair number of the inhabitants can afford to live in better neighborhoods, but they refuse to do so. This is their own neighborhood, the one they have lived in perhaps all their lives. This is where their friends and relatives are. This is where they have gone to school and to their houses of worship; where they have observed occasions of grief and of joy. This is home, with all its unique flavor, and they prefer it to any of the more sedate and sanitized parts of the city.

Besides, there are business and professional people here. As you ride by, you see the grocery, the meat market, the haberdasher's, the garage, the office of a real-estate firm, a lawyer and several physicians and dentists. These people are community leaders. When a weak, poor, flustered neighbor is in trouble and does not know what to do, they may be able to direct him.

Consider what happens when every building in this neighborhood is torn down to make way for a fine new housing project, clean and green and airy. Professional and business men and women cannot rent an apartment in it—their incomes are too high. The same is true of many people who owned their homes in this area. And under the rules in most cities, there are no offices in the project. Usually there are no shops, but if necessary a limited shopping center is built. The centralized shopkeepers do not live in the project; they are not part of the tenants' community.

To make matters worse, as soon as a tenant does well at his job and gets a substantial raise, his income exceeds the fixed limit, and he is forced to move out. Thus only the poor remain permanently. And even if 95 per cent of them are good people, they usually lack the ability to provide leadership and keep the troublesome 5 per cent in line. The result is friction. Some teen-agers form gangs. Many tenants grow unhappy and move away from the dirt and disorder. Some projects have become segregated colonies of "minority groups."

Now, after years of this decay, the problem is at last being recognized in some cities. In New York, civic organizations are urging reforms. They say Federal and state laws should be amended so that families shall not be forced to move when their incomes rise. Instead they shall be required to pay higher rent. And perhaps some buildings can be turned into tenant-owned co-operatives. Also, tenants in projects shall be selected more carefully. Trained social workers shall be stationed there to supply guidance. And now the New York officials announce that some of the proposed reforms soon will go into effect.

The root trouble is in well-meant rules that establish a permanent island of the poor. Those who are not poor are excluded; those who stop being poor are evicted. The bad results of such segregation would have been clear to the planners if they had taken a square look at elementary economics.

---

## The Chinese Reds Can Blame Themselves for Our Refusal to Recognize Them

By GERALDINE FITCH

In all the discussion of American policy in Asia one question is seldom asked: Who is responsible for making the United States an opponent of Red China?

In 1949 when Nationalist China was being defeated on the mainland, United States official policy was one of "watchful waiting." Although the government of the Republic of China retreated to Formosa, a United States Consulate-General remained in Peking and fourteen American consulates remained open on the mainland.

Former Ambassador J. Leighton Stuart, in his book Fifty Years in China (Random House), thus sums up the situation at that time: "The United States Government was apparently in a quandary. It seems to have been unfavorably disposed toward the National Government and favorably disposed toward the Communist regime. But abuse by the Communists of American officials and seizure by the Communists of property of the United States in Peking produced in the United States such waves of popular resentment that official action affirmatively favorable to the Communists was precluded. The Government did, however, take negative action against the Nationalists."

It did indeed. In January, 1950, the United States wrote off "further military aid" to the Nationalists. The only economic aid was a small amount still in the pipeline.

However, by that time Americans were being kicked out of China. The Chinese Communists seized American consular property in Peking, imprisoned Consul Olive in Shanghai. By pressure on those still there, by demands for ransom for the imprisoned, by confiscatory taxes on American property, the new masters in China kicked us hard. Then on June 25, 1950, came the invasion of South Korea by Korean Communists of the north. On June twenty-seventh President Truman ordered the 7th Fleet to prevent any attack on Taiwan, or by Taiwan on the Chinese mainland. There was still no military aid to Taiwan.

But the Chinese Communists crossed the Yalu and entered the Korean war in numbers. Not until the United Nations forces were pushed away back to the Pusan perimeter did a military-assistance program for Free China get under way. Even then Chiang's offer of 30,000 troops for the Korean war was twice declined. Everything possible was done not to provoke Red China, even to preventing General MacArthur from following the enemy's bombing planes to their bases.

President Eisenhower came into office promising to end the Korean war. His first address to the nation was interpreted as "unleashing Chiang Kai-shek," but the unleashing was more apparent than real. By terms of a mutual-security defense treaty announced in December, 1954, President Chiang was requested to take no offensive action against the mainland without prior consultation.

When the Chinese Reds were disengaged in Korea, and later in Indochina, they belligerently renewed their cry of "Liberate Taiwan!" Their vest-pocket war began in September, 1954, with a 6000-round shelling of Quemoy. In January of the next year the Reds attacked and took a small island far to the north, where 720 Nationalist soldiers died to a man. This aggressive action persuaded the United States to urge Chiang to evacuate the nearby Tachen Islands.

Thus, step by step, the Chinese Reds have altered American policy from something like coexistence, to the present firm stand against any further expansion by force anywhere in Asia.

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THIS ZIPPO HAS BEEN IN DAILY USE SINCE IT WAS BOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS IN 1938. WE FIXED IT FREE. OWNER'S NAME ON REQUEST.

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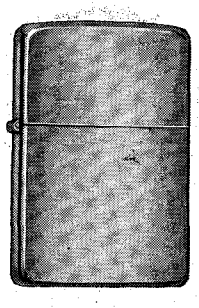
Call it pride, integrity, or just plain cussedness. The Zippo man believes that when you buy a lighter it should work *forever*. Not for weeks or for months or for years. Forever.

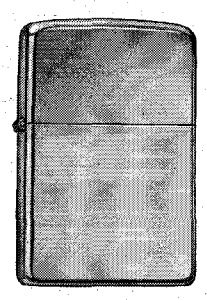
Unlike its many foreign and domestic imitators, a Zippo is not a cheap plaything that is soon broken. A Zippo is a wonderfully compact precision-built instrument that will light your cigarettes, cigars, or pipe *for the rest of your life!*

Each and every Zippo is constructed so carefully that the company is able to offer the most sweeping guarantee in the annals of American business. No matter how old it is, *if a Zippo ever fails to work—we'll fix it free!*

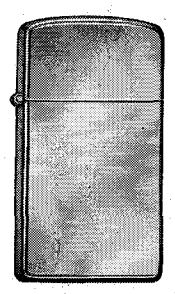
There is a style of Zippo lighter for every smoker on your Christmas list. Don't be fooled by imitations. Make sure your gift will light for a lifetime—*make sure you give a genuine Zippo.*



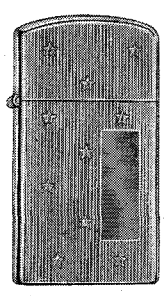
Regular Zippo. Made Zippo famous. Brush-finish chrome. $3.50



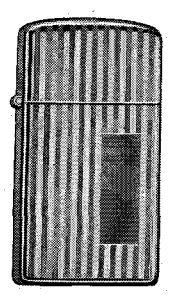
De Luxe Zippo. Highly polished durable chrome finish. $4.75



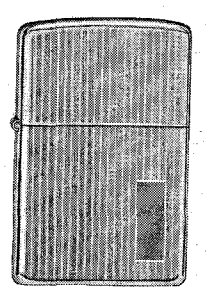
New Zippo Slim-Lighter. Same dependable action, polished chrome. $4.75



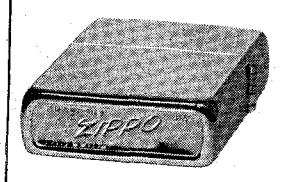
Gold-filled Zippo. 10-kt. gold fused to case, not plated. $20.00*



New Zippo Slim-Lighter. Ribbon design, gleaming chrome finish. $6.00



Engine-turned Zippo. Smart new design in polished chrome. $5.75




If you don't see Zippo on the bottom of the lighter, it's not a genuine Zippo.

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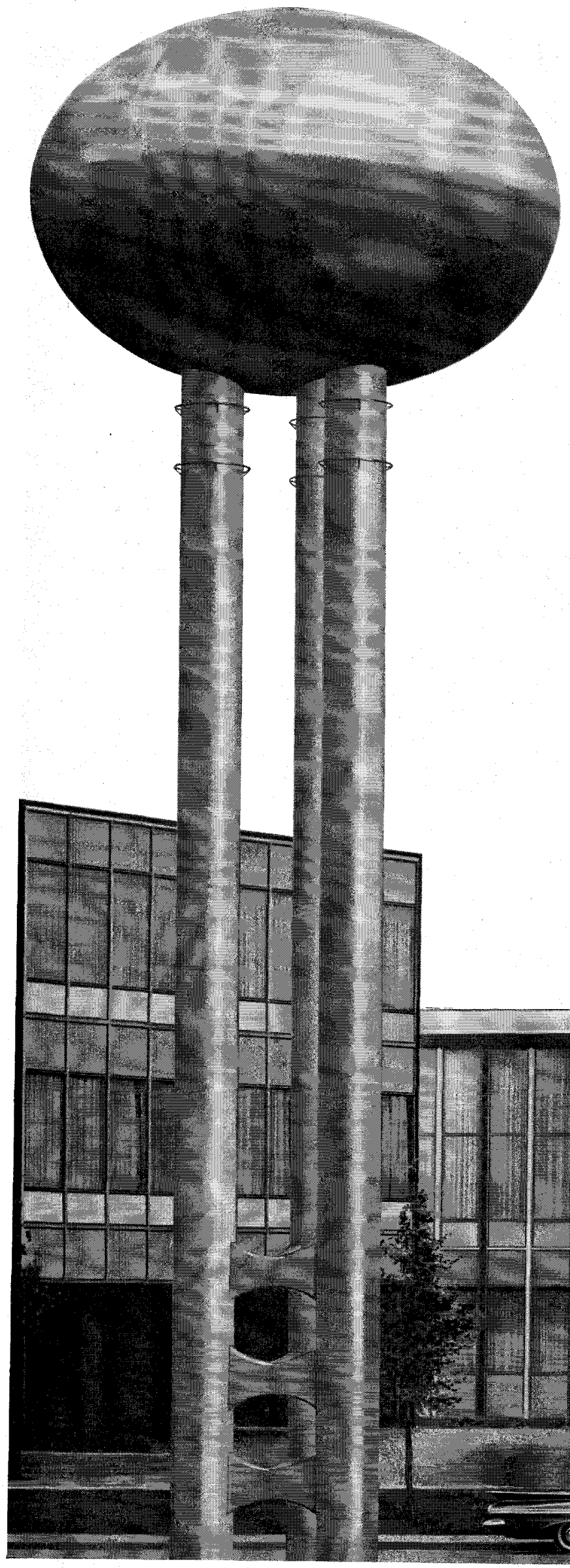

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**The mile has not shrunk . . . and a gallon is still a gallon. But new 1959 General Motors cars make every trip seem shorter. And every gallon of gasoline does a lot more work.**

**One important reason is the new Rochester-GM Carburetor, engineered by General Motors for exclusive use on GM cars.**

**Here, at the General Motors Technical Center and at Rochester, new ideas of carburetion are constantly considered. Once they have been proven successful through thousands of rugged test miles, they immediately become regular features of Rochester-GM Carburetors.**

**This constant research and testing results in a carburetor that's ideally suited to the particular engine with which it is teamed. Better performance and better economy are direct results.**

**Rochester-GM Carburetors are original equipment on the new Cadillac, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Chevrolet. And Rochester-GM Carburetors and parts are available everywhere as the top-quality replacement carburetor.** ***Rochester Products Division of General Motors, Rochester, New York.***

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# carburetor efficiency shorten every highway, stretch every gallon !

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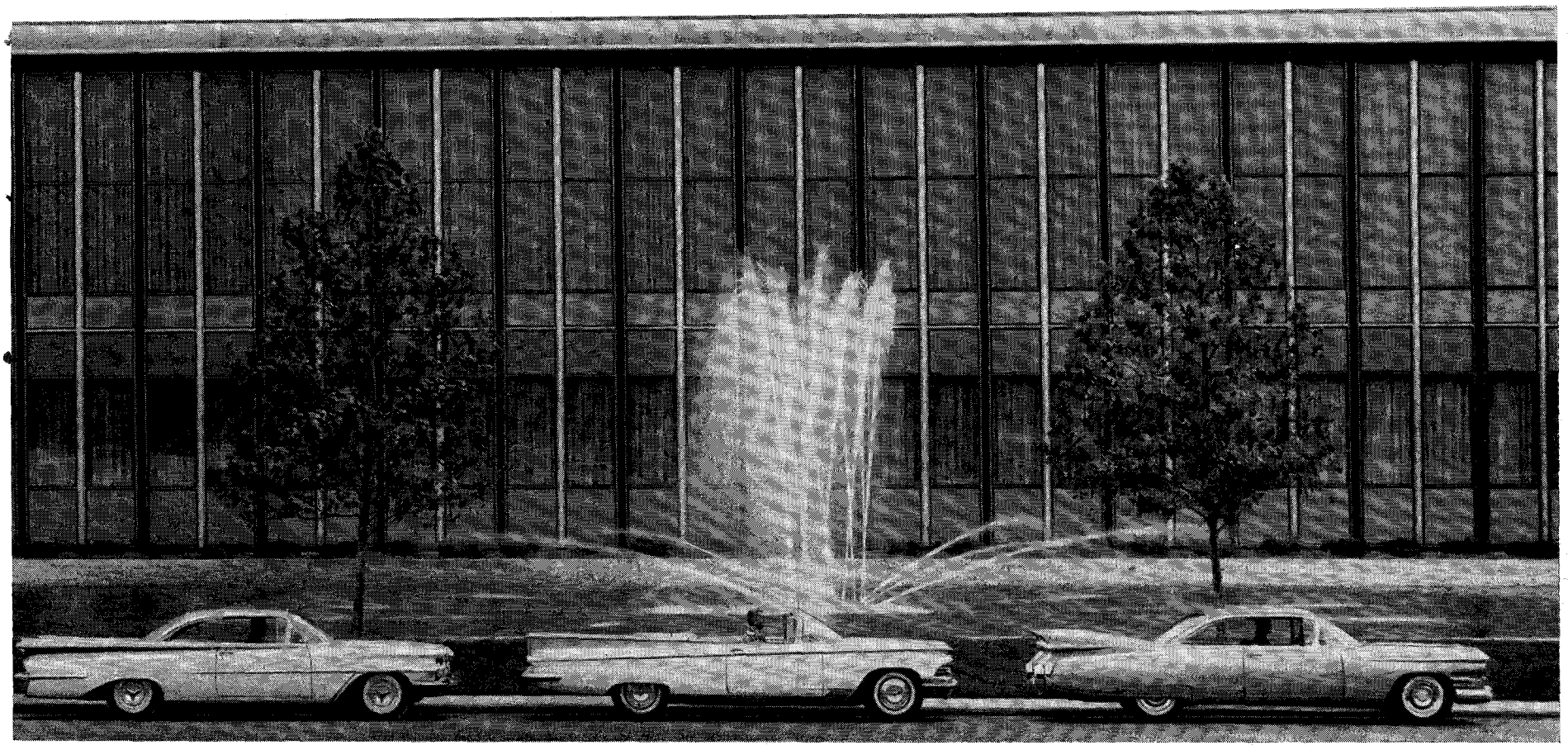

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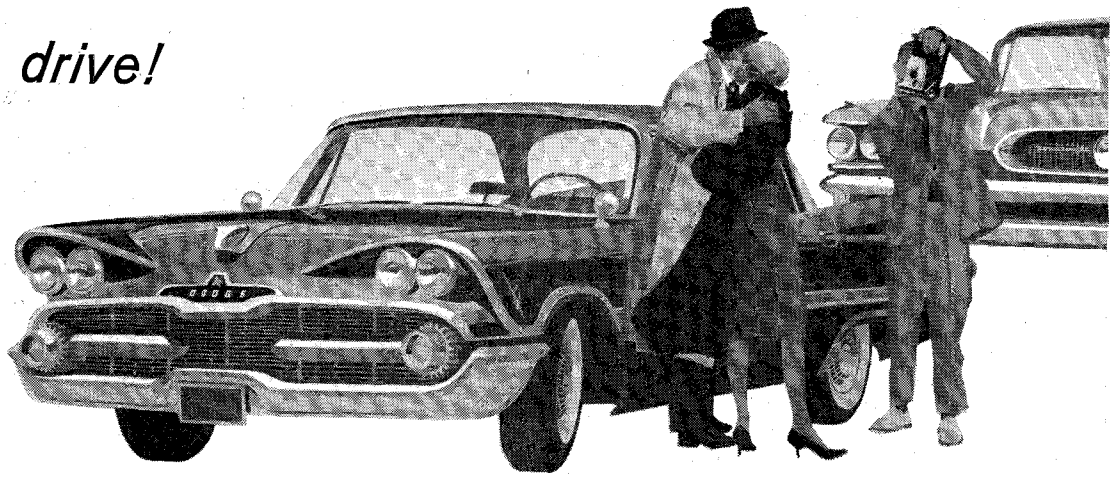
*Keep that new car thrill alive—*

*in any make of car you drive!*

THE 1959 PONTIAC BONNEVILLE VISTA



THE 1959 DODGE CUSTOM ROYAL 4-DOOR LANCER

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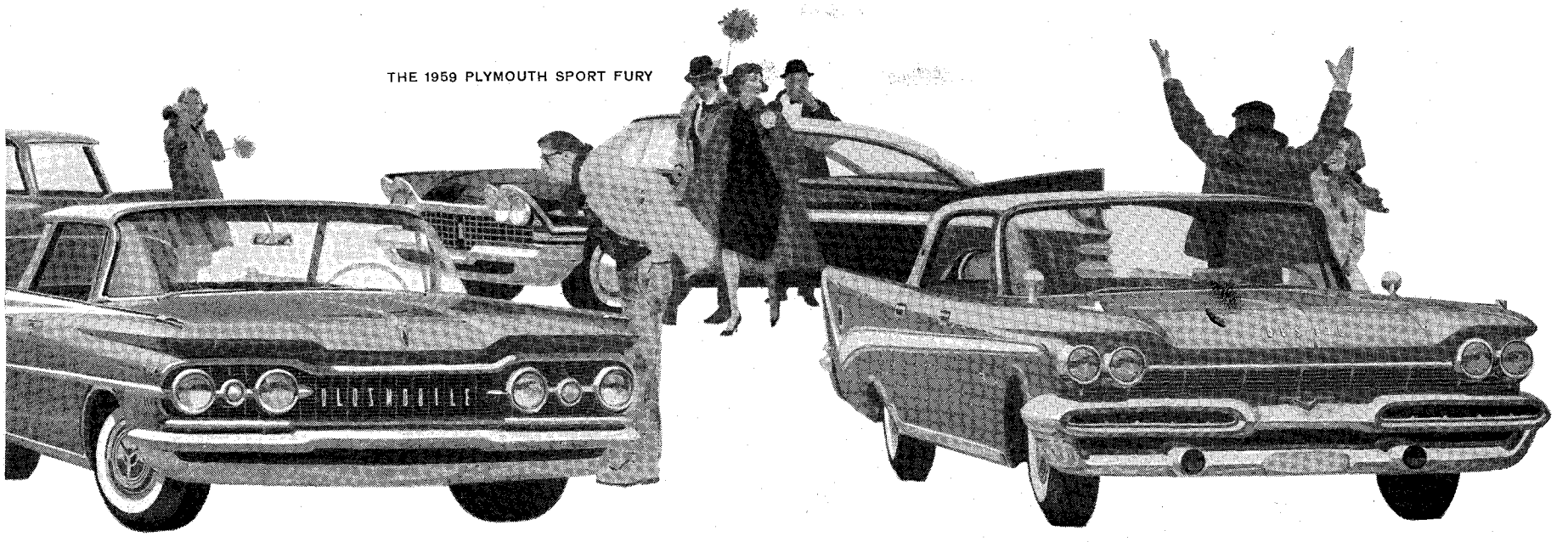

THE 1959 PLYMOUTH SPORT FURY

THE 1959 OLDSMOBILE "98" HOLIDAY SPORTSEDAN

THE 1959 DE SOTO FIREFLITE 4-DOOR SPORTSMAN

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## Gives you high energy performance— yet you can save up to 2¢ per gallon!

*Mighty exciting*—the beautiful new 1959 cars . . . to look at—to own—to drive! And whichever make or model is the one for you, you can *keep* that new car thrill with *The New Car Gasoline—'59 Mobilgas Special!*

'59 Mobilgas Special gives you the *high energy performance* your car was designed to deliver . . . instant starting—smooth, quiet idling—thrilling power and pick-up—plus top miles per gallon, too! Yet it can save you up to 2 cents per gallon over many super premiums! For your new *or* late model car you need *The New Car Gasoline*—'59 Mobilgas Special. Now at your friendly Mobil dealer's.

THE 1959 LINCOLN PREMIER LANDAU

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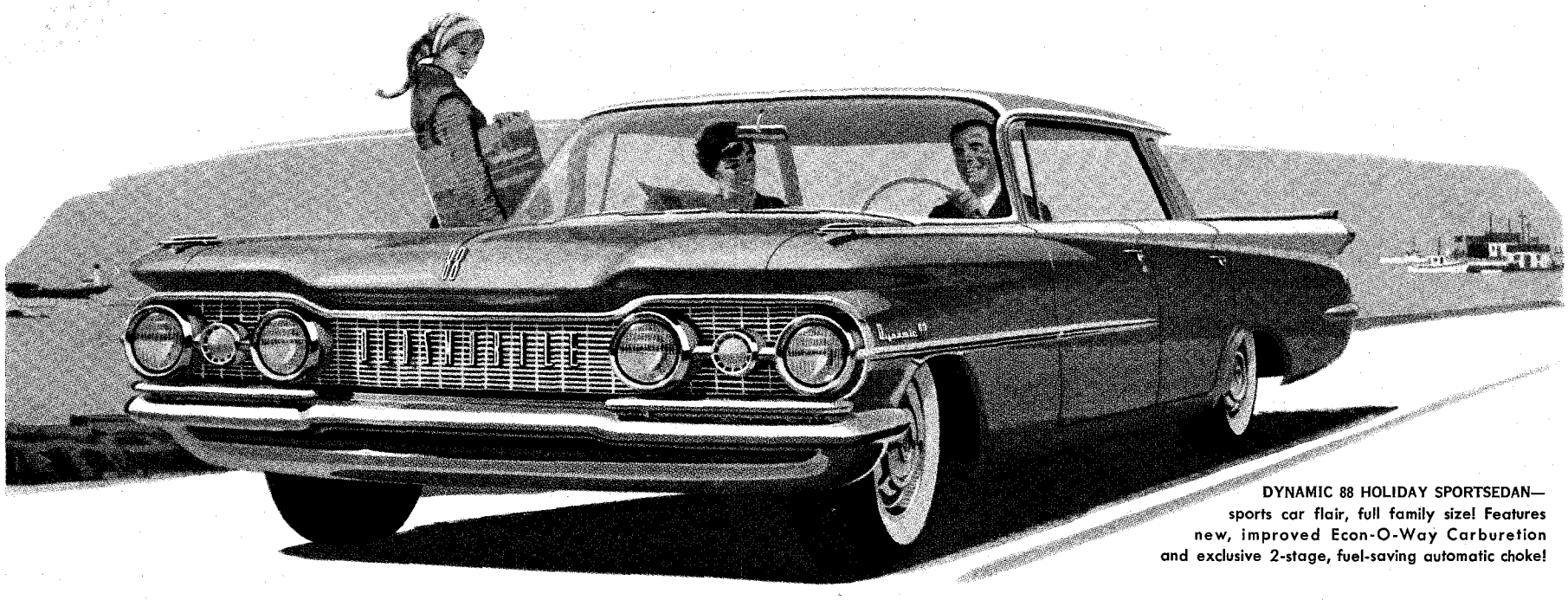

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sports car flair, full family size! Features
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luxury, roominess, visibility as never before!
Huge, tinted rear window—specially proc-
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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

This governor's widow was last seen on a Midwestern highway in 1953. Is she alive? Is she in hiding? Here are the strange facts.

# Where is Lyde Marland?

By John Kobler

This is how Mrs. Ernest Whitworth Marland appeared about three years before she disappeared so mysteriously. If Mrs. Marland fails to turn up by 1960, she will be declared legally dead.

In the brief history of Oklahoma, which entered the Union fifty-one years ago, no name evokes more flamboyant memories than Marland. Ernest Whitworth Marland was an oil gambler who won and lost a fortune of around $100,000,000; a congressman; and later the state's tenth governor, whose administration became notable for its corruption; and a sybarite who rivaled in opulence Hearst and Morgan. He scandalized his community by marrying at fifty-four his adopted daughter, half his age. An Anglophile, he ran his 320-acre estate in Ponca City, with its mansion costing $2,500,000, like a British barony, complete to satin-gaitered servitors. To rough-and-ready prairie society he introduced polo and fox-hunting, amassed art treasures by the ton, and presided at private senatorial gatherings seated upon a medieval throne chair. "King Marland," his detractors dubbed him. In 1941 he died, a political and social nonentity, stripped of his far-flung Marland Oil Company.

Today the Marland name is again on the tongues of Oklahomans, this time in speculations over a disappearance as baffling as that of Judge Crater or the kidnaped Charlie Ross. In February, 1953, Mrs. Lyde Roberts Marland, ward and widow of the prairie Croesus, closed up the dilapidated cottage she had occupied since her husband's death. Except for a stay in a Missouri motel the following spring, and one telephone call, no further trace of her has been uncovered, dead or alive.

When she vanished, Mrs. Marland was fifty-three, though so lithe and unlined as to appear far younger. She stood about five feet, four inches tall, and weighed about 115 pounds. Her chocolate-brown hair was rolled under at the ends, page-boy style. She customarily wore tacky, outmoded dresses, flat-heeled shoes, and cloche hats reminiscent of the twenties. She drove away in a rattletrap 1948 green car that belched clouds of black smoke.

The belongings piled up on the rear seat of the car included six framed oil paintings, measuring from a few inches square to perhaps three by four feet, which she planned to sell. They were the works of obscure artists, and their combined value probably did not exceed $3000. Her handbag contained $10,000 in bills, the proceeds from the recent sale of another cottage given her by Ernest Marland. There remained $19,000 in the Ponca City Savings & Loan Association. This she left intact, which suggests that she meant to return

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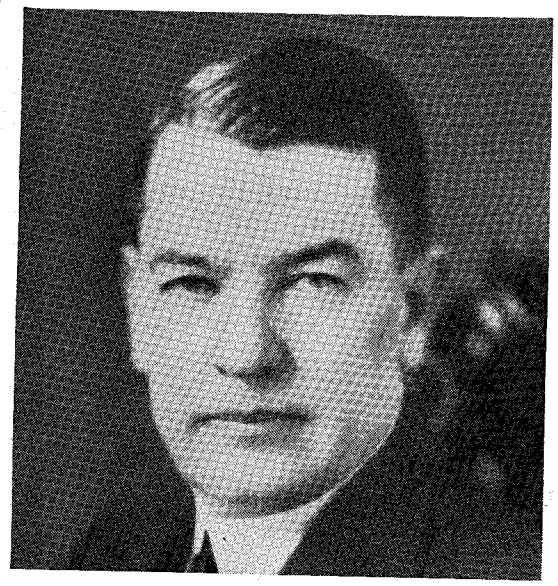
Three years before she vanished, Lyde, then fifty, became infatuated with Louis Cassel (above) when he visited her house as a meter reader.

Lyde in 1933, five years after her marriage. Her husband was then an Oklahoma congressman. For the ensuing twenty years, she led her strange, sequestered life.

Above is Mrs. Elvis Cloyd. She believes herself to be the illegitimate daughter of Lyde and Ernest Marland, and thus heir to their estate.



Governor Marland. He and his first wife adopted Lyde when she was ten. But after Marland became a widower, he renounced the adoption so he could marry his foster daughter.

Marland's final grandiose civic gesture, when he was on the verge of bankruptcy, was to give Ponca City, Oklahoma, the huge statue at left. Called Pioneer Woman, it was executed by Bryant Baker, and cost $300,000.

for it or have the account transferred. She has done neither. It is still intact. The two cottages, the money, and the paintings were among the last remnants of the once gigantic Marland empire.

Mrs. Marland traveled at considerable hazard to herself and to others. She had never obtained a driver's license, her vision being so defective that she required a magnifying glass to read a newspaper. Yet she refused to wear spectacles. County highway patrolmen had several times stopped her for traffic violations, but had taken no further action.

Two years elapsed before the Oklahoma State Crime Bureau began to investigate Lyde Marland's disappearance. The delay is understandable in view of her frequent earlier absences from Ponca City, one of them lasting seven years. During those peregrinations, however, she had kept in touch with her relatives. At length, in August, 1955, her older brother, George, who had been paying the taxes on her abandoned property, reported her to the crime bureau as a missing person. He died of a heart attack sixteen months later. "George," says his widow, Laverne, "would be alive today but for worry over Lyde."

Of the very few people who were close to Mrs. Marland some feel that the clue to her disappearance may lie buried deep in her past. Through that past, through her ambiguous relations (Continued on Page 44)

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# Will Your Dollar be Worth Ten Cents?

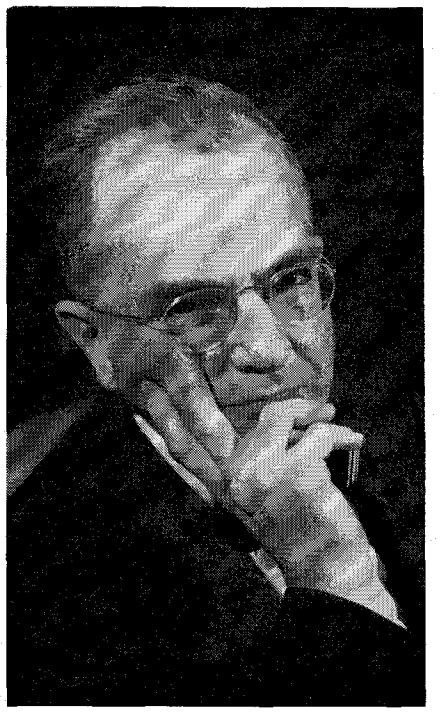
By ROSWELL MAGILL

An authority tells how to halt Government fiscal policies which are drastically undermining your purchasing power.

The United States now presents the curious spectacle of the richest country in the world being unwilling or unable to raise enough money in taxes to pay its current governmental costs. Our Federal deficit this year is expected to be about $12,000,000,000—a deficit much greater than the total expenditures of the Federal Government twenty years ago.

For the first time in our history, Congress has raised the total debt limit twice in the same year, first to $280,000,000,000 and then to $288,000,000,000. Even this phenomenal total may soon be inadequate if we continue to finance Federal operations by borrowing huge sums every year. Sen. Harry F. Byrd has estimated that in five years, at expected spending levels, the debt will reach $350,000,000,000. This is a fantastic $6250 for every American family—more than the average family's annual income. Congress seems to have lost most of its control over expenditures. Worse still, it largely has lost the healthy concern for economy it displayed a year ago, when money bills were reduced by some $6,000,000,000.

Obviously we now have the will to spend more freely than ever before, without the will to pay Government costs by current taxes. Does this mean that we are on the downhill road to disastrous inflation that so many countries have traveled (Continued on Page 87)



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Roswell Magill has divided his career between public service (he was Roosevelt's Under Secretary of the Treasury, 1937–38) and the law, both as a practicing attorney and as a teacher. He was on the faculty of Columbia University School of Law from 1924 to 1952. In 1957, he became chairman of Tax Foundation, Incorporated, a private organization devoted to research on how to achieve "better government at less cost." Mr. Magill is the author of The Impact of Federal Taxes and other books and articles on taxation. THE EDITORS

## HOW MUCH INCOME DO YOU NEED TODAY JUST TO KEEP UP WITH 1946?

(BASED ON A MARRIED COUPLE WITH 2 CHILDREN)

| IF YOUR 1946 INCOME WAS | IN 1958 YOU MUST EARN | AN INCREASE—JUST TO STAY EVEN—OF |
|---|---|---|
| $3,000 | $4,445 | 48% |
| $5,000 | $7,343 | 47% |
| $7,500 | $10,933 | 46% |
| $10,000 | $14,485 | 45% |
| $15,000 | $21,411 | 43% |
| $25,000 | $34,483 | 38% |
| $50,000 | $67,607 | 35% |

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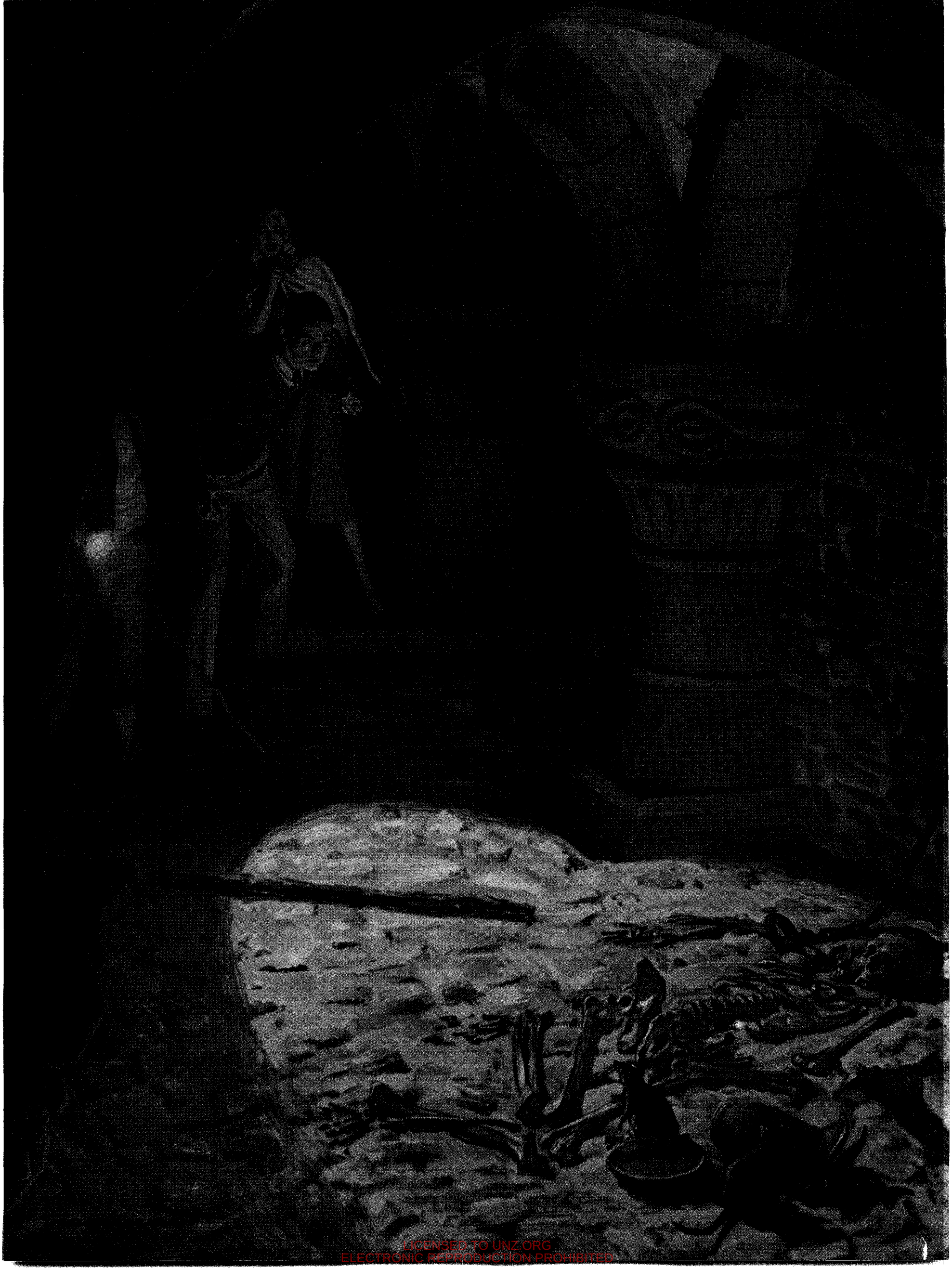

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Shackled to a ringbolt in the wall was a blackened skeleton.

Illustrated by Paul Nonnast

# The Secret of Gumley Abbey

By ROBERT STANDISH

This venerable old den of conspiracy still guarded one last mystery.

My interest in the Bollinger family dates from the day, some two years ago, when I met Melissa, who had just moved into a small apartment on the same floor as mine in Breadalbane Mansions, which is in the wilds of Bloomsbury.

It was January when Melissa arrived. She was a refugee from Gumley Abbey, the ancestral home of the Bollingers, a splendid Tudor pile which qualifies as one of the stately homes of England. We met on the stairs. There is no lift. Her chilblains were just beginning to heal. I told her my name was Bob Maitland.

Almost exactly a year after this first meeting, Melissa and I became engaged, and at her urgent insistence we drove down to Gumley Abbey to meet her father, Maj. Gen. Sir Henry Bollinger, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., hereinafter referred to as "the General."

"Daddy is a darling," Melissa told me in advance of the meeting, "but he is—well, a little old-fashioned and, I should warn you, doesn't like newspapermen—much."

I am a newspaperman. I don't like generals much, but it was not the time to say so.

It is essential to a proper understanding of this dauntless old man's character and personality, if he is to be made credible, to fill in as briefly as possible something of his environment, background and temptations, particularly the temptations.

Give me Gumley Abbey and a big enough income to pay and feed six indoor and six outdoor servants, as an irreducible minimum and I doubt whether I would ever want to set foot off my own land. It has everything—three hundred-odd acres of rich pasture, stabling for twenty horses, a walled garden of three acres where peaches, nectarines and even figs, ripen in the open, to say nothing of a mile of trout fishing, two big carp ponds and a stand of oaks which were mature trees at the time of the Norman Conquest.

The abbey itself, its outbuildings and walls, are built of the small Tudor bricks, warm tinted as though dipped in red wine. The site was chosen by some forgotten genius in a fold of the Surrey hills, where summer lingers and spring arrives a full month ahead of the surrounding countryside. I have gathered violets there in late January, daffodils in February, and in May, when the bluebells are blooming, the home meadows look as though a wraith of blue wood smoke lies across them.

I don't know enough about architecture to do justice to the abbey. Let it suffice to say that the old banqueting hall, with its suits of armor and half an acre of linenfold paneling, was, despite mildew, decay and cobwebs, unutterably lovely, with the afternoon sun shining through a high window onto the minstrel gallery, where a harp with burst strings spoke eloquently of bygone splendors.

The general lived in two rooms, giving the rest over to the rats and the things which go bump in the night.

Before meeting the general, I had seen a color photo of him in Melissa's living room. Wearing the full-dress uniform of his old regiment, the 29th Dragoons, he was a fine figure of a man. His silver hair and fierce spiked mustache stood out startlingly against his ruddy pink complexion.

On the day I first met him, he was wearing a green baize apron. His cheeks were no longer pink. They sagged, like the no-longer-wire-stiff white mustache, which gave him the appearance of a tired, disillusioned walrus.

It was a squalid way of living, a sorry end to a distinguished career. The (Continued on Page 116)

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# I CALL ON YUL BRYNNER

"Young male lovers are creeps,"

says this unconventional symbol of romantic appeal.

In real life, versatile Yul Brynner

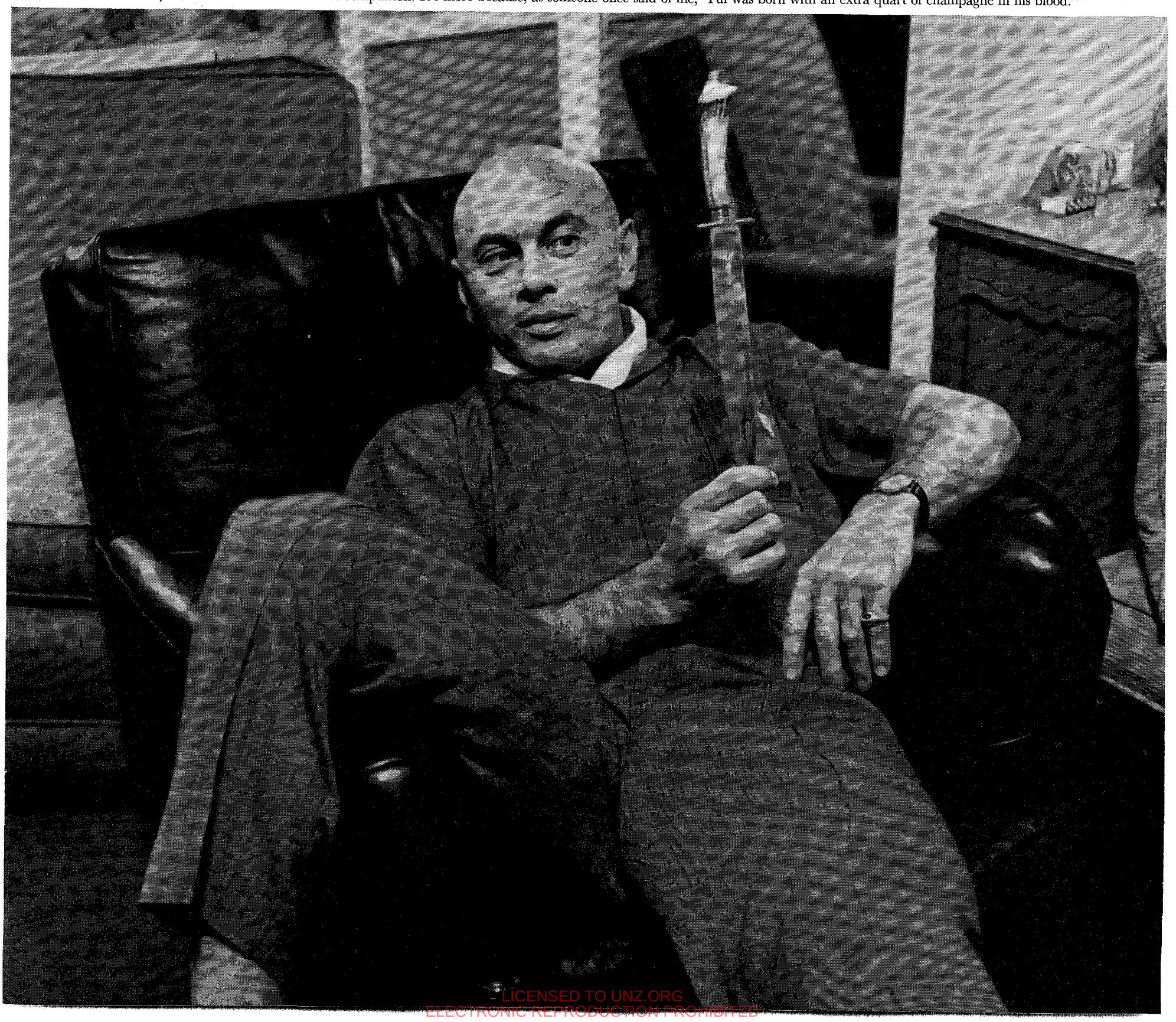
is even more surprising than he is as an actor.

**BY PETE MARTIN**

There are things about Yul Brynner which reach out and grab you. First, there are his eyes—burning, hypnotic, ripe-olive brown. Then there's his head, which is (and this will come as a surprise to nobody) shaved as clean as a seven-and-a-half-pound egg. No one knows how much hair he'd have if he let it grow. The best-informed guess is that its growth would be somewhat less than lush over his frontal lobes. At times he is seen seated in a studio make-up department, buzzing an electric shaver over his skull. He lets the shaver travel up his cheekbones, past the place where his sideburns would be if he had any, and he doesn't stop until the shaver has passed over his dome and has reached the back of his neck.

When you've talked to him awhile you forget about his eyes and his shaven skull, and

Brynner: "What drives me is not compulsion. It's more because, as someone once said of me, 'Yul was born with an extra quart of champagne in his blood.'"



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you are only aware of his deeply vibrant voice and the way he thinks. For those who regard him as a living doll—and many do—it may be a comedown to report that he is more of a living philosopher. He thinks deep thoughts without effort, and, although they're offbeat, they make clear, hard sense.

When I met Brynner, he said, "I've noticed that most interviewers are afraid to report a man's philosophy. It's the most direct approach to his character. It motivates his whole way of life, his actions. All my life I've had a certain understanding. It's this: In the realest sense you live your life alone; in essence you are born, live and die alone. If you can learn to live with yourself, the relations you acquire with other people, be they close or casual, are gravy.

"I grew up with another conception too," he went on: "Death is an integral part of everyday life. You know when your birth was, but your death is not predicted. What makes you think it will be ten years from now? What makes you think it won't be tonight? But if I knew I was going to die tonight, with what care I would live this day! How much more clearly I'd hear the songs sung around me. How much deeper would I look into the faces of my friends. That is what I mean when I say, if you could really know your life for even one minute, in that minute you could have it all."

I said, "I've heard that you think the words, 'He has arrived,' ought to be used only on people's tombstones. Would you care to elaborate?"

"I'll answer that question this way," he told me. "I was in Chicago playing in The King and I. I had taken a house in Evanston, within commuting distance of Chicago, because I found a good school for my son there. Since I lived close to Northwestern University, I took a few courses. One day a philosophy professor asked me if I'd (Continued on Page 81)

This is how Brynner (center, as a racketeer in a 1949 film, Port of New York) looked with his own hair.

1951: Brynner's first hit was The King and I, with the late Gertrude Lawrence. He almost refused the part.

In The Sound and the Fury, Brynner will abandon fancy dress to play a Mississippian of French origin.

Brynner (left) hides his famous bald dome in his new movie, The Buccaneer, directed by Anthony Quinn (right).

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Illustrated by Austin Briggs

# The Gentle Outlaw Of River's Elbow

By PAUL DARCY BOLES

**Mrs. Wiltag decided that the sleepy town needed her. But the mayor thought otherwise. . . .**

"Turn it off, please, Hoofer!" said Mrs. Wiltag. . . .

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Of course Mrs. Wiltag liked the policeman; she liked everybody. And there was to be said for him that he didn't look like an overbearing man. When he came walking across the shade-dappled ground under the live oaks, she smiled in welcome.

At the moment, the carrousel had started into the Washington and Lee Swing. The lower leaves of the oaks trembled as if pushed upward by a localized hurricane. Twenty or so small boys who had, even this early, been drawn like magnets to such noise, encircled the carrousel; it wheeled around at a sedate pace, dragons ramping, horses lunging, lone black-and-silver camel pacing high, his proud nostrils painted red. The gondolas' intricate carving caught the light with handsome flashes. And Mrs. Wiltag enjoyed a surge of pride. Ever since her life had become enmeshed with the carrousel, she had stopped regretting one minute of that life.

"Good morning!" she shouted. "Cup of tea?"

The policeman blinked. She repeated her invitation, standing on tiptoe, cupping her lips. This second time he nodded. His eyes were as blue as the air around the morning star, which Mrs. Wiltag had watched from the flap of her tent a little earlier. She enjoyed rising early, watching the dawn while she sniffed up the odors—always exciting at that hour—of a new town. "Good!" said Bella Wiltag; touching his uniform sleeve, she led him down one of these graveled paths.

The carrousel's noise diminished a bit as they drew away from it. But Mrs. Wiltag doubted that it was a noise anyone in this town would take in stride for a while.

She looked back; Hoofer, behind the ticket stand, leaned on his elbows and gazed down into the rapt faces of the little boys. In Hoofer's straw hat were twined dandelions. He had quiet notions of self-decoration, utilizing wildflowers whenever possible. She often complimented him on his taste. He stared after her now, golden eyes solemn; the breeze whipped up by the circling platform, animals and gondolas stirred the tails of his yellow shirt. *Renoir would have liked painting all that,* Mrs. Wiltag thought. Then the machine was out of sight, cut off by a hedge of dark green. The music's volume was a little less here too. It was just possible to talk.

"Those," said Mrs. Wiltag loudly, "resemble camellia leaves. But camellias don't grow in a clipped hedge, do they?" The policeman gave her a short head shake. Mrs. Wiltag sighed happily. "My domicile—really a tent, but 'under the wide and starry sky,' you know. And it has creature comforts. Like the tents of those English, who dressed for dinner in jungles? In the days when they had jungles to dress in, poor dears. My domicile"—she smiled again—"is just around the corner of the next path, then jog to your right, and there we are—beside a ravishing fountain."

Her listener kept his silence. At the corner of the next path, Mrs. Wiltag did a sharp right. Here in the center of the park was where she had known, at once last night, that she must set up her home. The fountain was graceful; even more. It commemorated a battle which this part of the South wished kept green to the mind. But somehow excessive joy had been made. Slim columns supported a broad bowl. Atop was balanced another series of bowls, grading to a tiny one nine feet up. Patches of sky held leaf shadow and shook over each bowl surface. A short distance from the fountain Mrs. Wiltag's tent, bright yellow as Hoofer's shirt, stood like a bantam rooster on a golf green. It handsomely answered the light.

Bella Wiltag stationed herself beside the tent flap and lifted it.

"After you," she said, and bowed.

Once or twice, as she stepped around the small, shining camp stove, reaching down implements from the portable cabinet—the teapot, the fine Oolong—the young man opened his mouth, intending perhaps to speak. But no sound came out. Mrs. Wiltag put water on to boil and set up a little table so swiftly it appeared to jump into sight.

"You must tell me who in your town had the taste to order such a fountain. Perfect! Enhances my soul." She threw open the tent's back flap. Light sliced in over the framed photograph of a dark, slim man wearing sideburns, a faunlike expression; a soft breeze entered. Below the riverbank early mists still rose from dark water.

"And so does your river. 'I will make you . . . bird-song, da-dum for your delight ——' How does the Stevenson go?" She waved both hands. "River on one side, road on the other. Sir, whoever planned your town did so with foresight! Coming in last night—I took the time to read several historical markers by lamplight—I found that it's rather old." He nodded. "Three hundred years. Splendid! It bears well its years. 'A rose-red city, half as old as time.'" She paused. The carrousel thumped in the distance. The Washington and Lee Swing had ceded to The Skater's Waltz.

For a breath, the policeman found his right toe keeping (Continued on Page 104)

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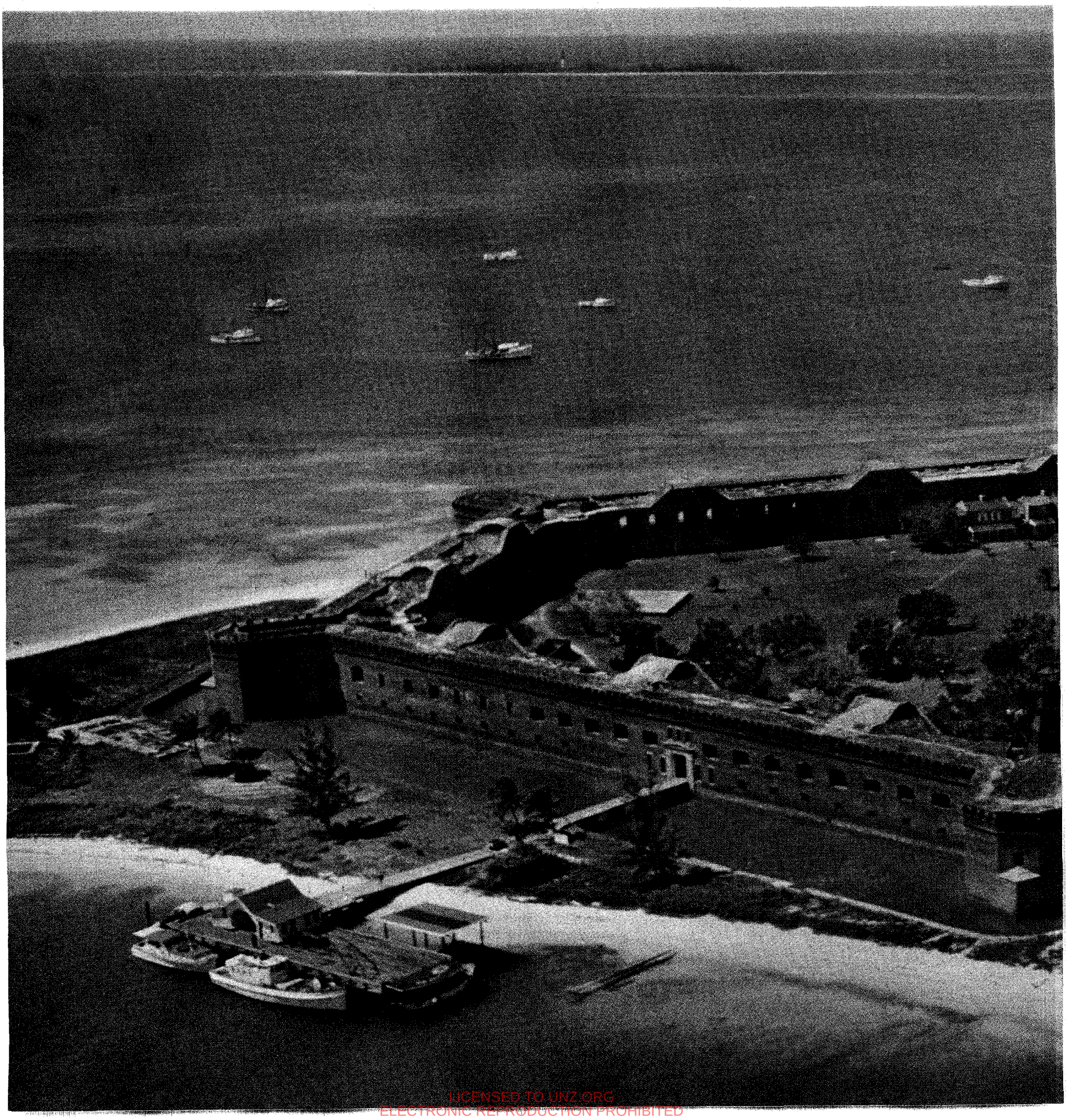
The Face of AMERICA

# Island Fortress



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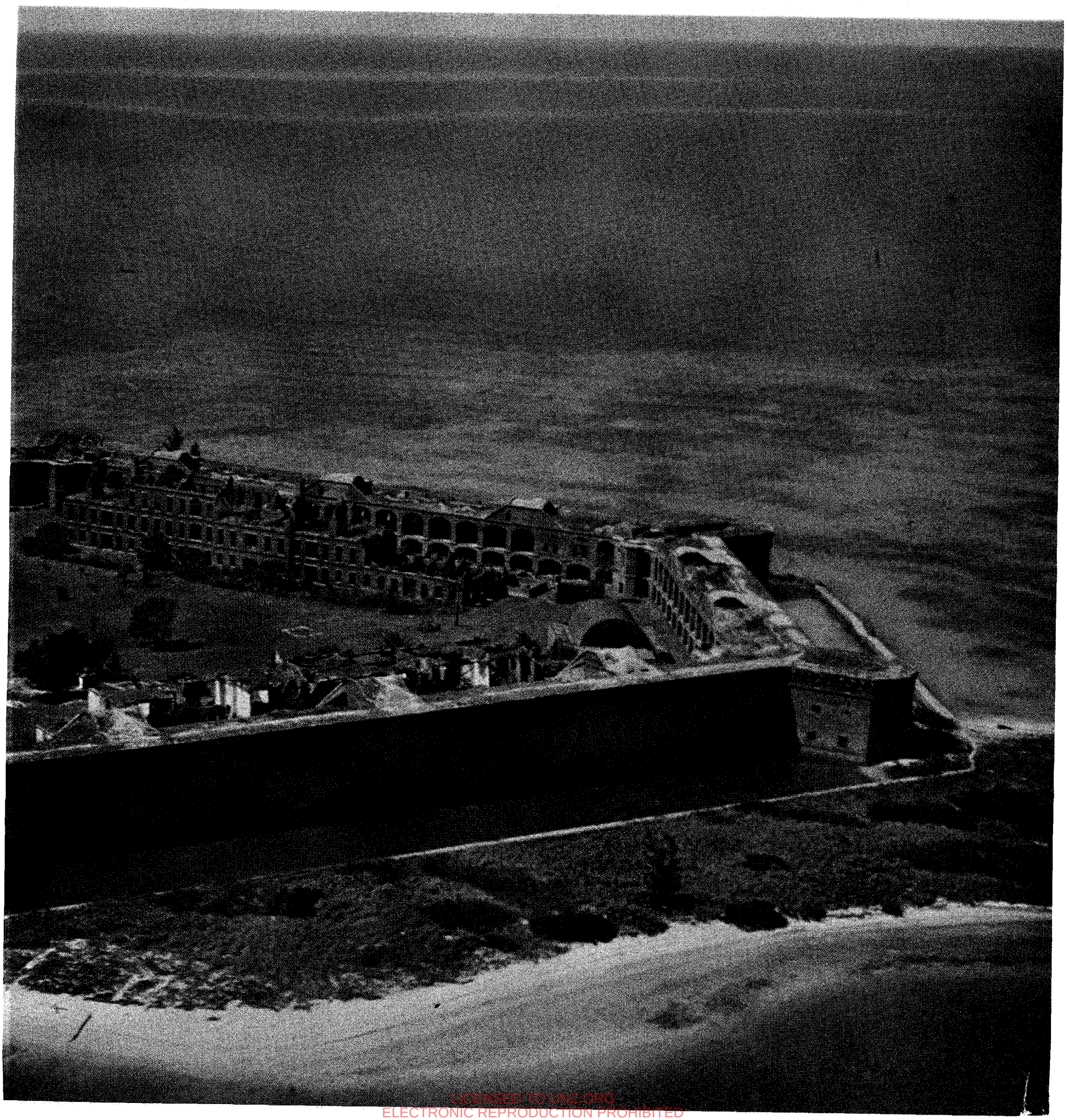
This awesome stronghold, the largest built by the young United States, encloses sixteen-acre Garden Key in the Gulf of Mexico, seventy miles west of Key West. Named for our third President, it was begun in 1846 as the Gibraltar of a line of forts from Maine to Texas. Florida slaves laid most of its 40,000,000 bricks. The incompleted fort was hastily garrisoned in 1861 to prevent its seizure by Confederates. The Confederates landed later, but only as war prisoners. The most notable inmate was a civilian whose name was Mudd. Because he innocently set the broken leg of a wild-eyed stranger, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd was condemned to life imprisonment as a murder conspirator. For his patient proved to be President Lincoln's assassin, John Wilkes Booth. Four years later, after nursing the garrison through a yellow-fever epidemic, Doctor Mudd was pardoned. The Army abandoned outmoded Fort Jefferson in 1874. The Navy used it as a coaling and wireless station, then surrendered it to the sea gulls. Today it stands as an empty monument to expensive changes in national-defense needs. Never fired upon, it long ago served its purpose: To protect important sea traffic between Gulf and Atlantic ports.

● Photograph by Larry Keighley



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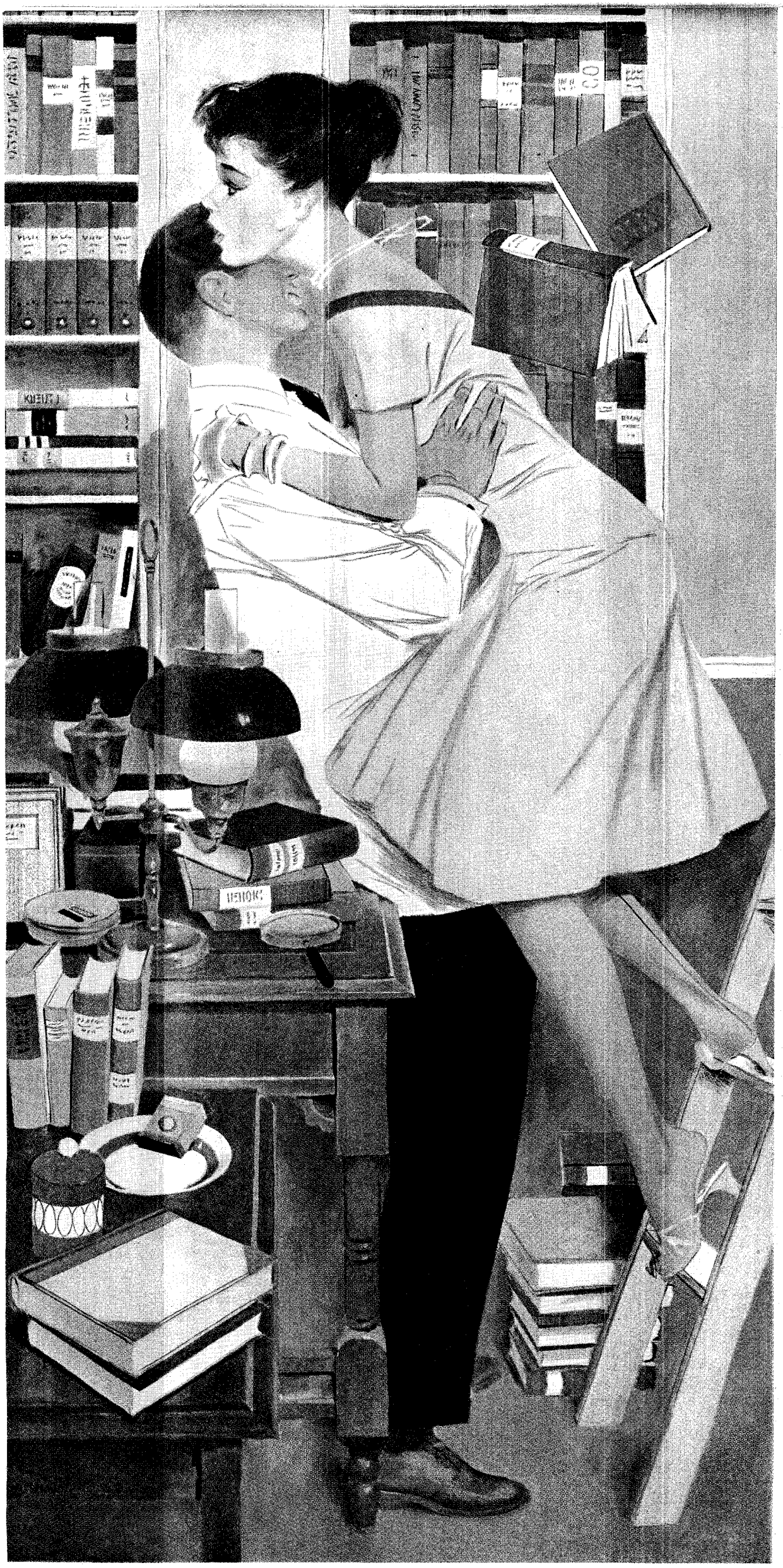

He clapped his hands to her waist, and snatched her to the floor. A witless gesture.

# LATE IN LOVE

By NORMA MANSFIELD

"First we learn and then we love" was his sensible motto—until he met the pretty widow.

Beyond the murky windows of the old house April was weeping again, but Walter Fletcher wasn't aware of it until his nephew came home around midnight. Walter was a scholar, an authority on the Achaemenian Empire and, like his parents, both now dead, an educator. He taught at the university, which was three blocks from his front door, and at thirty-five had his full professorship, a notable achivement, characteristic of the Fletcher family.

Tonight Walter was seated at the vast rosewood desk which had come west with his grandfather, a distinguished philologist, in 1880. The desk stood in the center of the room, banked to the north by a fringe of marble busts which crowded the fireplace. It was banked to the west by a Persian rug, a Kashan, an antique Shah Abbas, a gift from the Shah of Iran honoring Walter for his published book, the first of a trilogy on the Persian dynasty. The rug was rolled, mothballed, bulky, and banked to the south by the stacks of books which the shelves had refused to contain.

The books and the busts had been accumulating in the family for generations, but a path was always kept open to the rosewood desk, and tonight Walter was at work, immersed in a book by Karl Justi, when Chris came striding into the room.

"We've had news," Walter said. He laid down his pen. "I stayed up to share a toast. Our fellowships came through and we'll have our year in Iran, grubbing in Persepolis."

"Is that so?" Chris' face was blank. He hadn't absorbed the news. After a moment he said listlessly, "It's raining."

He had recently become infatuated with a freshman girl whom he was tutoring, and in the grip of this emotional (Continued on Page 76)



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/hen the name of architect Welton Becket was mentioned as an adviser for the Air :e Academy building program at a Con-sional hearing three years ago, the snort of t witness Frank Lloyd Wright could be d throughout the room.

[ do not know Mr. Becket," stated the rable but bellicose architectural genius. t I do know of him. And I wish something ld happen to him soon."

'hat was this fellow Becket doing to anger patriarch of American architecture?

or one thing, through the design of large ls, office buildings, stores and other as-d structures planned or going up in fif-states, two territories and eleven foreign ıtries, Becket was changing more sky lines ı any other individual in the world. What ously galled Wright was some of the re-of this wholesale alteration of landscapes communities—and the assembly-line hods with which they were planned.

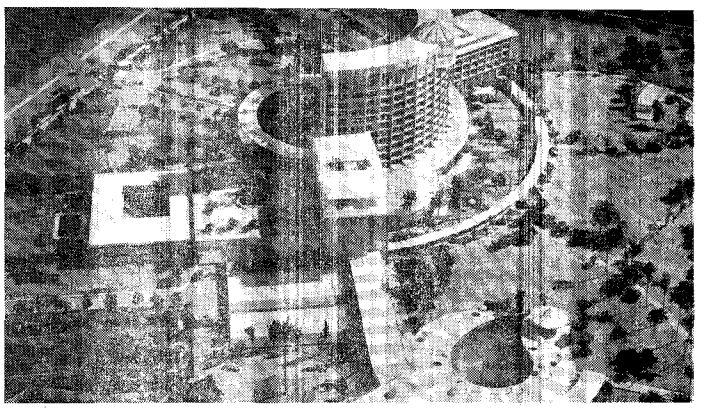
'elton Becket's critics accuse him of prac-g architecture with such an exaggerated regard for the dollars and desires of his clients that aesthetics are apt to be ignored.

"A building should reflect the client, not the architect," Becket replies. "I see no reason why I should express Welton Becket."

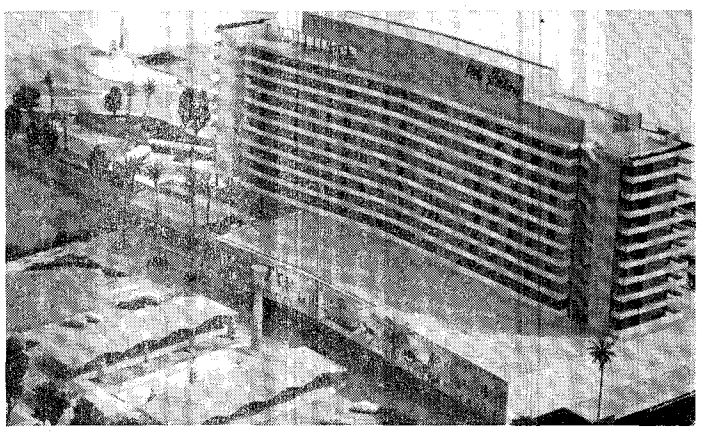
Such a statement brings shudders to the followers of Frank Lloyd Wright, who believe a structure should express the spirit and feeling of the architect in satisfying the client. You do not need a sign in front of a Wright building, they insist, to proclaim its architect. Becket's buildings, on the other hand, carry no architectural marks of a Welton Becket style. They are as varied as they are numerous these days.

For miles around Dallas, Texans ogle progress of Becket's forty-two-story Southland Life Insurance Company headquarters, the tallest building west of the Mississippi. In Honolulu, Islanders wonder what next—three Becket-designed-and-decorated hotels have risen into the sky line within the past thirty months on a small plot of Waikiki Beach staked out by Henry

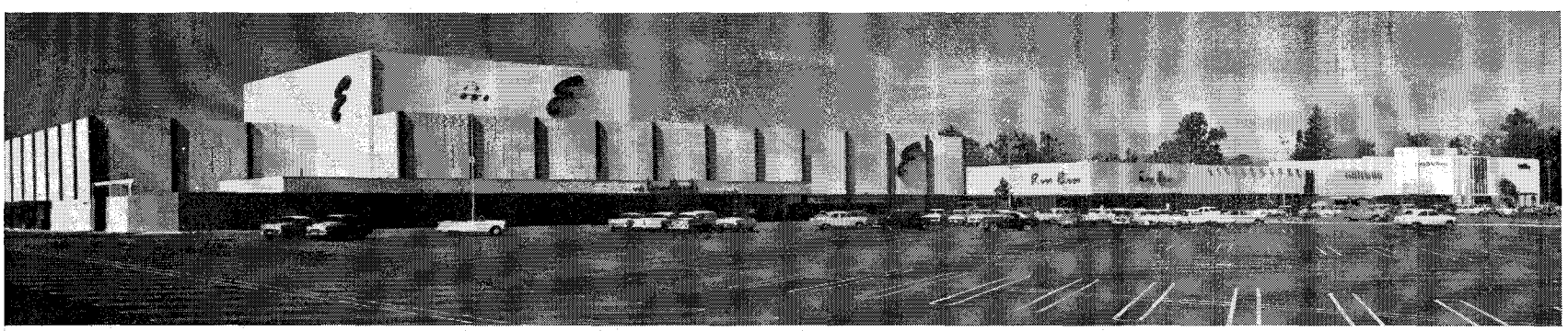
(Continued on Page 96)



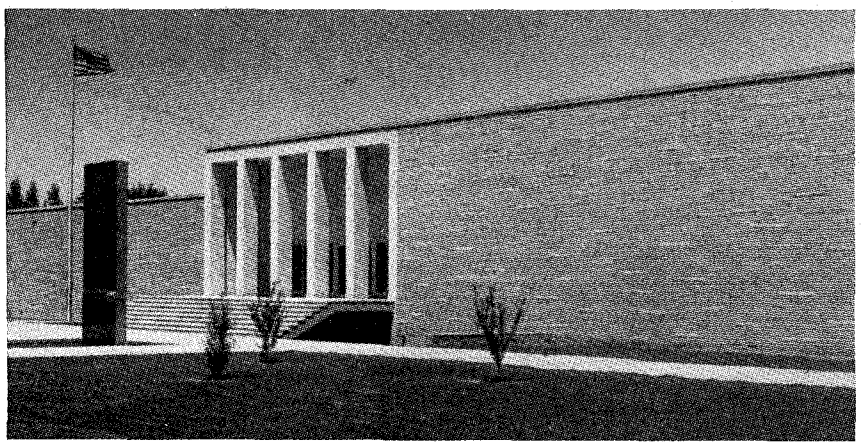
The proposed Bagdad Hilton, a Becket hotel in Iraq.



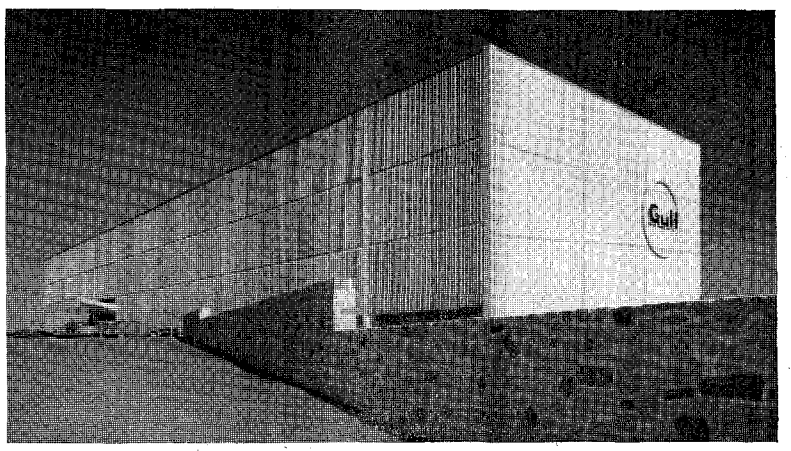
Becket's Nile Hilton, in Cairo, opens in January.



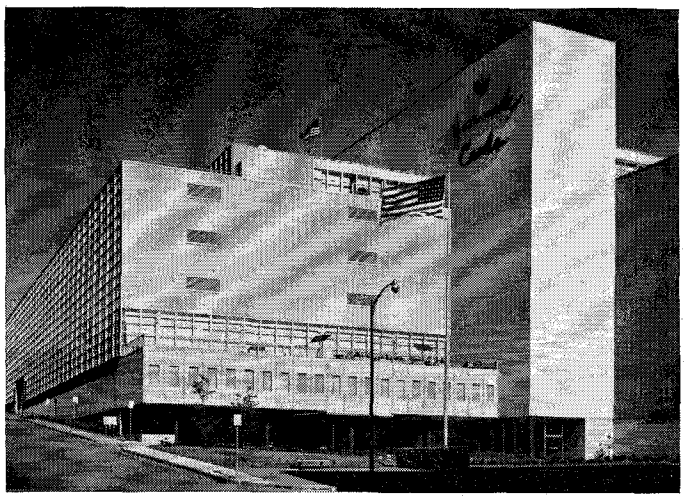
Shopping center near San Francisco. Becket tries to reflect "California living" in most of his buildings.



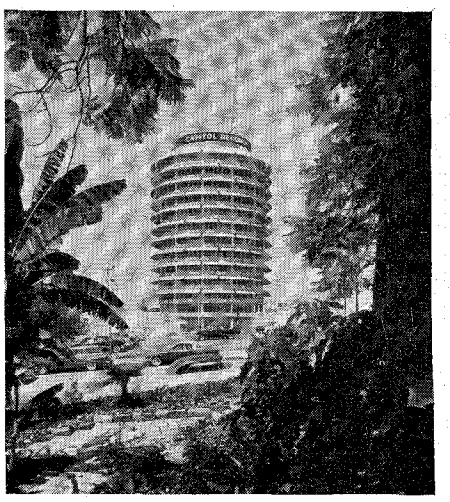
Eisenhower Museum in Abilene, Kansas, opened in 1954, is a Becket building.




Gulf Oil building near Philadelphia. Becket faced it with adjustable louvers.



Hallmark Cards factory in Kansas City. Becket planned it for oyee comfort, put a sun veranda over the offices in the foreground.



The Capitol Records Tower in Hollywood has been called "a silo with a headache."

The Hawaiian Village at Waikiki Beach. To please his client, Becket made the décor pink.

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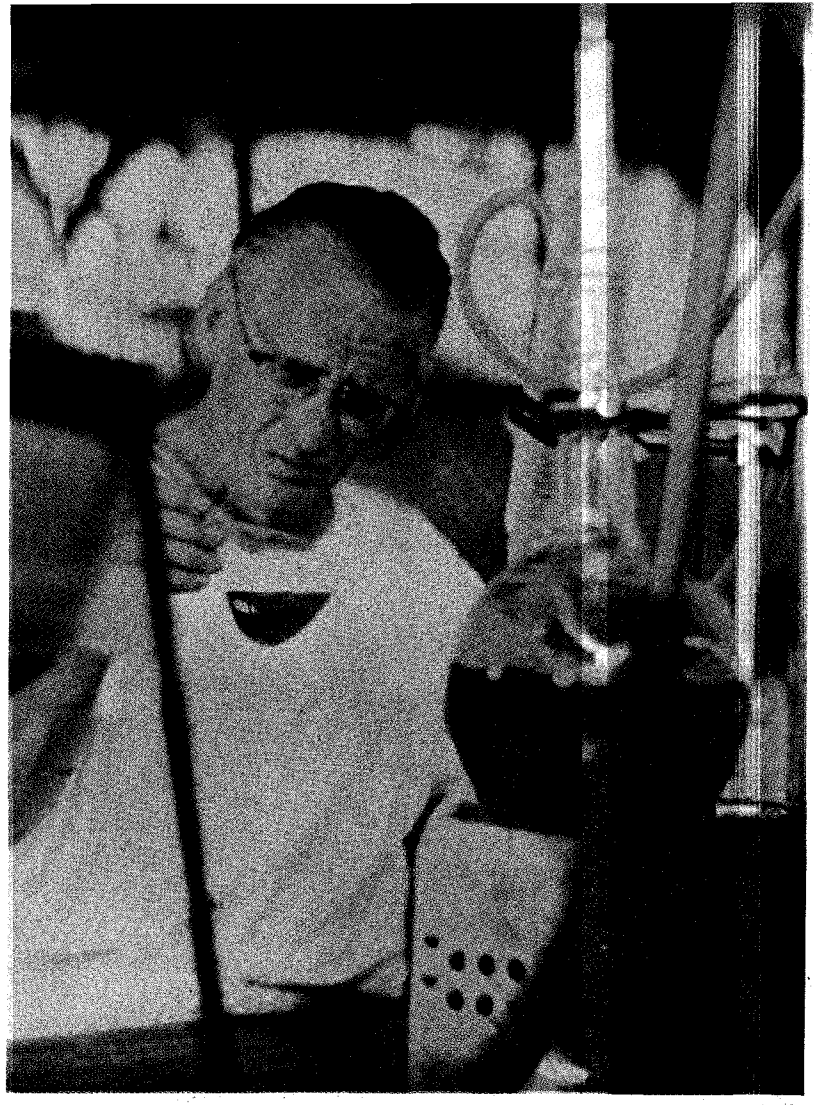


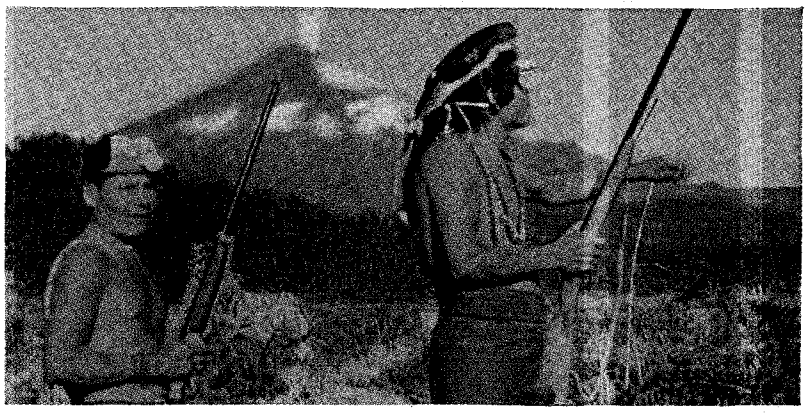
In his Ecuadorian jungle laboratory, Wilburn H. Ferguson tests a batch of the shrinking solution for possible use in the treatment of cancer.

# SECRETS of the HEAD-HUNTERS

By KENNETH O. GILMORE and HOWARD SIMONS

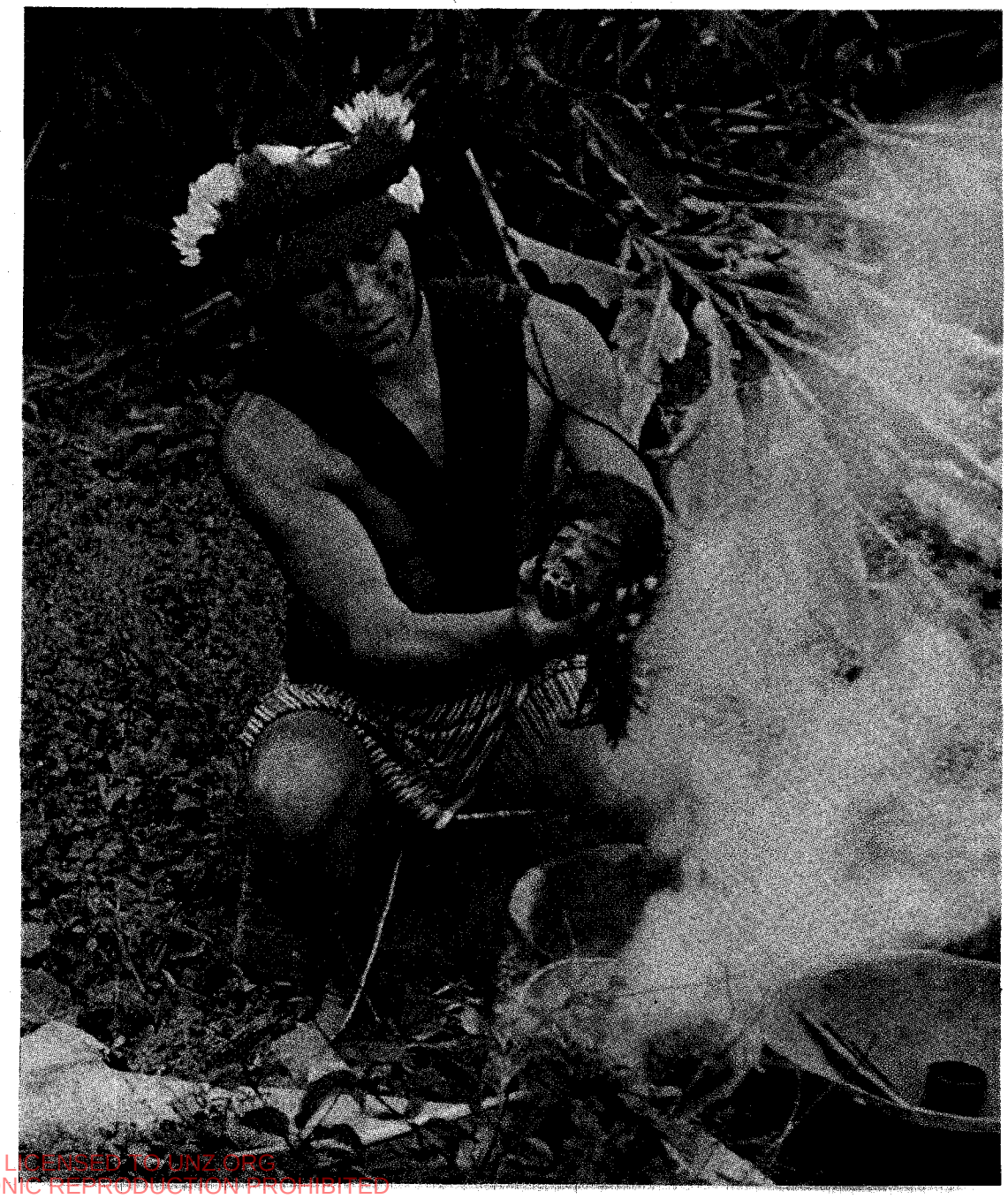
In the quest for miracle drugs, this American, at risk of his life, searches out mysterious jungle remedies among Ecuador's fiercest tribesmen.

In the background below is Sangay, the Jivaro tribe's sacred volcano, where the American underwent his initiation rites.



This map shows the location of Ferguson's research headquarters at Wakani, in the heart of the Jivaro country.

Below: A Jivaro blackens the face of a head over his smudge pot during the final stages of the year-long shrinking ritual. Next he will polish the face clean, then decorate it.



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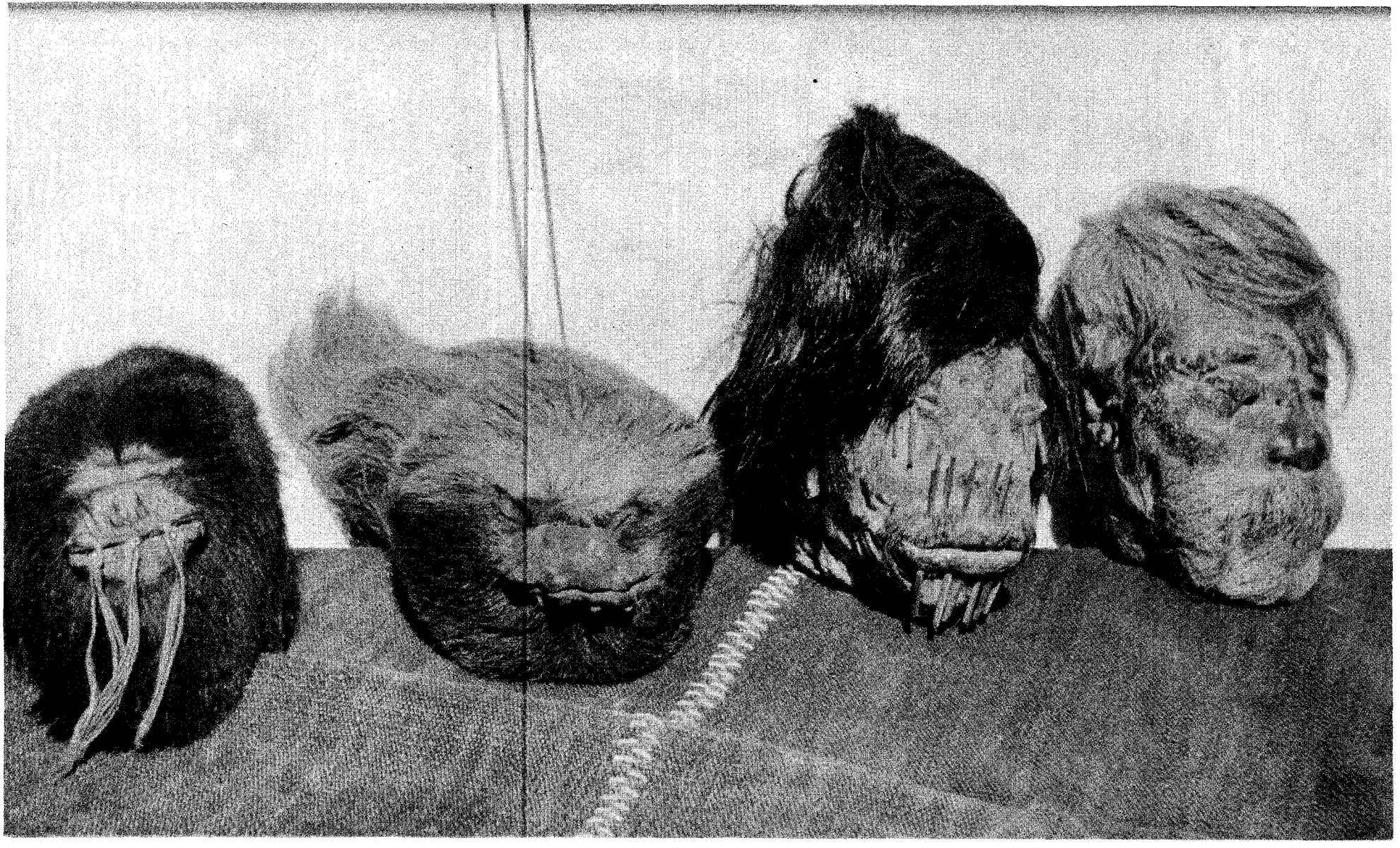


From left: the red monkey's head Ferguson used in his initiation; head of a sloth; trophy of slain enemy; head of a German engineer—murdered while seeking gold.

From out of a boiling caldron in a jungle laboratory deep within the wilds of Ecuador a few years ago, Oklahoma-born Wilburn H. Ferguson lifted a smaller-than-life-size head. Nervously he turned the grotesque object in his hands. He examined its features for flaws and stroked its outcrop of hair.

Watching him were the councilmen of a tribe of Jivaro Indians, the Amazon's feared head-hunters, whose celebrity rested on their still-practiced art of decapitating a victim and shrinking his head to one fifth its natural size. The approval of this panel of jungle critics would mean one of two things to Ferguson—the real beginning of an American family's dedicated quest to help mankind, or the fact that his own head might one day be in some Jivaro's boiling caldron.

The head that Ferguson was trying to shrink was not that of a human, but that of a great red monkey shot by the American in accordance with the ritualistic wishes of the Indians. As the Jivaros looked on, Ferguson knew his fate hung in the balance.

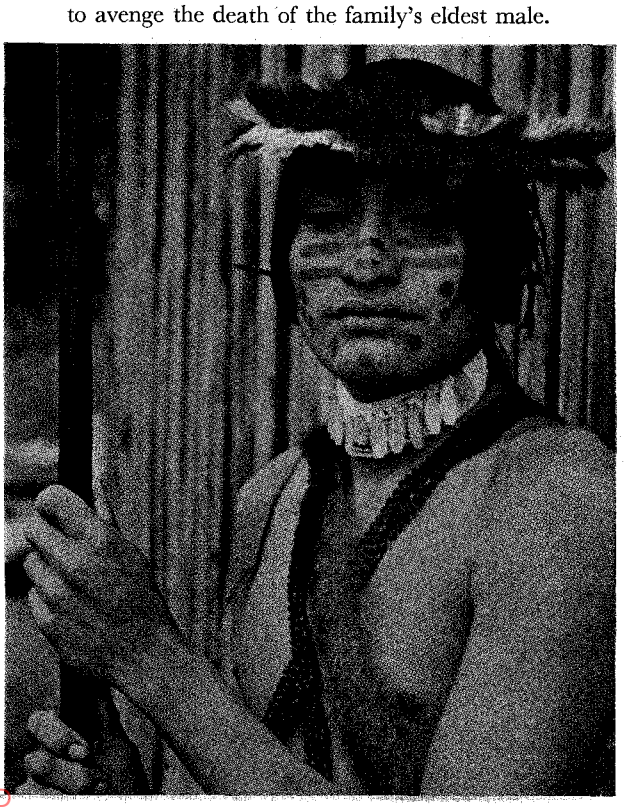
This was not the first time that the self-educated medical researcher and plant detective had found himself at the mercy of the Jivaros. Only a year before he had been subjected to a Hollywood-like drama that led directly to this final step in determining whether he was to become North America's only known living white man to become a chief medicine man in this select group of Amazonian head shrinkers.

At that time a typhoid epidemic was sweeping the region. Ferguson had set up his bamboo laboratory, his base for collecting jungle plants which he hoped would yield lifesaving drugs for modern medicine. He also let it be known that he was skilled in the art of treating disease. Alone in the heart of Jivaro territory, he had been careful not (Continued on Page 100)

During a tribal ceremony, a medicine man adorned with feathers displays his *tsantsa*—finished head.

Jivaro girl. During the long *tsantsa* rites, she and the tribe's women are shunned.

Jivaro warrior. He takes a head only in order to avenge the death of the family's eldest male.



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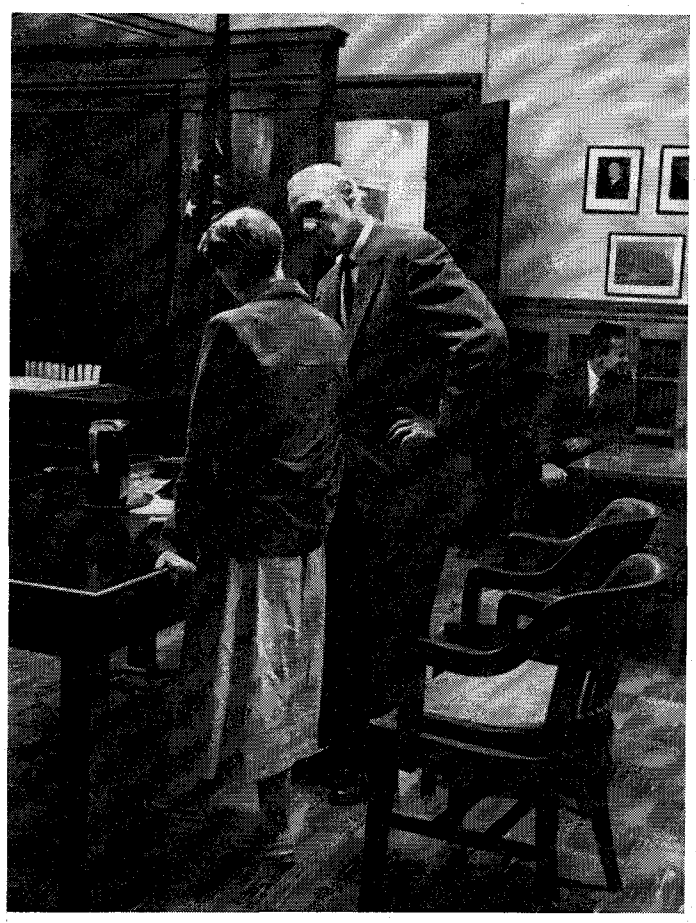
# DIVORCE

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

CONCLUSION:

# "A Little Nest of Hate"

## Why do so many marriages end up in court? The real reasons are often hidden and rarely come out in testimony. The author reports a revealing case.



In the court of Judge John M. Lewis, in Brownstown, Ind., a young wife gets last-minute advice from her attorney before her divorce proceeding is heard.

An experienced judge said recently, "Divorce is a public disgrace. It's a public shame, it's scandalous. America is the most divorced and most delinquent country in the world."

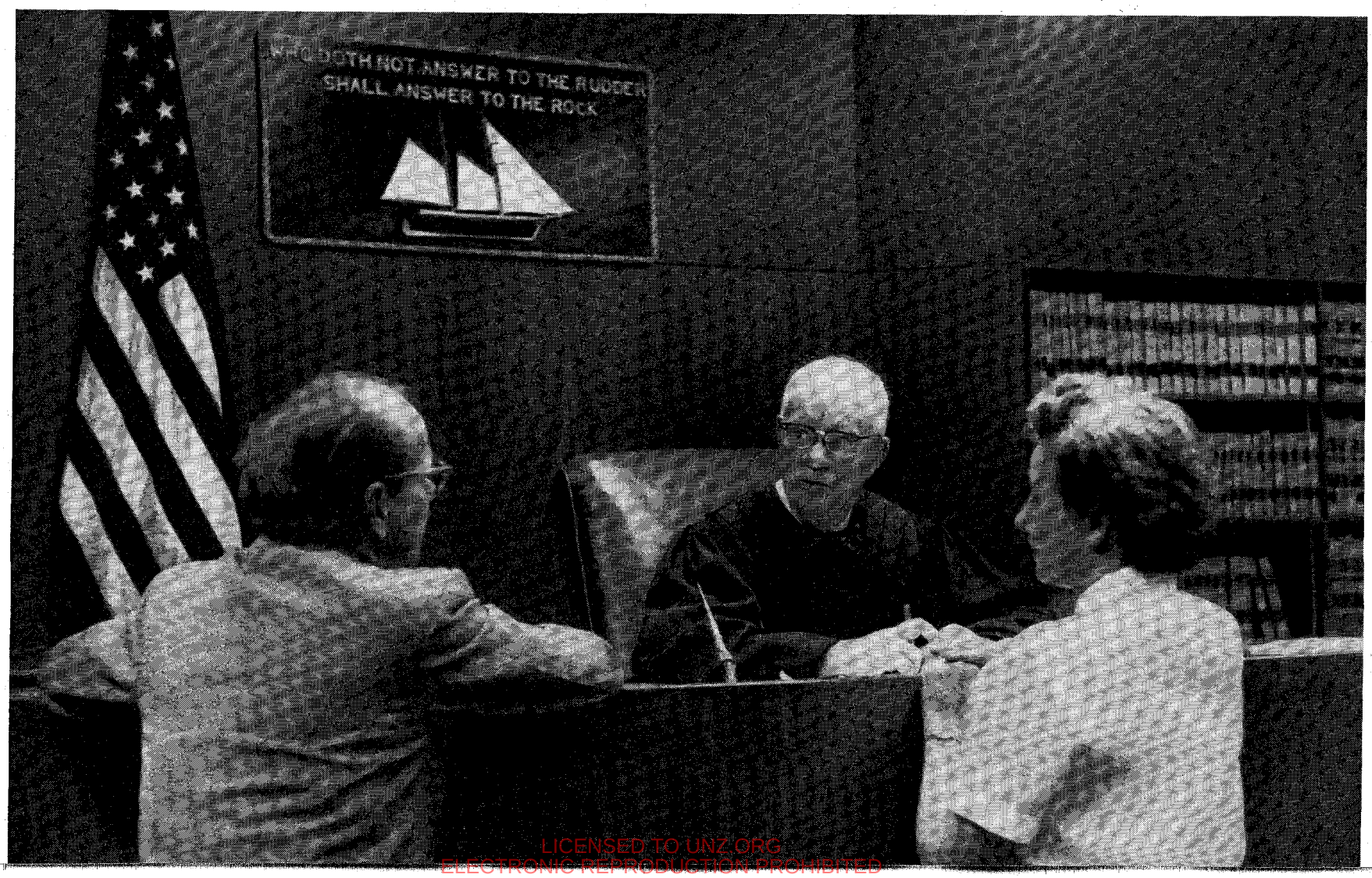
How high is the American divorce rate? Why is it high? What are its consequences? And what of proposals for divorce reform?

It has been estimated that some 10,000,000 living Americans have been divorced. For every three marriage licenses issued, one divorce suit is filed. In 1920 the divorce rate was 1.6 divorces per 1000 total population. It was the same in 1930. It had risen only to 2.0 by 1940—but in 1946, after World War II, as soldiers came home and wartime marriages broke up, it hit an all-time high, 4.3. By 1955 it had dropped back to 2.29. Although war and depression cause year-to-year shifts in the divorce rate, it seems certain that the long-term trend is upward, both in America and abroad. America's rate today is the highest in the Western world. Compared to its 1955 rate of 2.29 per 1000 population, England's was 0.6, France's 0.67, Norway's 0.58 and Canada's 0.38. It is not true, however, that the American divorce rate is the highest ever anywhere—Russia, Palestine, Egypt, for instance, have or have had higher rates. (The rate of Zanzibar and Pemba, a British protectorate in the Indian Ocean, was 7.27 in 1950.)

Divorce is usually thought of as an urban problem, but wrongly—it is just as much a problem in rural areas as in cities. Down in the hills of Southern

(Continued on Page 121)

Conferring with two of his marriage counselors below is Judge Paul W. Alexander, of the Toledo, Ohio, family court.

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Since he was covered by the gun, he raised both hands to the level of his shoulders and started to stand up. . . .

# The Innocent Captive

By ALLAN SEAGER

## His life depended on his ability to obey a man he couldn't even understand.

It was the heat and the sun glinting off the front sight of the rifle that made him sleepy. The thermometer stood at fifty degrees centigrade, and that figured out to around one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. Although he kept himself in the shade of the galvanized-iron hutment and had even pitched a tent inside it and above himself as insulation, the muzzle of the rifle, now that it was afternoon, stuck out into the sun and the front sight glittered, drawing his gaze and fixing it. The rifle lay on a wooden table in front of him. He had been alone in the desert three days.

To eat was to open cans, and that didn't take long. To get a drink, he had to walk only thirty feet, carefully putting on his hat first, to the new well and fill the Evian bottle that stood beside the basin. He had brought no magazines, since he had not expected to be left alone. There was no sense in climbing up the well rig to see what was going on, because he had already done that and nothing was going on. So he sat idle in the hut with the rifle handy as they had urged and with a youthful, almost adolescent, wonder congratulated himself on being there at all.

On the boat from Marseilles to Bône he had overheard two Englishmen talking about him. When he heard what they said, his first impulse had been to walk over and slug first one, then the other; but, in an odd way, he was shy. If it had happened in Ponca City, he wouldn't have hesitated, but he was a long way from Oklahoma. Also, what they said was not exactly insulting. The insult lay in the sneering tone and, although he suspected that they meant him to overhear, nevertheless they were not talking directly to him and, if he had not been idle, he might not have heard it at all. One of them had said, "There's another American innocent going out to reform the world."

The word that stuck and was still sticking in his craw was "innocent." No man, especially no young man, likes to think he is innocent. Innocent of crime

(Continued on Page 68)

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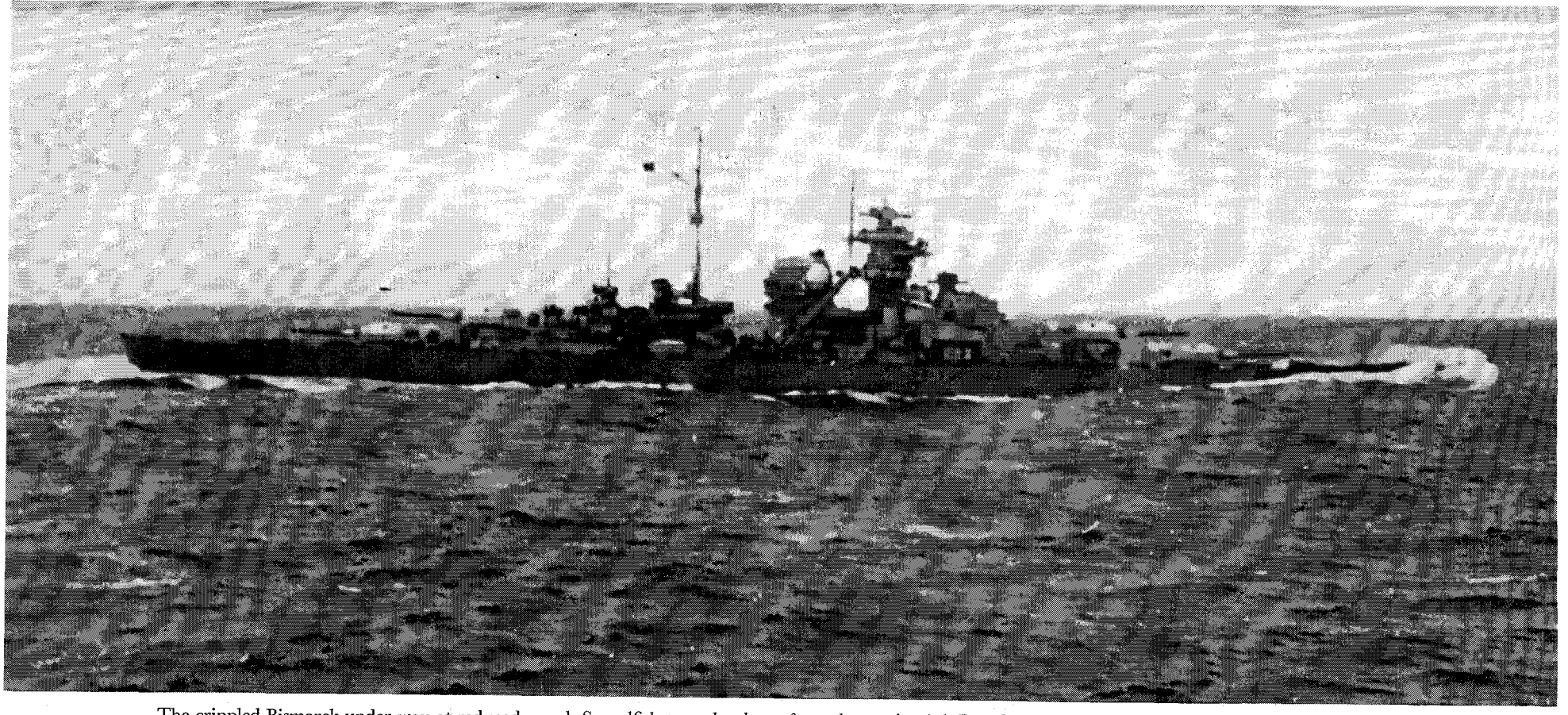

The crippled Bismarck under way at reduced speed. Swordfish torpedo planes from the carrier Ark Royal scored the two hits that ultimately caused her doom.

At left above is the senior German officer in the Bismarck action, Günther Lütjens. This photograph of him was taken in 1935 when he visited a U. S. Coast Guard cutter.

# The Nine Last Days of the BISMARCK

The terror of the seas destroyed England's biggest ship of war. Then she gave the desperate British the slip in the stormy darkness. . . .

By C. S. FORESTER

PART TWO

Although German shipyards could produce first class fighting ships, landlubber Adolf Hitler long neglected his navy, including landing craft and submarines. At right he is shown at the launching of the battle cruiser Gneisenau.

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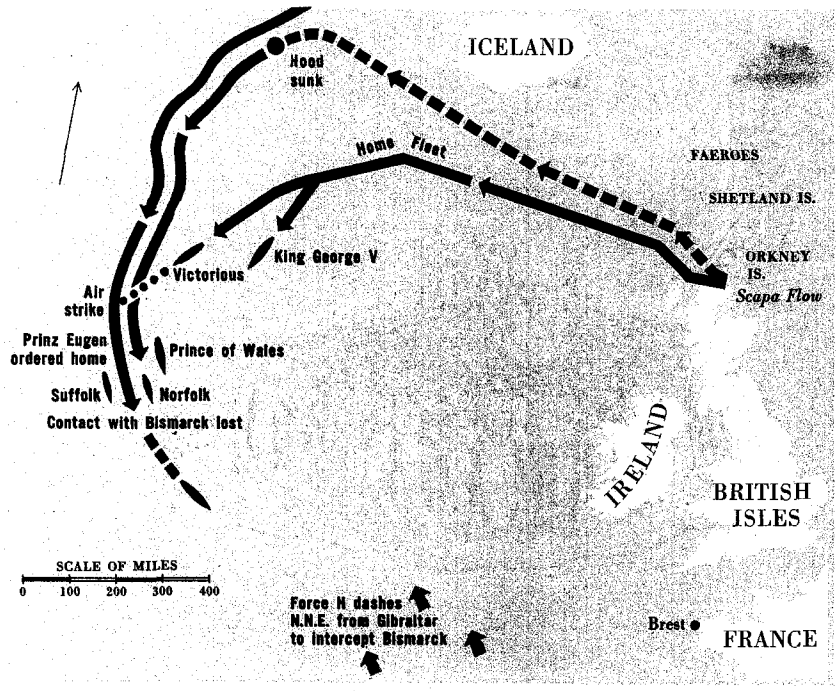
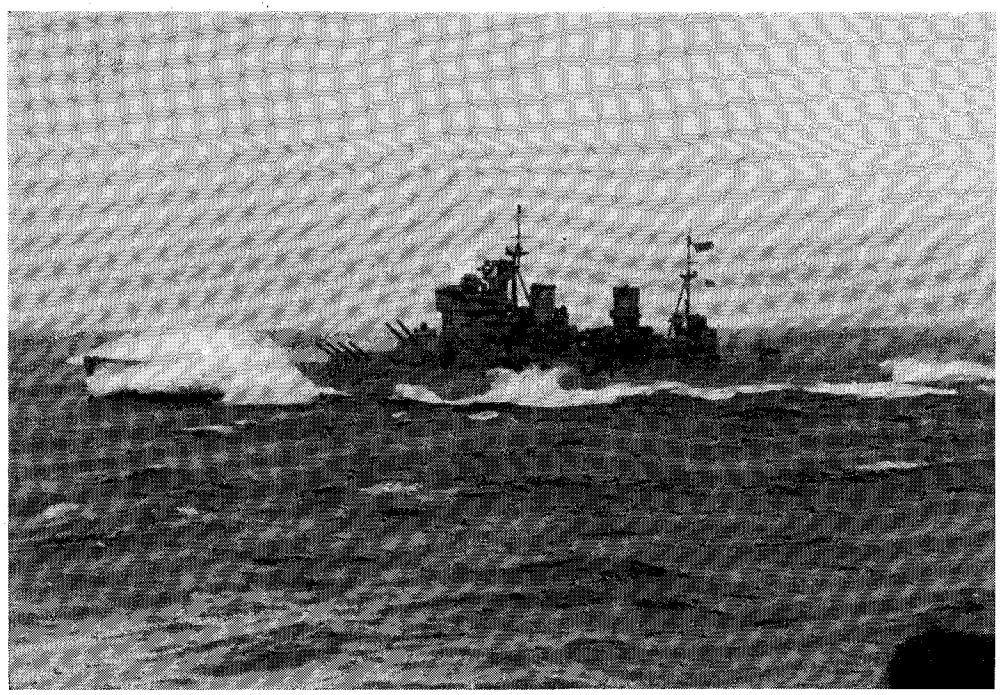
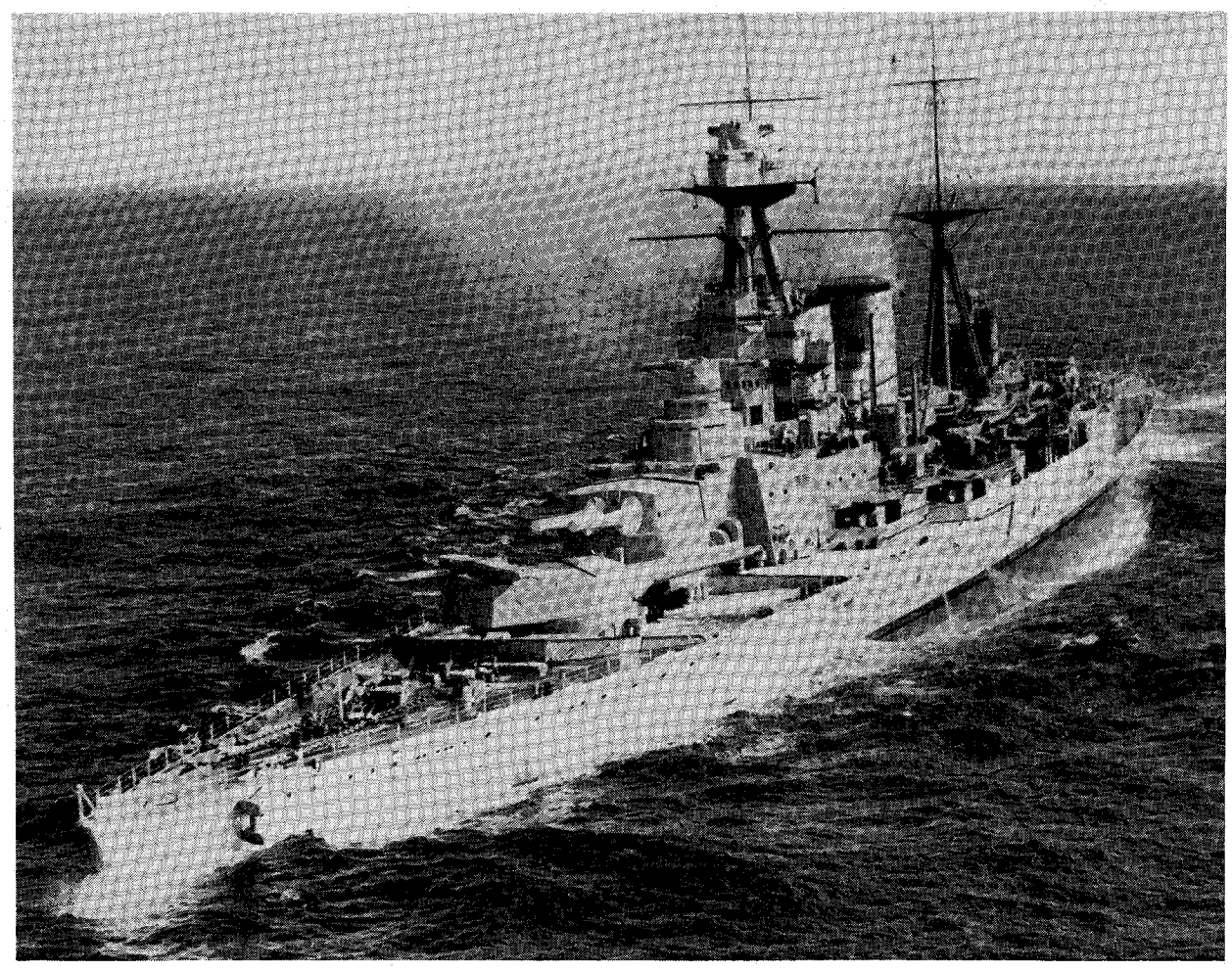



This map shows the search made by British naval and air units in their frantic attempt to close in on the elusive Bismarck after she destroyed the battle cruiser Hood.



At flank speed in pursuit of the fleeing Bismarck: The battleship King George V, flagship of Admiral Sir John Tovey, Commander in Chief of the Home Fleet.

Capt. R. Kerr, skipper of the ill-fated Hood. He and all but three members of his 1300-man crew went down with the ship.



Big and heavily armed, but lightly armored, the Hood sank within minutes after the Bismarck opened fire.

On the bridge of the Bismarck the admiral and captain stood looking into the gray mist where the first light of dawn began to show. The radio officer was reporting to them.

"The British cruiser has been sending out messages every fifteen minutes all through the night, sir."

"Can you guess what they are?"

"I can be quite sure, sir. They are position and course reports."

"We could be sure of that in any case," said Lütjens to Lindemann. "What else?"

"I think I can identify her by her call sign, sir. She's the Suffolk."

"Eight-inch-gun cruiser. Ten thousand tons. Launched 1926. Last known captain, Ellis," said an aide, flipping through a reference book.

"Thank you, but the details hardly matter. Anything else?"

"The British Admiralty has been sending messages all through the night, sir. Some of them clearly addressed to ships—other ships besides the Suffolk, sir."

"No indication of which ships, or where?"

"I regret not, sir."

"Not a word from anything at sea?"

"Not a word, sir."

"Thank you." As the radio officer saluted and turned away, Lütjens addressed Lindemann.

"That's radio silence enforced as it ought to be enforced. We could wish the British weren't so careful. But now we say good-by to Denmark Strait, and the Atlantic lies ahead of us. Tell me your opinion. Do you think there is anything to stop us?"

Lindemann hesitated to speak. He did not want to appear too optimistic.

"Tell me, captain, please," persisted Lütjens.

"Unless the British moved instantly to the right place, without wasting an hour, the Atlantic should be open to us, sir."

"Then we'll give the Suffolk the slip, and there won't be a convoy that dare move between America and England," said Lütjens.

A telephone squawked beside them, and an officer sprang to it. (Continued on Page 52)

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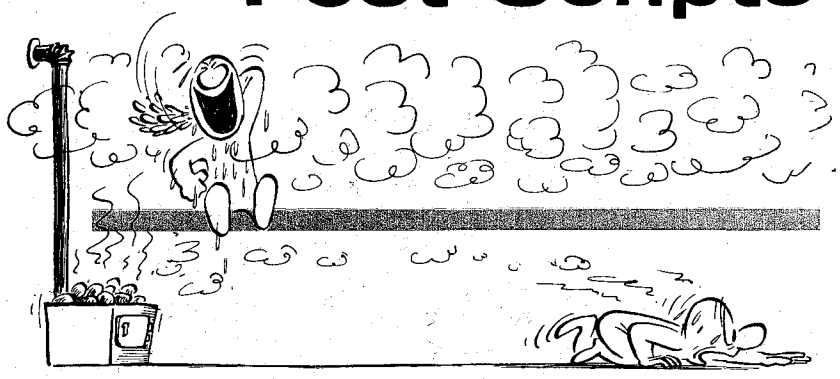
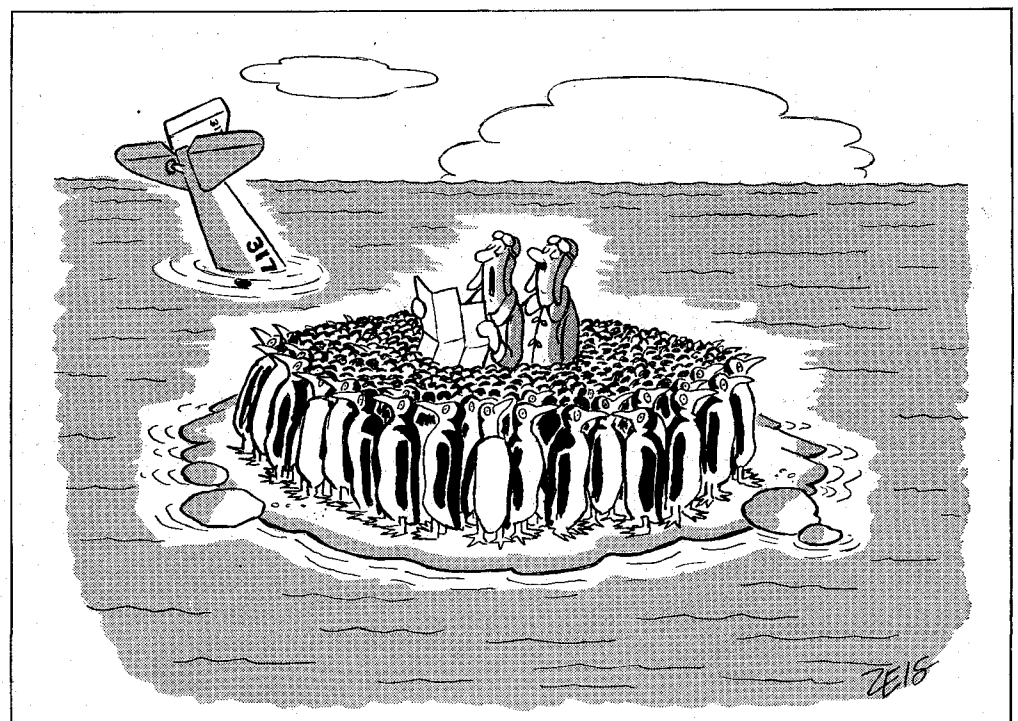
# Post Scripts



## City Snafu

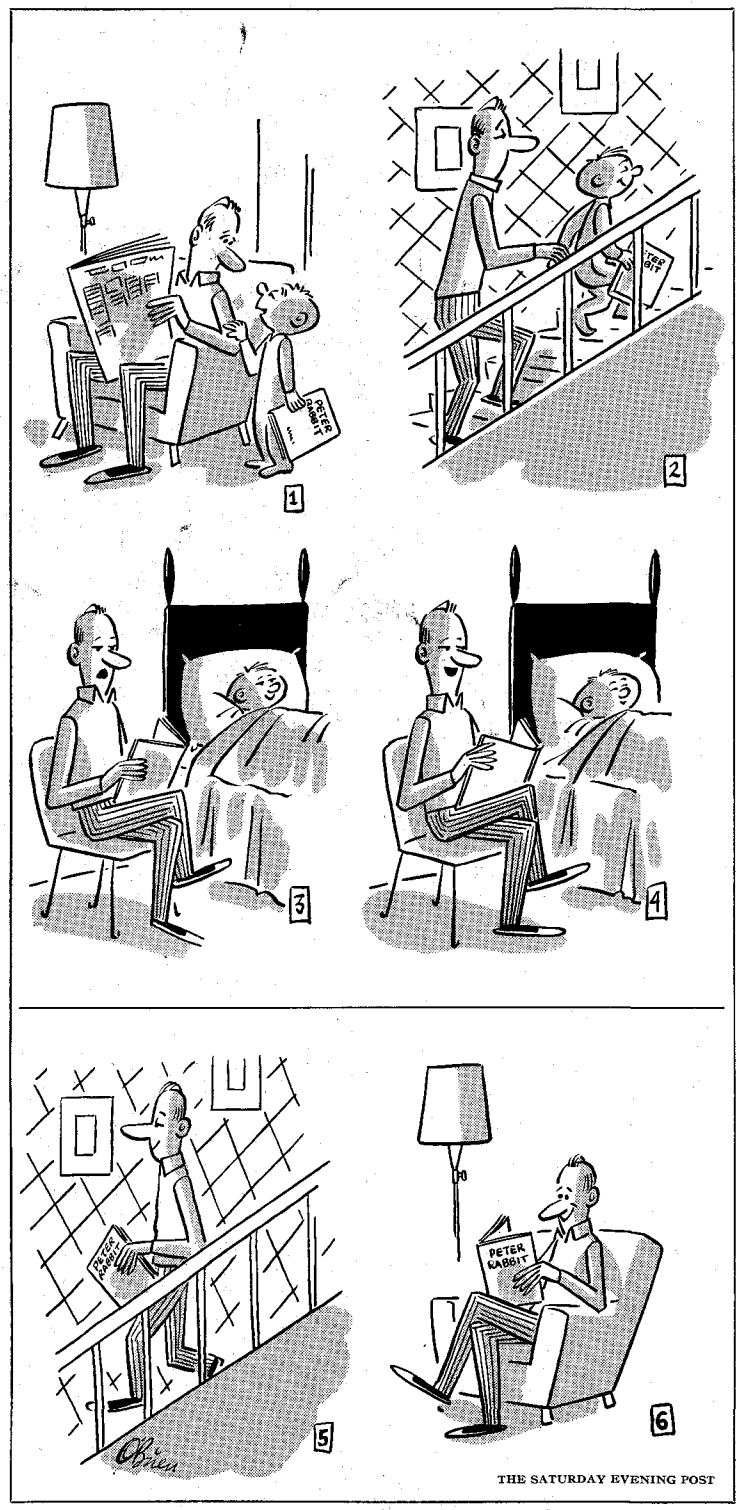
Little drops of water,
Little flakes of snow
Make the mighty traffic
Mighty slow.

PHILENE HAMMER



"According to the map, we're on Penguin Island."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## How to Convert a Den

SALESMAN: And what may we do for you today?
HE: I'm looking for a big, leather, comfortable chair that ——
SHE: My husband wants a chair for his den.
SALESMAN: I see. Are you ranch style?
SHE: Really more cute-colonial farmhouse, wouldn't you say, dear?
HE: I don't know. I just want a big, leather, comfortable ——
SALESMAN: That would be quite suitable for ranch-style types, sir, or for Danish-modern people. But hardly right for cute colonials. Now may I recommend this Salem rocker in steamed-lobster red and codfish white with a Betsy Ross flounce?
HE: No, I want a big, leather ——
SHE: Isn't that adorable? Look at all those darling wormholes. Are they real?
SALESMAN: Just very good reproductions, madam. Now this is only $199.95 this weekend, complete with a mother-daughter footstool in a matching fabric of whaleboats rampant on a boiled dinner. And for just $84.95 extra we offer this table too.
SHE: What a sweet sewing table.
SALESMAN: Actually a piecrust table, madam. But we feel it is permissible to use it for any homelike activity. I think sewing is quite within the feeling of the piece.
HE: Look, I never sew in my den. I sit. On a big ——
SHE: Just think, dear, with dimity curtains and a knickknack shelf, and we could leave that pine paneling you put in, and hang up those samplers mother gave us that you put in the attic. It would be a perfect sewing room.
HE: But I just want ——
SHE: There's plenty of room next to the furnace for those old rusty guns you bought. And you could put that ugly fish in the front closet where your friends can see it when they come in. After all, you can sit in my sewing room. We'll get you a nice ladder-back chair, and we can even put a little leather over the wooden seat, and ——

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

## One Man in His Time Plays Many Parts

### ACT I

SCENE I: *Teen-Age Day Dream*
An ideal chick has real great legs
And really dances great.
She's great on dates and great on skates
And weekends stays up late.

SCENE II: *Same Scene (five years later)*
An ideal woman, if such there be,
Scoffs at convention—her soul is free,
Her wit is nimble, her mind is quick.
She strives for truth in a world that's sick.

SCENE III: *Same Scene (five years later)*
I like a girl that knows how to mix
Martinis with her politics.
Who's fun at a party, and laughs a lot,
And knows what to do with a coffee pot.

### ACT II

SCENE I: *The Same (five years later)*
Somewhere in this world *must* lurk
A girl who can make a budget work,
Who cooks, and sews, and cleans the house,
And *sometimes* thinks about her spouse.

SCENE II: *The Same (five years later)*
Why is it a woman can't comprehend
That "the other woman" *can* be a *friend;*
That an evening of poker, or nine on the course,
Does not, of necessity, lead to divorce.

### ACT III

SCENE I: *The Same (five years later)*
The ideal woman is understanding,
Comforting, gentle, and not demanding.
She *likes* the bouquet of a good cigar,
And *never* scratches the family car.

SCENE II: *The Same (after five years)*
The ideal girl is young and gay,
And chases all your cares away.
She pleases every way she can,
And much *prefers* an "older man."

SCENE III: *The Same (years later)*
An ideal chick has real great legs. . . .

WILLIAM BRAMLEY

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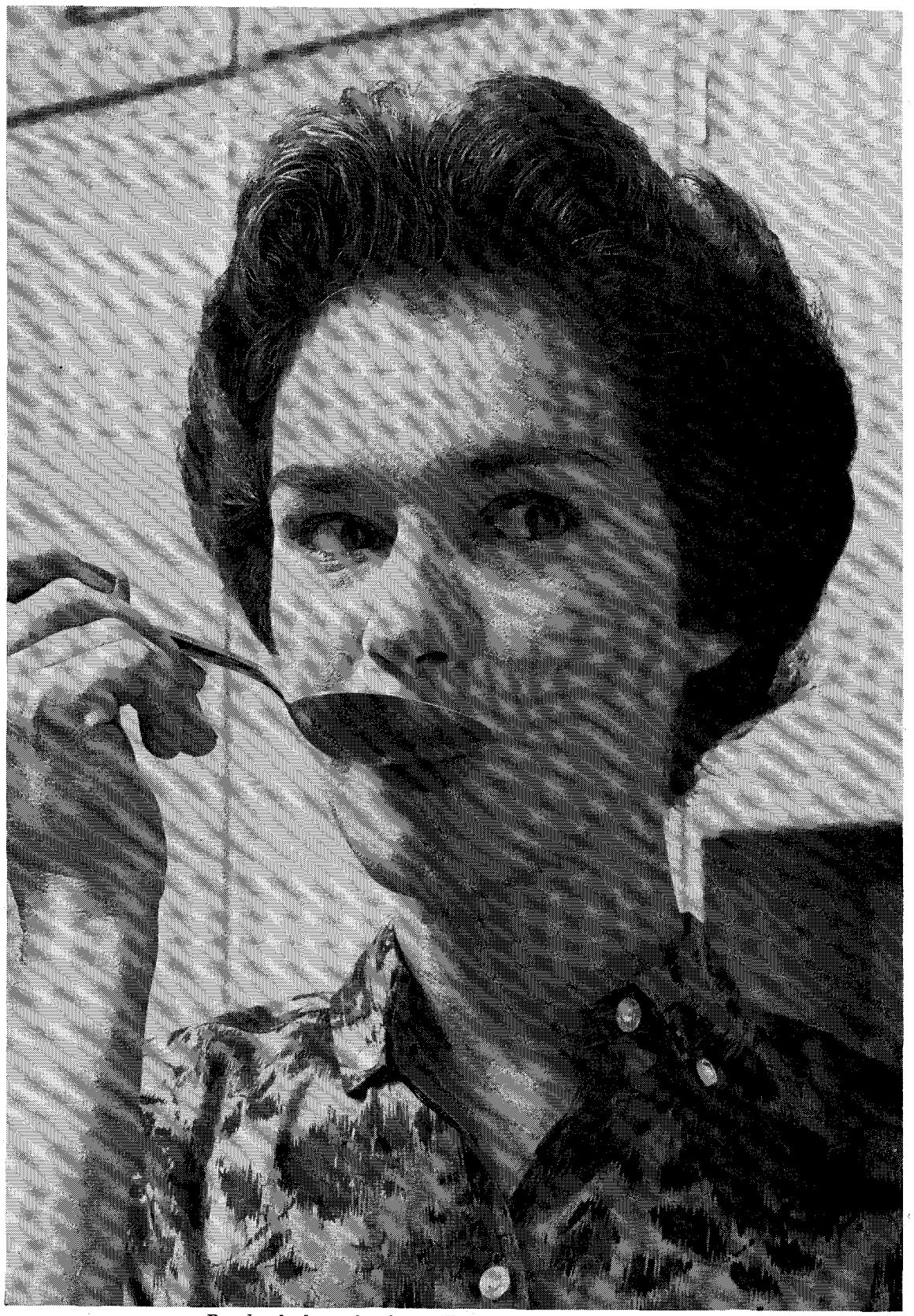
# Is the luxury of its flavor worth the extra cost?

*(She'll know... and so will you the moment you taste it)*



*People who know fine food will wonder why this costs so little*

This soup is for people who don't mind going a little further, paying a little more for the best eating there is.

If you're that kind of person, you'll agree that this is Green Pea with Ham Soup as it should be. It's made with garden-fresh peas and tender pieces of smoked ham. A bit of celery, onion, and bacon are simmered in to give it the right country seasoning. Then Campbell's freezes it fast to hold the true, homey flavor of peas and ham.

Easy to understand why Campbell's Frozen Green Pea with Ham Soup is higher priced. The wonder is that it costs so little. (Only about 7¢ a serving.)

Look for this elegant soup in your grocer's freezer.

**Green Pea with Ham**
**Oyster Stew • Clam Chowder**
**Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef**
**Cream of Shrimp • Cream of Potato**

# GREEN PEA with HAM

## FROZEN *by Campbell's*

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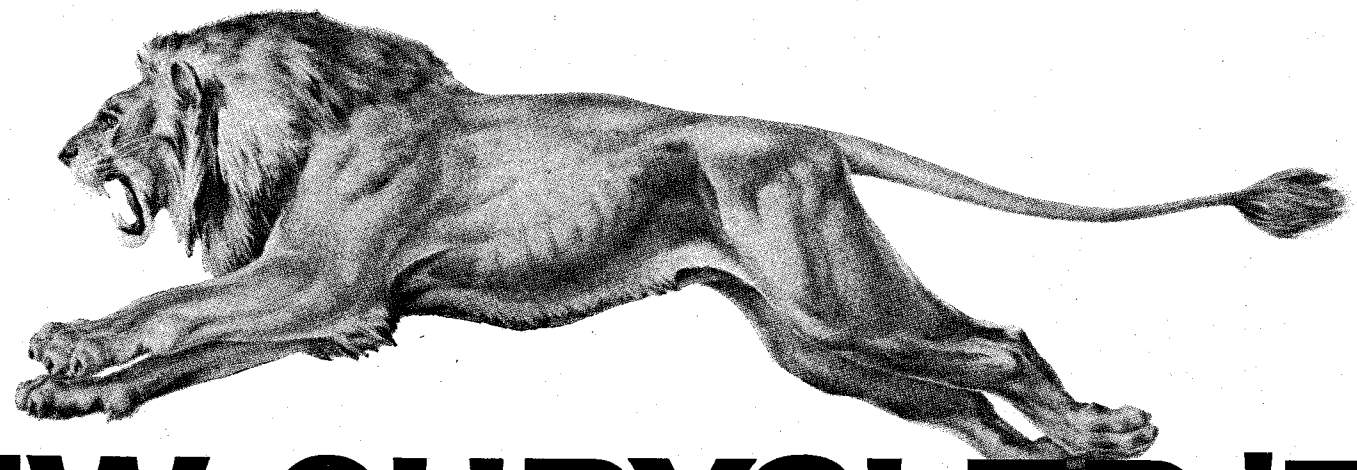

# NEW CHRYSLER '59

## . . . the lion-hearted car that's every inch a new adventure

*In the style that set the standard for an industry: Chrysler Windsor 2-Door Hardtop in Lustre-Bond Copper Spice and Ivory White*

Get close to the new Chrysler '59 . . . as bright and clean as a crisp fall day.

Size up the majesty of its new grille . . . the beauty of its new channeled roof . . . the bold sweep of its strong steel lines. Here's new styling that knows no season.

Now discover that Chrysler '59 excitement is more than skin deep. Let the newly available Swivel Seat ease you smoothly inside. Stretch out in new dimensions of leg-room, head-room and hip-room. Feel the rich and rugged smoothness of Chrysler's dramatic new fabrics.

Let yourself go! Turn the key, push a button and lead this Chrysler to a highway. Measure the quiet might of its all-new Golden Lion engine. A lighter, more efficient engine designed to give you better performance at the speeds you drive the most. It eats up the miles, eases up on gas.

Thrill to the way TorqueFlite transmission puts your every command into instant action. Feel how effortlessly Chrysler's optional True-Level Torsion-Aire Ride calms the roughest roads.

Set Auto-Pilot, the Chrysler extra that warns when you go too fast . . . holds your speed . . . lets you cruise with your foot off the accelerator. Then listen to the only sound that breaks the stillness . . . the gentle whisper of your wheels knifing through new-fallen leaves.

Some fall day soon when you're feeling adventurous, match your mood with a drive in the new lion-hearted Chrysler '59. There are 15 new models to choose from . . . in a wide price range.

LION-HEARTED
**CHRYSLER '59**

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# The Case of the GREEDY GRANDPA

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

## Mason lost his key witness: a little boy, kidnaped by his own grandfather . . .

The well-tailored blonde had just finished talking with the clerk as Mason appeared at the desk.

Perry Mason thought he could prove his client, Norda Allison, innocent of the murder of Mervin Selkirk. But Mason dreaded to use his evidence—that Robert Selkirk, a little boy who liked to play with real guns, had accidentally killed his own father.

Robert's parents were divorced, and his mother, Lorraine, was now Mrs. Barton Jennings. The morning Selkirk died, Robert disappeared. Mason found that Jennings had arranged for Grace Hallum, a baby sitter, to take Robert to Mexico. His source of information: Miss Adrian, Grace's eavesdropping neighbor. Miss Adrian also said she heard Robert crying that he had shot someone, and that Barton Jennings failed to convince him it was only a nightmare. Then Mason learned that Grace and Robert were stopped at the airport by two men, probably police detectives. Mason, hoping to prevent Robert from becoming confused by police questioning, thought of a way to get the boy released. But he needed the help of Horace Livermore Selkirk, Robert's overbearing grandfather.

V

Horace Livermore Selkirk's house was spread out on the top of a sunny knoll. The lower part of the knoll was parched and browned by the California dry-season sunlight, but the upper part, which contained the house, the grounds and a small golf course, was dark with shade, green with grass, cool with the scent of growing vegetation. The house was of stainless steel, glass and aluminum.

The driveway wound up the slope until it came to the meshed-wire fence which stretched a ten-foot barrier, topped with barbed wire. A caretaker's cottage was just outside the electrically operated gate, and Mason's car came to a stop where the road narrowed in front of the gate.

The caretaker, a man in his early fifties with a deputy sheriff's star pinned to his shirt, a belt with holstered gun and shells, came to the door and surveyed Mason and Della Street appraisingly.

"Perry Mason," the lawyer said, "and this is my secretary. We want to see Mr. Selkirk."

"What about?" the man asked.

"Mr. Selkirk will know when you mention the name."

"Why didn't you telephone for an appointment?"

"Because I didn't choose to," Mason said. "I'm going to put some cards on the table

(Continued on Page 109)

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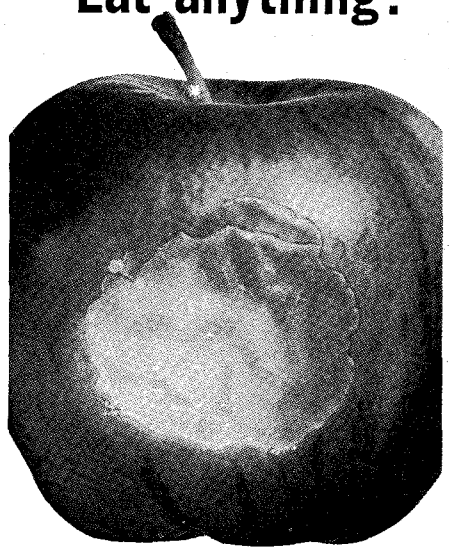
Eat anything!



ORAFix
holds dentures fast
—all day!

You'll forget you're wearing dentures.
(Ask your druggist
for Ora Denture Cleanser, too.)

BETTER . . . by McKESSON

DID YOU KNOW

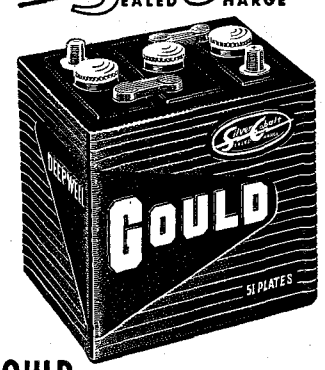
Cobalt

Was used
by the . . .
ANCIENT EGYPTIANS?

The Egyptians used cobalt to color glass beads and to decorate pottery as early as 2250 B.C. Cobalt has been added to Gould Silver Cobalt/Sealed Charge batteries and helps give 300% greater resistance to overcharge,* greater undercharge resistance—batteries stay stronger longer.

*based on SAE minimums

NEW Silver Cobalt SEALED CHARGE




GOULD-NATIONAL BATTERIES, INC.
SAINT PAUL 1, MINNESOTA
Gould-National Batteries of Canada Ltd. • Toronto

# Where is Lyde Marland?

(Continued from Page 20)

with Ernest Marland, runs a dark, O'Neillian thread of tragedy. She grew up in Flourtown, Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, the third of four children born to George Roberts, a poverty-ridden produce dealer, who peddled his wares from a barrow. Lyde's aunt, Mary Virginia Collins, fared better than her mother. She married the son of a wealthy, cultivated Pittsburgh ironmaster. This was Ernest Marland. Though he was trained for the law at the University of Michigan, his heroes were the dollar barons.

Before he was thirty Marland had racked up millions in the oil fields of West Virginia. The panic of 1907 broke him. Undaunted, he moved southwest to the oil-rich purlieus of Ponca City. With luck and the guidance of crack geologists he struck gusher after gusher. The red triangle of the Marland Oil Company became one of the country's most familiar industrial symbols. But his father, who had dreamed of his sitting on the Supreme Court bench, was not impressed. "Oh," said he in his dying breath, "if Ernest had not gone after strange gods!"

Childless, the Marlands asked the Robertses to let Lyde, who was then ten, and George, who was twelve, live with them. The almost penniless parents could not refuse. Marland filed papers of adoption, changing the children's name to his.

They were extravagantly raised, sent to fashionable Eastern schools, taken abroad, indulged in costly hobbies—Lyde's included horses and hunting dogs; later she developed a taste for collecting art and music. At their foster father's side they crossed the country in his private railroad car, the Ponca City, cruised the Gulf Coast in his Miami-based yacht, the Whitemarsh. Everything was done for them. They were neither bred to responsibility nor encouraged in serious careers. At the same time, Marland severely restricted Lyde's personal freedom. She seldom attended parties, and seldom gave any. She had few dates with boys. Between these extremes of parental treatment she failed to mature emotionally. Long after her school days the Marlands' family physician observed, "Lyde has stayed a child."

King Marland's multiple enterprises, his lavish hand, transformed the economy and social habits of his fellow Poncans. He employed thousands of them, who with their wives and children comprised most of the local population. His botanical gardens—the pride of the Southwest, tended by a master gardener from Japan—his swimming pool, were open to all. On his private golf course overalled workmen were as welcome to swing a club as millionaires in plus-fours. To teach his cronies polo he brought a coach over from England. To schools, churches, the Boy Scouts, the American Legion, the Masons he deeded land and buildings. He subsidized a student union, a stadium at the University of Oklahoma. Sums of money under six figures had little reality for Marland. When a $75,000 life-insurance policy matured, he remarked, "What can a man do with that?"

If all this effulgence brought no great joy to Lyde, it brought still less to the first Mrs. Marland. Frail of body and mentally disturbed, she sought relief in drink and drugs. She died in 1926.

Under the laws of most states, marriage between foster kin constitutes incest. For this reason in his second year of widowhood Marland revoked his adoption of Lyde Roberts. They were then married to the accompaniment of leering tabloid headlines. Long after, Lyde told a friend that she had married Marland against her inclination.

It was during his first marriage that Marland had assembled architects, artisans and decorators from all over the world to construct the most magnificent dwelling ever to adorn those parts. Its completion after he married Lyde coincided with a drastic decline in his fortunes. Borrowing money to build more refineries for his oil, he wound up owing $30,000,000 to that idol of his boyhood dreams, J. P. Morgan. He also owed a Federal tax bill of $1,600,000. In 1929 the Continental Oil Company, a Morgan subsidiary, gobbled up the Marland Oil Company. On the red triangle Conoco replaced the Marland name.

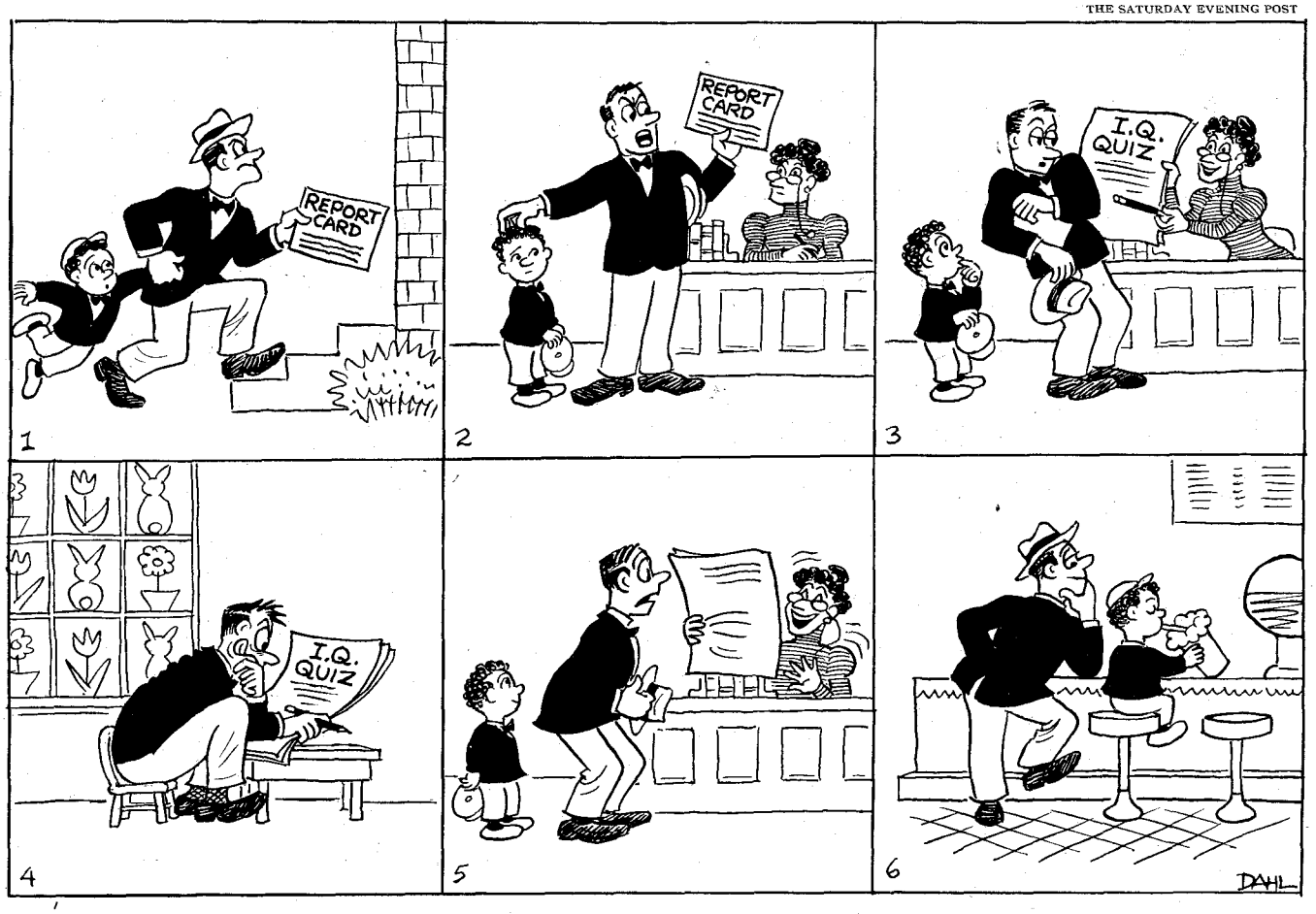
But strapped as he was, Marland made a final grandiose civic gesture. He proposed to erect, at the approach to his estate, a heroic bronze statue idealizing the pioneer woman. He invited the country's leading sculptors to submit competitive models to a jury of art critics. The New Yorker, Bryant Baker, won. The enormous statue, forty feet high, was cast by the Roman Bronze Works in Brooklyn and shipped to Ponca City. The cost came to $300,000. But before the unveiling, Marland was close to bankruptcy. Husband and wife were forced to vacate the $2,500,000 gray-stone mansion and move into what had served as a gatehouse. (The grounds were later subdivided; the mansion went to a Catholic order for $66,000, of which the unpaid balance of the mortgage absorbed almost half.) With the aid of a luckier oil speculator named Lew Wentz, however, Marland saw his last philanthropy through, and on April 22, 1930 he presented the Pioneer Woman to Oklahoma. The statue remains an outstanding tourist attraction.

As Marland's oil domain dwindled, his political aspirations soared. Though once described as a Republican in national affairs and a Democrat at home, he leaped aboard the Roosevelt band wagon in 1932, and was elected congressman. Two years later he ran for governor on the platform "Bring the New Deal to Oklahoma." Characteristically, he toured the hustings in a custom-built limousine fit for a raja. When his publicity advisers questioned the propriety of this, he replied, "If I have to break my back, I don't want the job." His former employees, remembering his munificence, beat the drums for him, (*Continued on Page 47*)

## THE GREENWOODS

By Dahl

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Remember, the automatic control also fits the General Electric Skillet . . . save up to 25% when you decide to buy a skillet. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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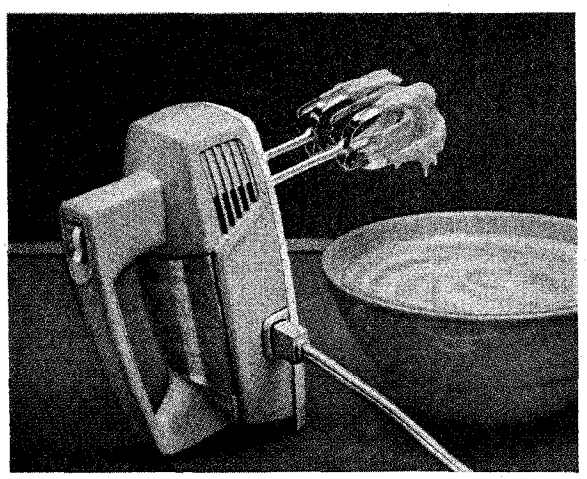

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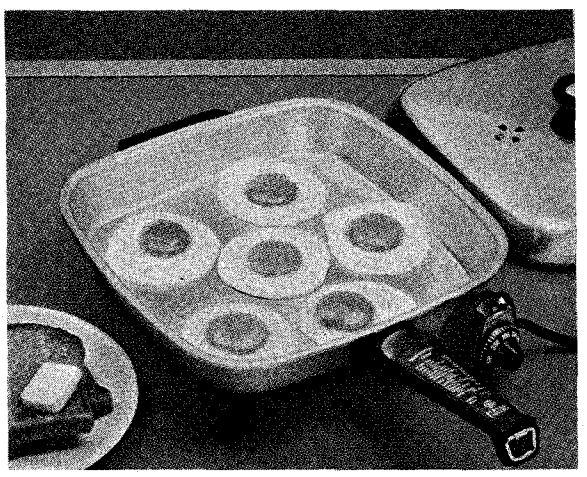

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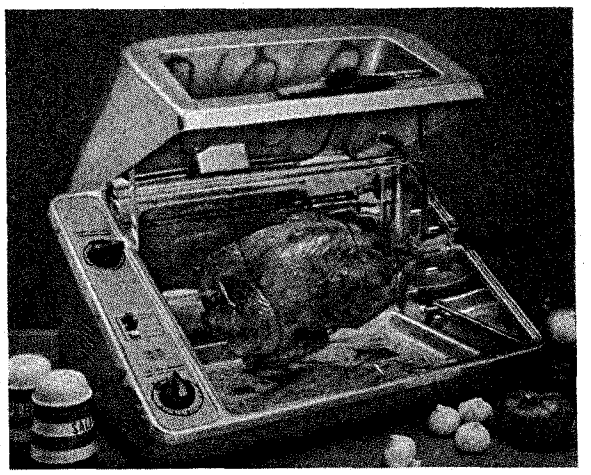

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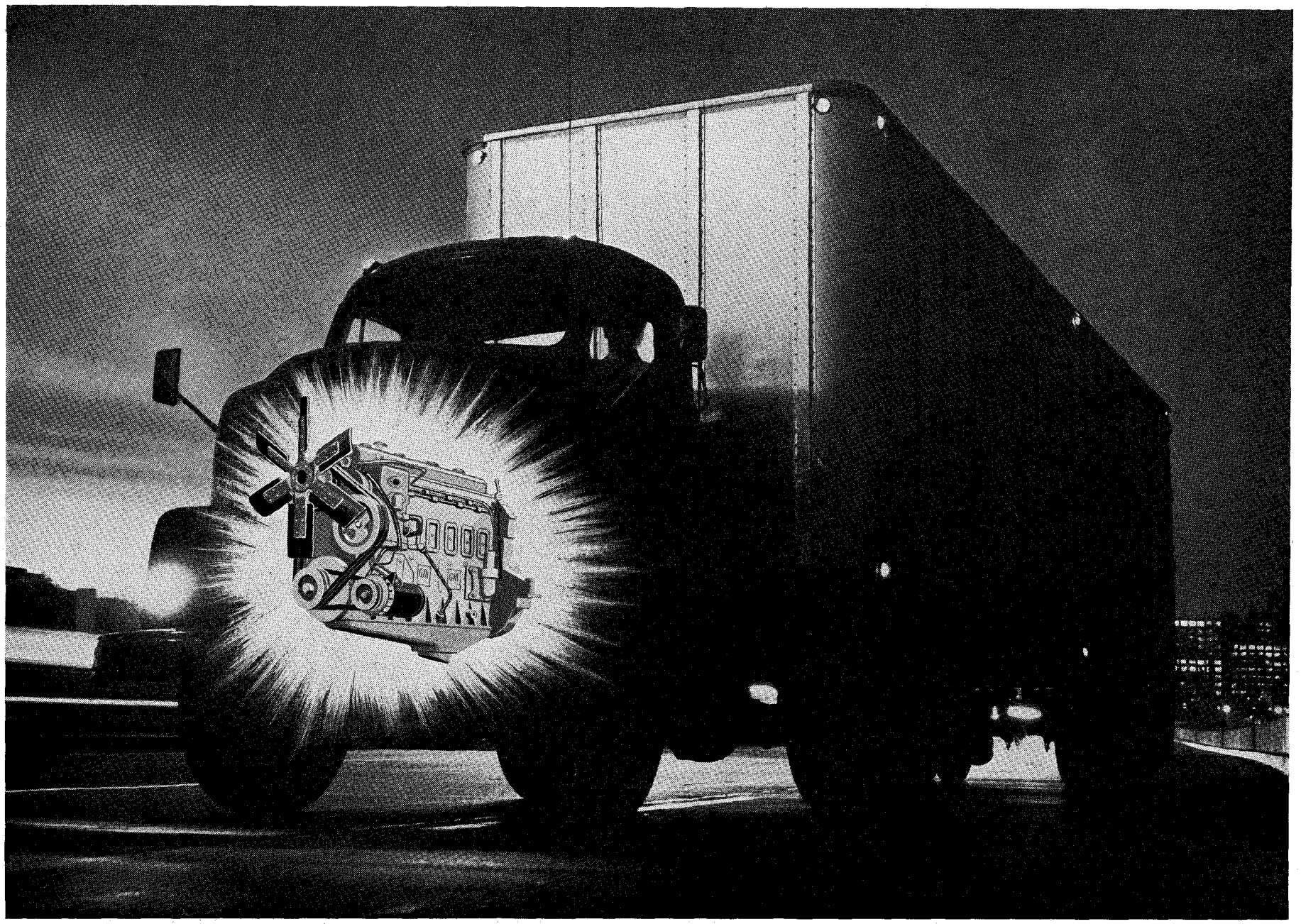

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(*Continued from Page 44*) and he romped in with a 100,000-vote majority.

"You could see the price tags on some of the legislative bills," says a veteran Oklahoma City reporter, who covered the capitol during Marland's regime. Both Marland's campaign manager and the Speaker of the House were convicted of income-tax evasion.

Never was a first lady more diffident than Lyde Marland. Most of the time she stayed in Ponca City, amusing herself with her dogs and horses. The marriage seemed to embarrass her. "When she did visit the governor's office," a retired capitol clerk recalls, "she acted like a scared doe. She'd tiptoe up to one of his secretaries and timidly inquire, 'May I go in?' "

At the end of his term Marland tried to organize a new oil company. George Marland, now married and living in Tulsa, where he dealt in oil leases, loyally invested his entire capital of $250,000. The company scarcely got off the ground, and illness, what Marland referred to as "my little ulcer," hampered further efforts. The little ulcer turned out to be cancer, and in 1941 it killed him. If Lyde felt any profound emotion at his passing, she effectively concealed it. A lawyer who visited the gatehouse during Marland's last hours remembers her idly picking out a melody on the piano.

The widow retreated deeper into her shell, bewildered by her swift plunge from unlimited wealth to comparative penury. Almost friendless, she entombed herself in the gatehouse. When she needed funds, she sold a painting or piece of sculpture. Few of the Poncans who had truckled to Marland at the peak of his glory troubled her solitude. They passed her occasionally on Main Street, carrying a net marketing bag, a vague, dowdy, shrinking figure. So withdrawn was she from the normal life of the community that when she took one of her long trips scarcely anybody realized she was away.

At the age of fifty this lonely, childlike woman fell victim to a hopeless infatuation. The object was nineteen years her junior. A former G.I. named Louis Cassel, the son of an oil-refinery fireman, he worked as a meter reader for the Ponca City Water and Light Department. Mrs. Marland first laid eyes on him in August, 1950, when he called to read her light meter. "On this occasion," Cassel deposed later, "Mrs. Marland was very hospitable, and even conducted me on a tour of her house, and indicated by words that I was welcome at her house on any occasion."

He returned often. "Our friendship," he recalled, "became very strong." He quit his job. "Being very fond of Mrs. Marland, I devoted my time to her, and did work for her such as arranging her library and other tasks around the house." They spent many a congenial evening with fun-loving buddies of Cassel's. They took motor trips to distant cities, where the doting widow sold more of her valuables to art and antique dealers. She gave Cassel a good deal of money. Far from trying to conceal the relationship, she gloried in it, thereby still further estranging top-drawer Poncan society. In vain did George and Laverne Marland remonstrate with her. She showed them the door. For perhaps the first time in her life she was completely happy. But her happiness soon faded.

Constancy was not among Cassel's virtues. He had gone through three marriages and numerous liaisons, most of them stormy. On the complaints of his second wife, Ernestine, a former theater cashier, who bore him two sons, he was three times arrested for assault and battery, but suffered no penalties beyond a judicial tongue lashing and the forfeiture of a ten-dollar bond. When, after numerous attempts at reconciliation, Ernestine told him she was through, he slashed his wrists with a pocketknife. "You're lucky it wasn't you," he said afterward.

Since graduating from high school, Cassel had held a dozen jobs in and around Ponca City, none of them for long. He began as a soda jerker. After the war, during which he served overseas in the field artillery, he drove a taxi, guarded an oil plant, was a railway brakeman. Among the local belles he was noted for his cinematic profile, and generally frisky spirits. Divorced from Ernestine, he married a doctor's nurse, and he was still married to her when he took up with Lyde Marland.

The advanced stages of that romance were blighted by humiliating scenes. Cassel's attentiveness flagged. He failed to show up for dates. Mrs. Marland would telephone him, scold and plead until he promised to mend his ways. He once decamped while they were sojourning in Phoenix. She hired private detectives to trace him. They found him near San Francisco, and she persuaded him to come back. A subsequent quarrel nearly ended in bloodshed. It was Mrs. Marland's crotchet to keep most of her money in cash rather than bank deposits, and for protection she packed a nickel-plated automatic. Whipping it out of her handbag, she threatened to shoot him.

Yet she would brook no criticism of her gallant by others. Seeking him during another of his prolonged absences, she drove to the home of a boon companion,

---

The best way to teach your wife to drive is in someone else's car.

ROBERT FITCH

---

Zack Miller, Jr., who with his mother occupies the remnants of the once-far-famed Miller brothers' 101 Ranch. Mrs. Miller, a salty old party, was alone, and to her distraught visitor's questions replied, "I don't know where they're at, but neither of 'em is worth a tinker's damn." Mrs. Marland bridled. "You can't talk about Louis like that to me!"

In the summer of 1952 Cassel told Mrs. Marland that he longed to own a wheat farm and settle down. The acreage he had in mind would cost $5000. Mrs. Marland, who fancied that they might eventually marry, raised the money by converting some stocks. The following February he sold the farm for $6000. A judgment of $1600 was pending against him for the support of his children by his second wife. After paying it, he headed west with a friend by the name of Lewellen.

Toward the evening of February 14, 1953, George and Laverne Marland dropped in on Lyde. She was packing for a trip. Brother and sister quarreled bitterly. "I'm going away," she flung at them, "and it's none of your damned business where. Don't try to follow me."

The Marlands never saw her again. Two or three weeks later—the exact date nobody can fix—she drove away.

On the outskirts of Independence, Missouri, roughly 300 miles to the northeast, stands the Moonlight Motel, then operated by a Mr. and Mrs. Chester C. Andes with the aid of their daughters, Deloris and Dixie. There Mrs. Marland registered under her married name and tarried almost ten weeks.

What evidently detained her was an attachment to, a dependence upon the Andes family. Clad in an Indian squaw's dress designed for younger women, she helped them make the beds and clean the rooms. "She just seemed lonesome and glad of something to do," Deloris recalls. She would accept nothing in return. When she burned a bedspread with a hot iron, she insisted on paying for the damage.

One evening a car pulled up to the motel, bearing Oklahoma plates with a prefix denoting Kay County, of which Ponca City is part. Mrs. Marland holed up in her room until it departed. "I don't want anybody from Oklahoma to know where I am," she explained to the Andeses. "I don't want my family interfering in my life. I want to be left alone."

From time to time she showed her paintings to nearby art dealers. Always she rejected the prices offered.

As she grew closer to Deloris, who had been married a few months earlier, she plied her with naïve questions about the nature of love and sexuality. How did a woman know when she was in love? Could a young man truly love an older woman? The name Marland meant nothing to the Andeses, and she never referred to her husband's wealth or political prominence.

In early June she received the only letter addressed to her at the Moonlight Motel. It came from a New York art dealer—which one she did not disclose. The next day she drove away, saying she was bound for New York. But the Andeses noticed that she turned west instead of east, on Route 24. Then they recollected their strange boarder's having once mentioned some people she might stay with in Nebraska.

That much of Lyde Marland's life in flight came to light at the outset of the police investigation, when the Andeses, recognizing her photograph in the Kansas City Star, got in touch with the Oklahoma authorities. The belated investigation was assigned to Agent Sid Wilson, a large, shaggy, slow-moving Poncan who looks like an Osage chieftain. His thoughts turned to Louis Cassel. Had that nomadic Lothario renewed his intimacy with the missing woman?

Cassel, the detective discovered, reenlisted in the Army in January, 1954, and was now a sergeant and wire-team chief at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, with the 532nd Field Artillery Battalion. To officers of the Criminal Investigation Detachment, who interrogated him at Wilson's request, he reconstructed his itinerary after leaving Ponca City as follows:

*February.* Drove with Lewellen to Seattle, Washington, via Amarillo, Texas; Las Vegas, Nevada; Vallejo, California; and State Highway 101 through California and Oregon. In Portland, Oregon, spent the night with an uncle, Albert Clampitt. In Seattle visited his brother, stayed a month, worked as a laborer for Bethlehem Steel.

*April.* Joined the Civil Service, went to the Aleutian Islands for six weeks.

*June.* Back in Seattle, retrieved car from storage, with sister-in-law, Thelma Cassel, returned to Ponca City. *June* to *January.* Mostly in Ponca City. No other trips specified.

"Before I had left for Seattle," Cassel added, "I had told Mrs. Marland of this intention and she didn't seem to mind because she was all wrapped up in her art. She at no time told me that she intended to come to Seattle, or follow me out there. She expressed her desire that I should write. While in Seattle I wrote several letters to her, but they returned.

"If Mrs. Marland would have contacted me in any way or manner while I was in Washington, I would have did anything in my power to aid or help her.

"On or about March, 1952, our relationship (*Continued on Page 51*)

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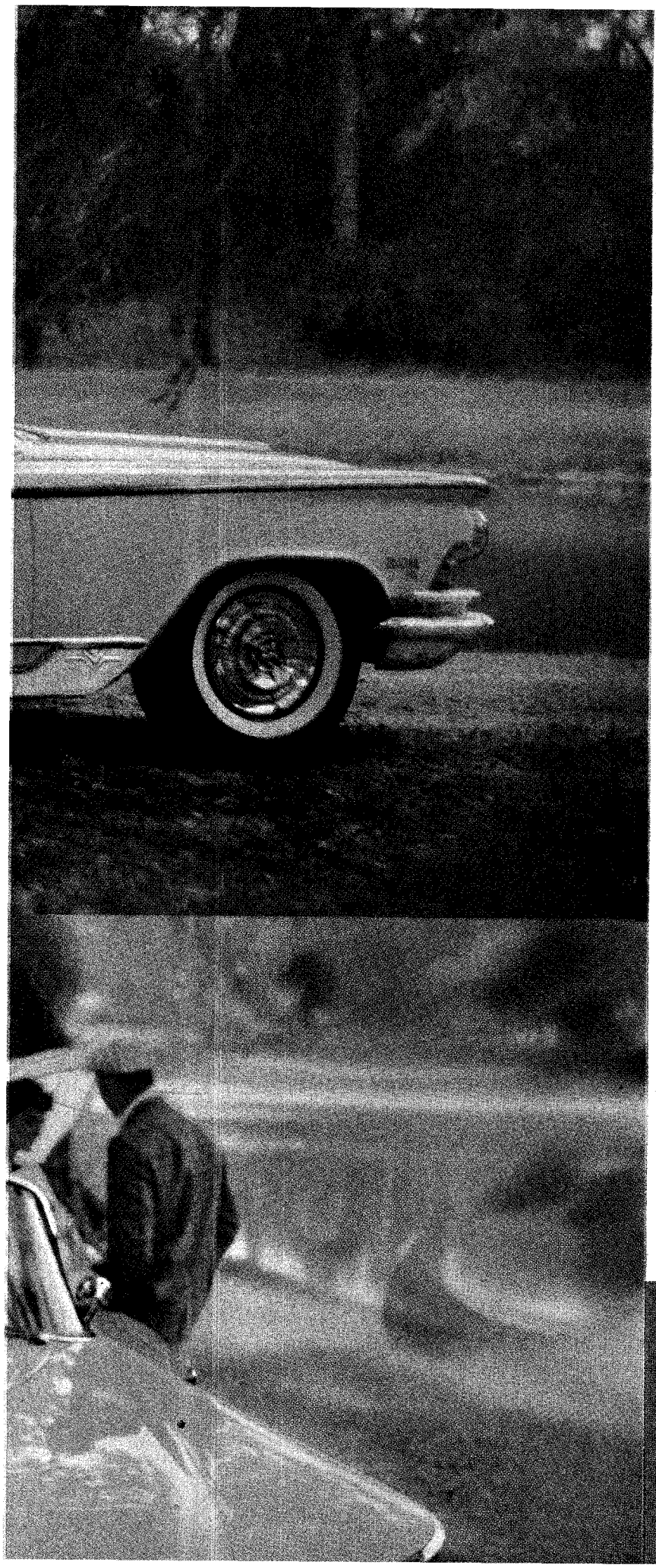

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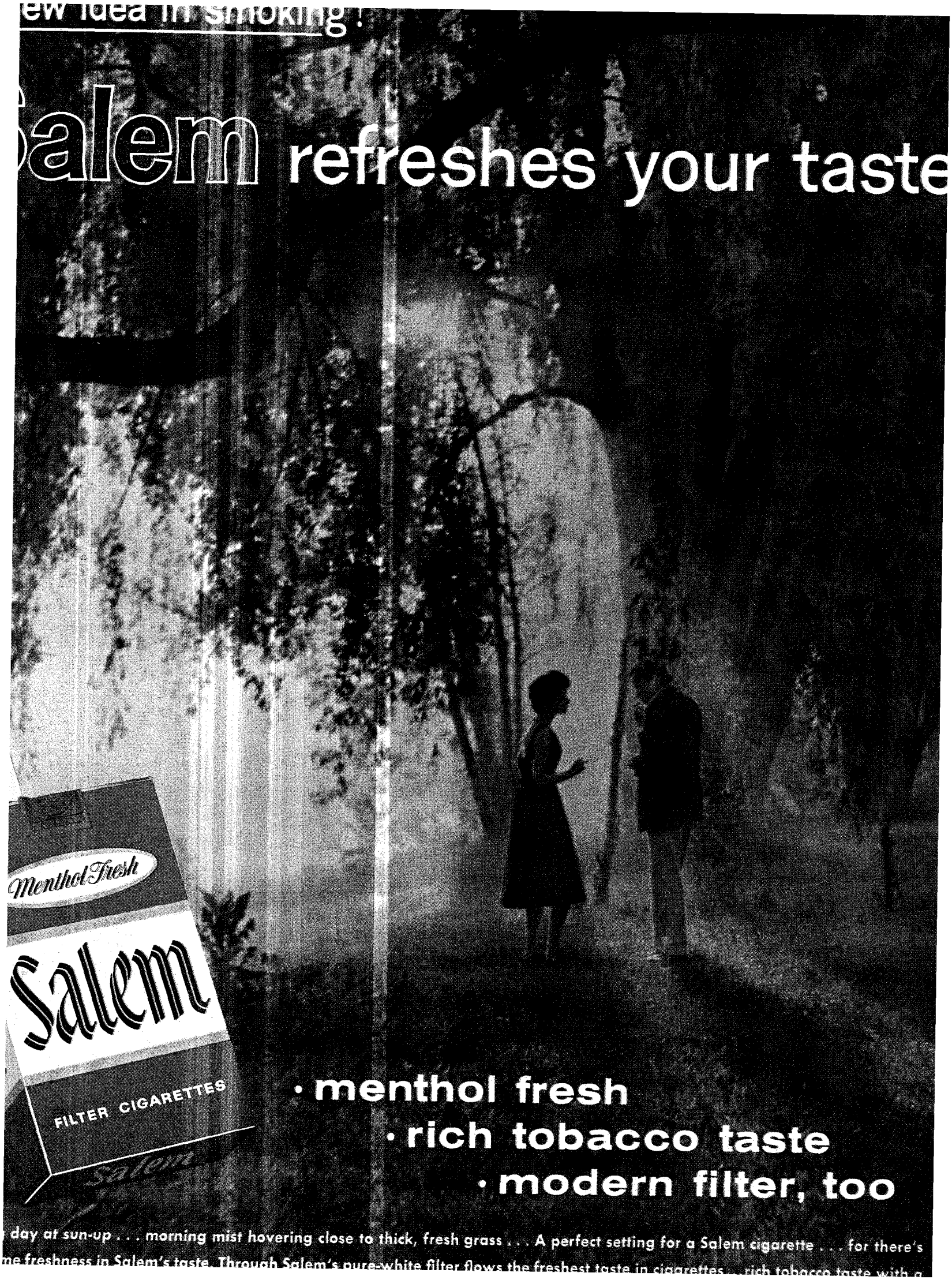


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• rich tobacco taste
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(*Continued from Page 47*) gradually tapered off to a point of formal meetings and greetings. It was more or less mutually agreed that each of us would go our own ways, although we would consider each other good friends. There was no display of emotions."

Conceivably, then, they could have met again between June, 1953, after Mrs. Marland checked out of the Moonlight Motel, and Cassel's re-enlistment five months later. The interrogation was resumed with a lie detector.

"Was any of the money returned to Mrs. Marland after you sold the farm and equipment in February, 1953?"

"No. She specifically stated that I didn't owe her any money, and she didn't want the money back."

"When and where was the last place you saw Mrs. Marland?"

"At 343 South Lincoln Street, Ponca City, which was my home address in 1953, on or about a Sunday afternoon shortly before I left on the trip to Seattle."

"Do you know what happened to her car?"

"No."

"Do you have any knowledge of her whereabouts?"

"No."

In the opinion of the polygraph expert, "Sergeant Cassel answered the relevant questions truthfully."

Cassel has since acquired, and been separated from, a fourth wife. At present he is with the armed forces in Germany.

Bulletins describing Mrs. Marland and her car, teletyped to police headquarters throughout the nation, and circulated by them to hospitals, morgues and motor-vehicle bureaus, yielded not the slimmest lead. Scores of unidentified corpses were checked against Mrs. Marland's physical characteristics. From her Ponca City dentist Agent Wilson had learned that as long ago as May, 1952, the extraction of a decayed upper first left bicuspid was overdue. A partial jaw X ray showed the second upper left bicuspid to be missing, though other teeth had shifted and closed the gap. The adjacent first and second molars had been filled with gold. Mrs. Marland's body bore no surgical scars, and she suffered from no chronic disease.

Letters inundated the Oklahoma Crime Bureau, many from cranks, some from rational people convinced that they had seen Mrs. Marland since 1953. One writer, the owner of a San Francisco apartment house, remembered a woman of that description inquiring about rentals during the late spring.

The most tantalizing letter was dated August 20, 1956, with a military return address—*3rd Mtr Trans Squdn, APO 192, New York City*—and signed *Mrs. E. L. Cloyd.* "I have sincere personal reasons (it read) for wishing to communicate with Mrs. Marland. I shall be returning to America and Oklahoma (from England) in July of 1958, and in the event that Mrs. Marland has not been located by that time, I will make an appearance at your office. It is possible I might be able to render a possible explanation for some things about her that seem mysterious."

Mrs. Cloyd never showed up, and the bureau never bothered to look for her. Last September, however, this reporter managed to locate her in Homestead, Florida, where her husband, Elvis Cloyd, is a technical sergeant with the Air Force. What she related shed no light on Mrs. Marland's disappearance, but it wove a new strand into the gaudy fabric of the Marland legend. Mrs. Cloyd, a soft-spoken, attractive brunette of thirty-one, with three children, believes herself to be the illegitimate daughter of E. W. and Lyde Marland, conceived shortly after the death of the first Mrs. Marland, and thus an heir to their estate.

"I was born," she said, "on October 19, 1927, in Hope Cottage, a private home for unwed mothers at Lansing, Kansas, Leavenworth County, and was registered under the name of Elizabeth Rosaline Marshall. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Skinner of Kansas adopted me and christened me Jean. In 1948 I applied for nurse's training at St. John's Hospital, Joplin, Missouri. For this I needed my birth certificate, which I obtained from the Bureau of Vital Statistics in Topeka, Kansas. My father's name appeared on the certificate as Ellis James Marshall, my mother's name as Iola Shelton Marland. I am convinced that the first name was fictitious, that "Iola Shelton Marland" was really Lyde Marland, and that E. W. Marland was my true father, as he was Lyde's foster-father. I further believe that other data on the certificate—such as Lyde's age at the time, and the existence of two other children—had been falsified.

"I believe this because of what the then sheriff of Leavenworth County, Leonard Turner, told me, after I requested him to make further inquiries at Hope Cottage. A deputy whom he sent there, William Edmonds, reported that he saw other documents giving the name of E. W. Marland in connection with my birth. Later Ira Warlick, of the Reliance Detective Agency, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, conducted a further investigation in my behalf. He learned that Lyde Marland was away from Ponca City for several months in 1927. It was given out at the time that she had gone abroad. Mr. Warlick also found the nurse at Hope Cottage who attended my birth. According to her, E. W. Marland frequently visited Iola Shelton Marland during her confinement, and after the delivery took her home to Ponca City. The nurse remembered nobody named Ellis James Marshall.

"I have been told that I bear a strong resemblance to Lyde Marland.

"Before my marriage, eight years ago, I repeatedly tried to reach Mrs. Marland by telephone from Kansas and Missouri. I never got past George Marland, who refused to let me speak to her. I couldn't afford to press the matter legally, and I tried to dismiss it from my mind until I read of Mrs. Marland's disappearance. I believe, if ever she's found, she'll recognize my claim."

By 1956 the Oklahoma authorities had exhausted all the routine official channels for tracing missing persons. This reporter, however, made further inquiries at art galleries in both the East and the West where Mrs. Marland had previously dealt, and stumbled upon evidence that she was alive as recently as 1956. In 1952 she had sent to New York's famed Knoedler Galleries, to be sold on commission, a canvas by the nineteenth-century painter of Indian life, Alfred Miller, entitled The Buffalo Hunt. Two years ago Knoedler's vice president, William F. Davidson, received a person-to-person call from a Midwest pay station, the town unidentified by the caller except that it was a small one. The caller was Mrs. Marland, wanting to know whether The Buffalo Hunt had been sold. Evidently her funds were low. It had not (it is, in fact, still at Knoedler's). Mrs. Marland never called again.

The Oklahoma authorities consider the case virtually closed. "We've uncovered no evidence of crime," says Agent Wilson, "and if Mrs. Marland chooses to hide, I guess she's got the right." But this scarcely satisfies the friends and relatives of the missing woman. The enigma haunts them. Over and over they revolve the imaginable whys and hows of her vanishment.

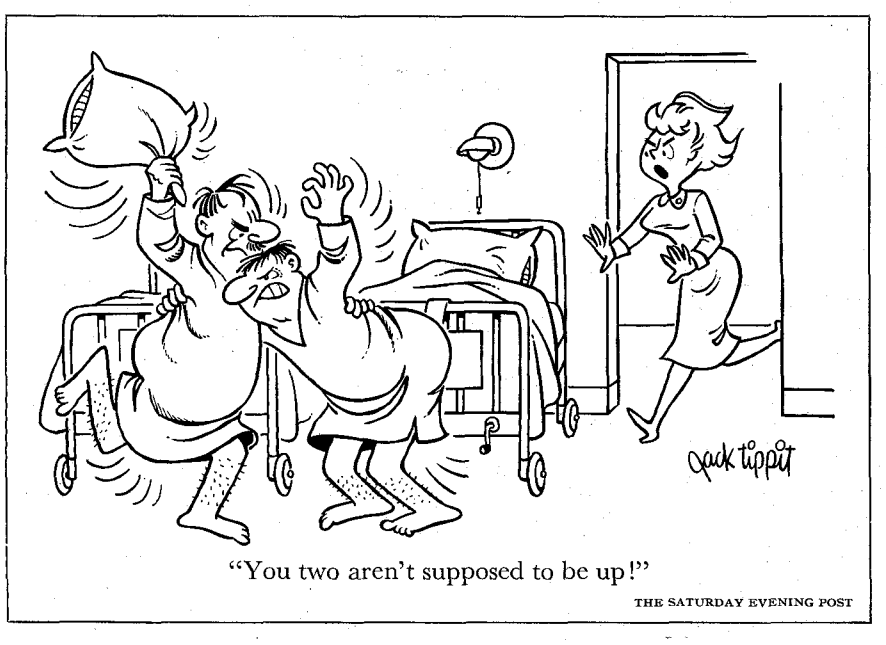
She was murdered. Motive? The cash she carried; perhaps a crime of passion. If so, the murderer obliterated the car and the corpse, a feat seldom achieved outside of detective fiction. In loneliness and despair she destroyed herself. The same objections apply even more forcibly.

She was killed in an automobile accident. A likelier denouement, considering her wretched eyesight. But not without leaving a document traceable through motor-vehicle bureaus.

She wound up ill in a hospital, unwilling or unable to identify herself, and may have died there. Or her mind collapsed, and she was committed to an institution. Both possible, of course, though she had always enjoyed sound physical health, and while emotionally immature, had shown no signs of serious mental derangement. Moreover, unless she sold or traded-in the green car, it would have provided a means of establishing her identity. If she did dispose of it, there should exist an official record of the transaction.

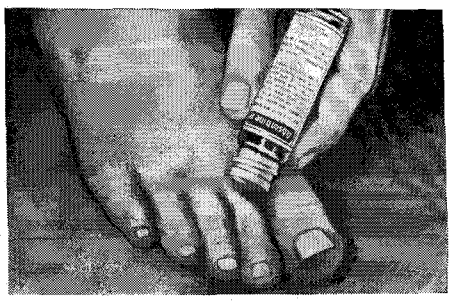
She is still alive, and triumphant in the attainment of what she said she wanted—anonymity. But in that event what does she live on? The cash she took with her, the modest sum realizable from her paintings—if she ever sold them—must long ago have evaporated. The $19,000 savings account she never touched. It is improbable that Mrs. Marland, who would now be fifty-eight, by temperament impractical and trained in no occupation, could earn enough money to support herself. Her recourse would be the charity of friends, and the three or four likely to extend it deny knowledge of her fate.

If she fails to appear by early 1960, the end of the seven-year period prescribed by statute, Lyde Marland will be declared legally dead. THE END




"You two aren't supposed to be up!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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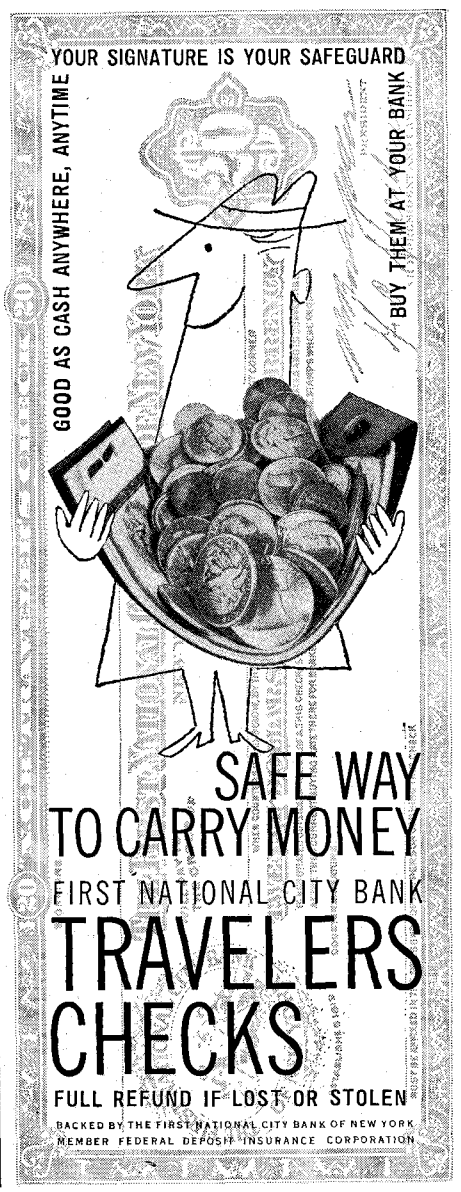
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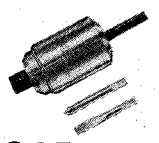

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# The Nine Last Days of the Bismarck

(Continued from Page 39)

"Bridge," he said, and listened to the message before announcing it loudly. "Smoke on the port bow!"

As everyone else swung to look he continued to relay the messages. "Ship on the port bow! Two ships on the port bow. Closing fast!"

A battery of binoculars was trained in that direction.

"Sound the alarm!" said Lütjens.

The bellowing warning brought the whole ship's company to their feet and to their stations.

"Two cruisers?" asked Lütjens.

"Big cruisers if that's what they are," answered Lindemann.

"Signal Eugen to take station ahead," snapped Lütjens. "Captain, open fire as soon as they are in range."

Telephones were squawking still.

"All turrets manned and ready!" announced the officer of the watch. "Turrets training!"

They could see that from the bridge, the huge guns swinging round to point over the port bow.

"Remember what I said, captain? We must be ready to blow any enemy out of the water at any minute, and here we are," said Lütjens, binoculars to his eyes.

"Those aren't cruisers," said Lindemann. "Look! They're coming round. That's the Hood! The Hood! And that's a battleship with her!"

His last words were cut off short by the roar of the first salvo from the Bismarck's guns.

"Hit her! Hit her! Keep on hitting her!" said Lütjens. The gun smoke swirled round him.

In the operations room of the Hood the navigating officer was bent over his chart again, the one with the conspicuous black cross marked to the southward of Denmark Strait.

"There we are, sir. We ought to sight them during the next five minutes. We must be closing them fast."

"Not long to wait now," said the admiral.

"Guns loaded, sir," said another voice.

Down in a turret the gun's crews were waiting beside the guns. Nobby was there, one of a gun crew.

"Can't be long now," said the man beside Nobby.

"Now we do our stuff," said Nobby. "Now it's our turn."

"Enemy in sight," said the officer commanding the turret. "Stand by!"

"Turret's training!" said Nobby, feeling the turret turn while the ship still heaved and rolled on the heavy sea.

Then the guns went off with a crash, and the long-practiced drill began. As the breeches swung open, the new shells came up, were rammed in, were followed by the charges, which were rammed in behind them, and the breeches slammed shut.

"Right gun ready!"

"Left gun ready!"

Another salvo went off. The men bent to their work with frantic energy. A crash and a flash in the turret made them all stagger.

"They hit us!"

"Who cares? Come on!" said Nobby.

The next shells were rammed home as smoke came swirling into the turret.

The sea was boiling with splashes as the tall pillars of water rose up round the embattled ships. Funnel smoke and gun smoke swirled over the heavy, gray surface. The eye could travel across to the Bismarck, rolling deeply in the swell, and the imagination could penetrate through her armored side to the shell room of the forward turrets. Here a small team of German sailors was at work, jerkily, putting the huge shells into the hoist, standing by for a moment, then sending them up and instantly addressing themselves to the next. A bearded German petty officer was standing to supervise; beside him was one of the very young supernumerary officers. The petty officer was speaking, his speech punctuated by pauses as he checked the positioning of the shells in the hoist and to the constant accompaniment of the thunder of the salvos.

"This is *our* turn, sir, you see," he said. "Me and my men here. They can make all the plans they like in the Marineamt in Berlin. Admiral Raeder can look at his charts, and Admiral Lütjens up on the bridge can make his plans, and Captain Lindemann can issue his orders, but it's the guns that do the work. And if we down here don't keep the shells going up, the guns can't fire, and the admiral might as well be back at home. You see, sir?"

There was a brief pause as he corrected the placing of one of the shells.

"Up you go, my beauty," said the bearded petty officer. He blew a kiss to the shell as it vanished upward from sight up the hoist. It might perfectly well have been the very shell that had been sent aboard to the cry of "One more!" back in Gdynia Harbor. Up the hoist it went; it slid onto the ring, swung round, rose up into the turret, was seized by the rammer and thrust into the breech of the gun with the sweating turret's crew grouped round. The charge followed it, and then the guns went off with a crash.

> Some speakers who don't know what to do with their hands should try clamping them over their mouths.
>
> G. NORMAN COLLIE

Lütjens, on the bridge, watching through his glasses, said: "That's a hit! Look!"

An enormous pillar of smoke arose from the Hood.

In the War Room the tension was enormous. The rear admiral was still entertaining the air vice marshal.

"If Hood's where we think she is they'll be making contact any moment," he said. "Daylight's just beginning in Denmark Strait now."

"Where's Bismarck?" asked the air vice marshal.

"By Suffolk's last report ten minutes ago she was *here*." The rear admiral pointed to the spot on the chart where the two courses marked in crayon intersected. He drew a black cross there.

"Signal from Suffolk, sir!" said a young officer at a voice pipe at the table where the messages arrived. "Most-immediate signal. Have sighted Hood and Prince of Wales bearing southeast, distance fifteen miles, course southwest."

"They've done it! They've got 'em!"

There was excitement and exhilaration throughout the War Room.

"Two minutes more and they'll sight the Bismarck!" said the rear admiral. "That's right."

The last words were called forth by a sight of the message already spoken down the voice pipe, now delivered by pneumatic tube. The rear admiral hardly glanced at it.

"Most-immediate signal from Suffolk," announced the officer at the voice pipe. "Hood and Bismarck opening fire. Hood's course approximately west. Bismarck's course approximately southwest."

"Hood's closing in on her," said the rear admiral. Once more he paid almost no attention to the written signal handed him.

"Most-immediate signal from Suffolk coming through," said the young officer. He was clearly pretending not to be excited; he was making a show of iron calm. And in that moment all his calm disappeared. He seemed to wilt. "What's that? Repeat that." He sat at the voice pipe doing nothing for a moment.

"Get on with your job, man," snapped the rear admiral.

The young officer turned a face of tragedy toward him. "Hood's blown up."

"What?"

At this moment the written message rattled down the tube. A dozen hands reached for it, and the rear admiral tore it from the container. "Hood blown up," he said. "Hood blown up."

"But what—what ——" stammered the air vice marshal. The rear admiral had only a look for him. All round there were people standing as if turned to stone.

"Hood!" said an officer at length. "My brother Dick ——"

An elderly commander, most polite up to that moment, collided with the Wren officer beside the chart at that moment.

"Get out of my way, damn you," he snapped. And then, his tone softened, "The Hood's sunk! The Hood's sunk!"

The rear admiral rallied. "Go back to your duties," he snapped. "We've more to do."

Another message was being spoken down the voice pipe, and the young officer braced himself to hear.

"Most-immediate signal from Suffolk," he announced, in a curious parody of his earlier tone. "Hood sunk. Prince of Wales and Bismarck exchanging fire."

"Perhaps Prince of Wales'll do her business for her," said the air vice marshal to an unresponsive audience.

The written message this time received careful attention.

"Most-immediate message from Suffolk," announced the young officer. "Prince of Wales heavily hit. Prince of Wales on fire forward. Prince of Wales withdrawing from action behind smoke screen."

"Prince of Wales beaten," said the rear admiral in a voice devoid of expression. When the message was given him he stood holding it without a glance. Another officer at the table intervened at this moment.

"Wireless interception speaking, sir. Powerful signals in German code, originating in Denmark Strait. Bismarck calling Berlin, sir."

"They'll be telling the world," said the rear admiral. "Oh, God! They'll be telling the world."

All through the Prince of Wales—in the engine room where the turbines sang their high-pitched song; in the magazine, in the wardroom, laid out as a hospital; in the turrets—the ship's loud-speaker began an announcement.

"Men of the Prince of Wales! The captain has ordered me to let you in on what's going on out here. Captain's secretary speaking from the bridge. Enemy's in sight, and we're closing in on her. There's Hood firing now. Our turn in a moment."

The broadcast was interrupted by the bellow of the guns heard through the loud-speaker. Down in the engine room the civilian workman was saying, "Watch that collar there. It'll run hot if you give it half a chance."

Up in Y turret another civilian saw the guns recoil, the fresh shells and charges come up, and (*Continued on Page 56*)

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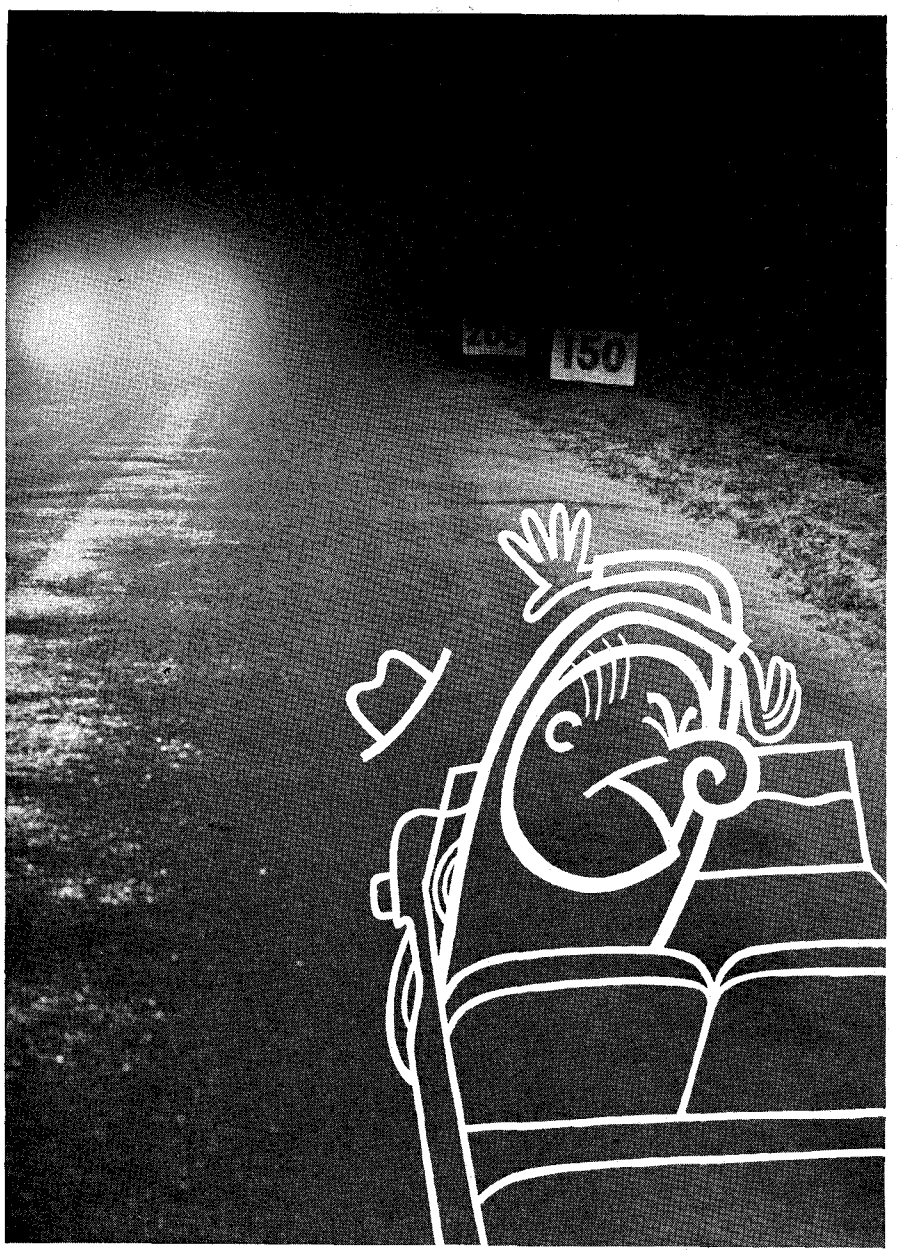
# Now...See in spite of the other car's lights!

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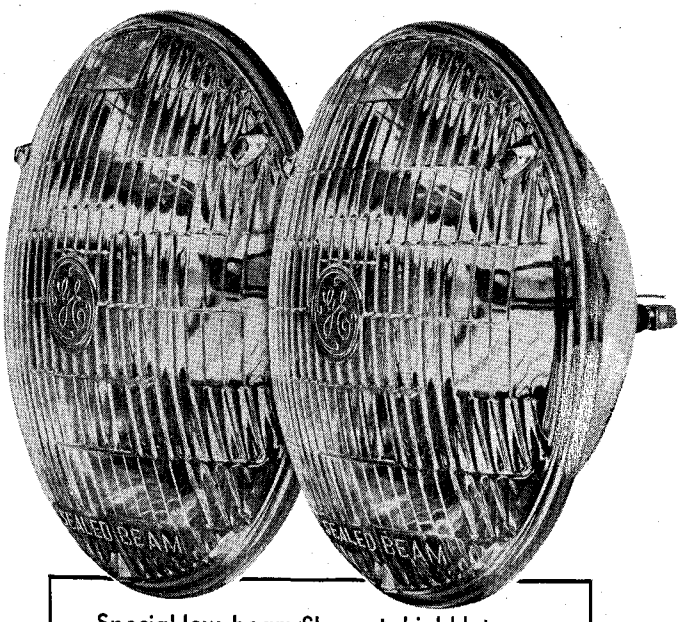

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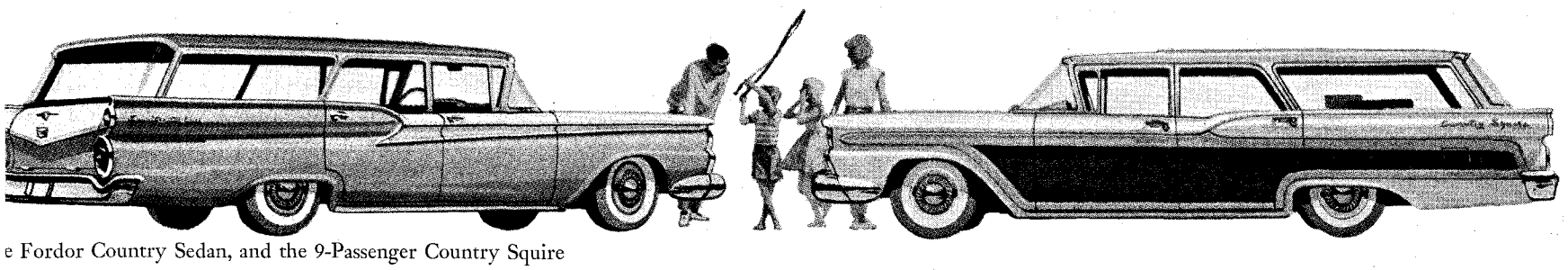

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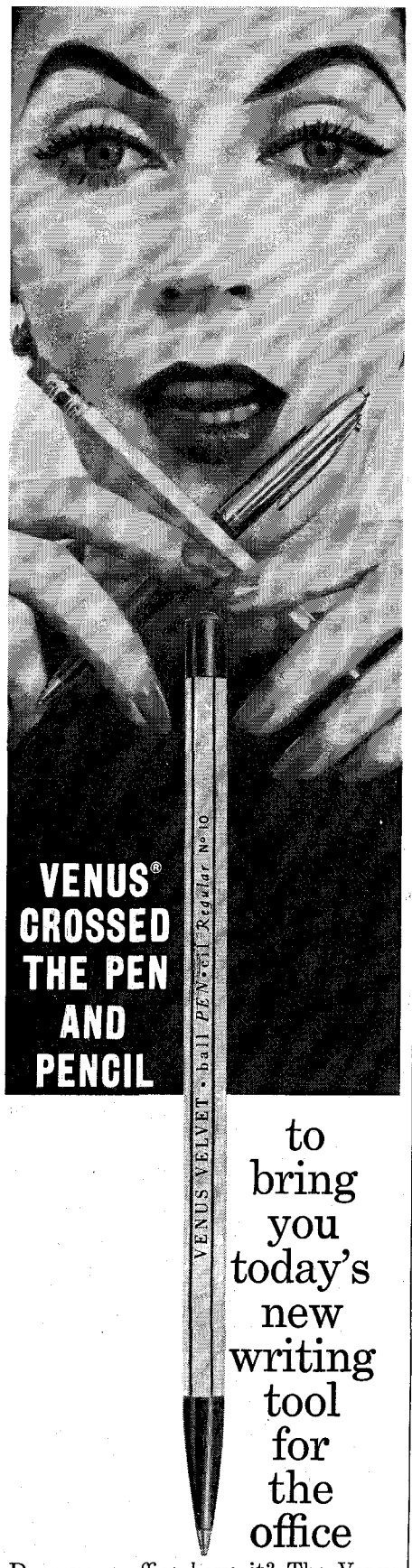


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(*Continued from Page 52*) the rammers flash into action and disappear again.

"All right that time," he said. "I'll get down and look at that shell ring."

Two decks down was the shell ring, with shells rising on the hoist and positioning themselves upon it. The loud-speaker was still announcing.

"Splashes all round the Bismarck. We're doing well. The Hood ——" the voice stopped for several seconds, and when it resumed it was in a broken tone. "The Hood—the Hood ——"

The loud-speaker stopped with a click.

"What's happened to the Hood?" asked one of the ratings by the shell ring.

"You just watch that switch there and don't worry about anything else," said the civilian.

"Men of the Prince of Wales," began the loud-speaker again. "The captain's told me to tell you. The Hood's gone. Blown up and sunk. A brave ship, and now we've seen the last of her. Now it's up to us. We've got Bismarck's measure, and we'll see it through."

"Hood gone? All those chaps?" said someone by the shell ring.

On the bridge of the Prince of Wales the captain and officers were looking out through a forest of splashes. Down the voice pipe the officer of the watch was saying, "Course two four oh." In the operations room just below, the officer at the chart table heard the words through the tube and repeated them, bending over the chart.

Down by the shell ring the loud-speaker began again. "Captain says you're doing well, men. Keep on ——"

The words ended in a frightful crash heard deafeningly over the loud-speaker.

"They've copped it up there," said a voice at the shell ring.

The whole bridge was a mass of flaming wreckage and heaped corpses. In the chartroom below, the navigating officer saw something drip out of the voice pipe onto the chart before him. "What on earth?" He put his hand out and touched it. "My God, it's blood!" It went on dropping thickly down upon the chart.

Upon the bridge a tattered, smoke-blackened figure crawled to the voice pipe and pulled aside the corpse which lay across the mouth. "Hard aport. Steer one five oh. Hard aport."

"Hard aport," repeated the navigating officer in the chartroom. The ship heeled violently as the helm went over, so that the navigating officer had to hold on to save himself.

Far in the depths of the turret down in the traverser space, the heel was felt, and the men had to hold on. There was a clatter and crash and the shell slipped from its rollers and crashed over lopsided. A shell slid off and trapped the civilian worker there by the leg with its three-quarters-of-a-ton weight. He cried out with pain. As the shell-ring crew turned to help him he forced himself to speak normally. "All right, chums. Tell 'em up above the ring's jammed. Y turret won't fire until you've cleared it." The shell moved a little on his leg. "A-ah," he said in agony, and fainted.

On the bridge of the Bismarck, Lütjens and Lindemann were looking through their binoculars, with the guns bellowing below them. On the horizon lay the pall of smoke which marked the end of the Hood. Not far from it was the silhouette of the Prince of Wales almost masked with smoke and shell splashes.

"Battleship's turning away," said Lütjens. "More smoke. Yes, she's making smoke. She's running!"

The guns fell suddenly silent, and a staff officer at a telephone reported formally, "Range obscured."

Simultaneously Lütjens and Lindemann took their glasses from their eyes and faced each other.

"This is victory, sir," said Lindemann. "A crushing, decisive victory for which your name will always be remembered. It is my proud privilege to be the first to congratulate you."

They shook hands; the rest of the staff were standing by with exultation on their faces.

"Thank you, captain," said Lütjens. Even while his right hand was still being clasped he was gesturing to his chief of staff with his left. "Send this news to Berlin at once," he said. "See that it gets off instantly."

"Aye, aye, sir."

In the broadcasting station in Berlin an announcer, script in hand, stood at the microphone. At a gesture from the controller behind the window a trumpeter put his instrument to his lips and blew a long, triumphant fanfare.

"Citizens of the Reich!" began the announcer. "We interrupt our program to bring you marvelous news. Our ships in the Atlantic have won a great, a marvelous victory. Our Reich Navy is triumphant at sea. The proud British battle cruiser Hood has been blown to atoms, has been sunk with all hands under the guns of our naval forces. The rest of the British Navy has turned and fled, hiding themselves behind a smoke screen from the vengeance of the Reich. Another British battleship has been hit over and over again, and by this time she has probably gone down to join the Hood in the icy waters of Denmark Strait. Ten thousand British sailors have paid the price of obedience to the warmongering Churchill and his Jewish clique. Let us all join in heartfelt congratulations to our Führer who made this possible. One people, one state, one Führer!"

All over Germany the news was broadcast. It was heard with exultation in houses and in factories, in hospitals and cafés.

In the British Ministry of Information, telephones were ringing.

"Berlin's got the news on the air already. Hurry up with that announcement. Better to hear it from us than from them. Hurry up with it."

"Not easy to write a bulletin about defeat," answered the telephone.

"Give the facts, man. They've got to hear about it, and they can take it."

In the factory the light music coming over the wireless ended abruptly, and a calm B.B.C. voice made itself heard. "The Admiralty regrets to announce the loss with all hands of H.M.S. Hood this morning as a result of enemy action in Denmark Strait. Further action is imminent."

In the bombed-out streets of Portsmouth an elderly mother was walking with her shopping bag. She stopped when she saw a newspaper seller beginning to write up a headline on his contents bill.

"H-O-O-D," he began, and then went on, "S-U-N-K." The woman stood staring and horrified for some seconds, the tears beginning to run down her cheeks. She turned away, bowed with sorrow.

"You all right, ma?" asked a special policeman.

She straightened up with her cheeks still wet. "Yes, I'm all right."

The New York newspapers carried vast headlines: BISMARCK SINKS HOOD. WORLD'S BIGGEST BATTLE CRUISER BLOWN UP. And in a New York building a news commentator was explaining to his audience what had happened:

"It's quite obvious that the Bismarck was on her way to break out into the Atlantic," he said, "and the British tried to intercept her. And it's also obvious that the British have suffered a stunning defeat. The Hood has blown up. That means the loss of an important ship and a great many lives. The dead will number a thousand at least, perhaps two thousand. Two thousand men killed in a single moment. And that's not all. The German announcement goes on to say that another British battleship was badly damaged, possibly sunk. There's no reason to doubt the truth of this. The British have suffered a very serious disaster. And the question is, what happens next? The Bismarck has complete freedom of action—the British make no claim to having damaged her in the least.

"What will she do? We can be sure that there is no British ship within hundreds of miles of her who can fight her. She can come south into the Atlantic and smash the British convoys—no convoy escort could stand up to her for a moment. There are probably German tankers waiting for her at (*Continued on Page 58*)

"Harry certainly is a sound sleeper."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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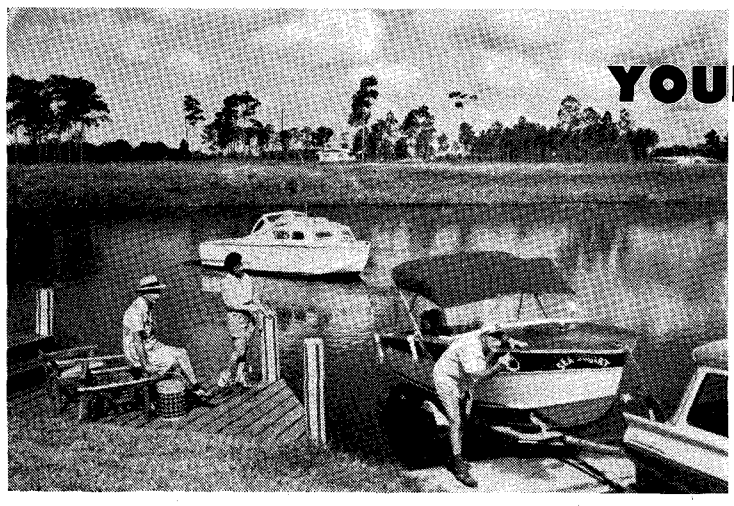

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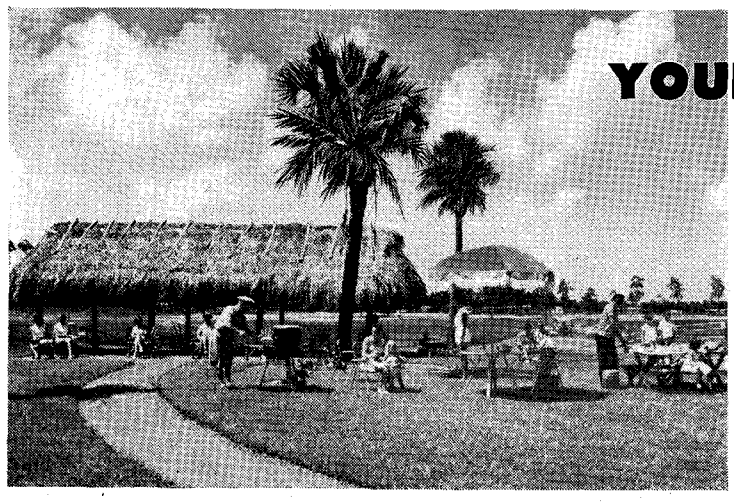

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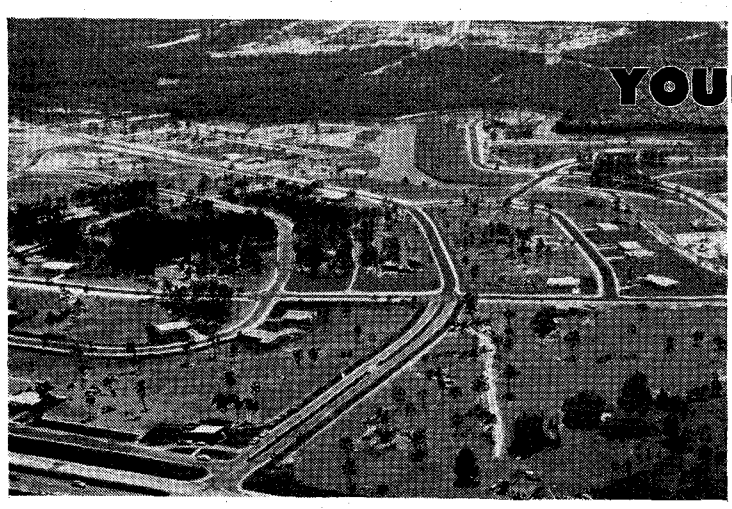

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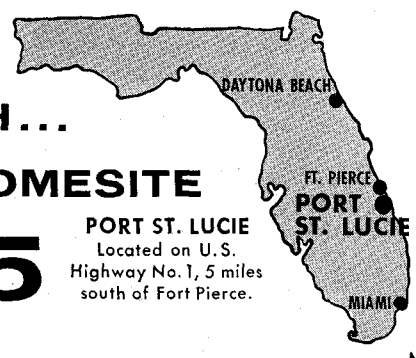


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*(Please print name exactly as you want it on contract)*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....ZONE.....STATE.....

TELEPHONE NO. .....

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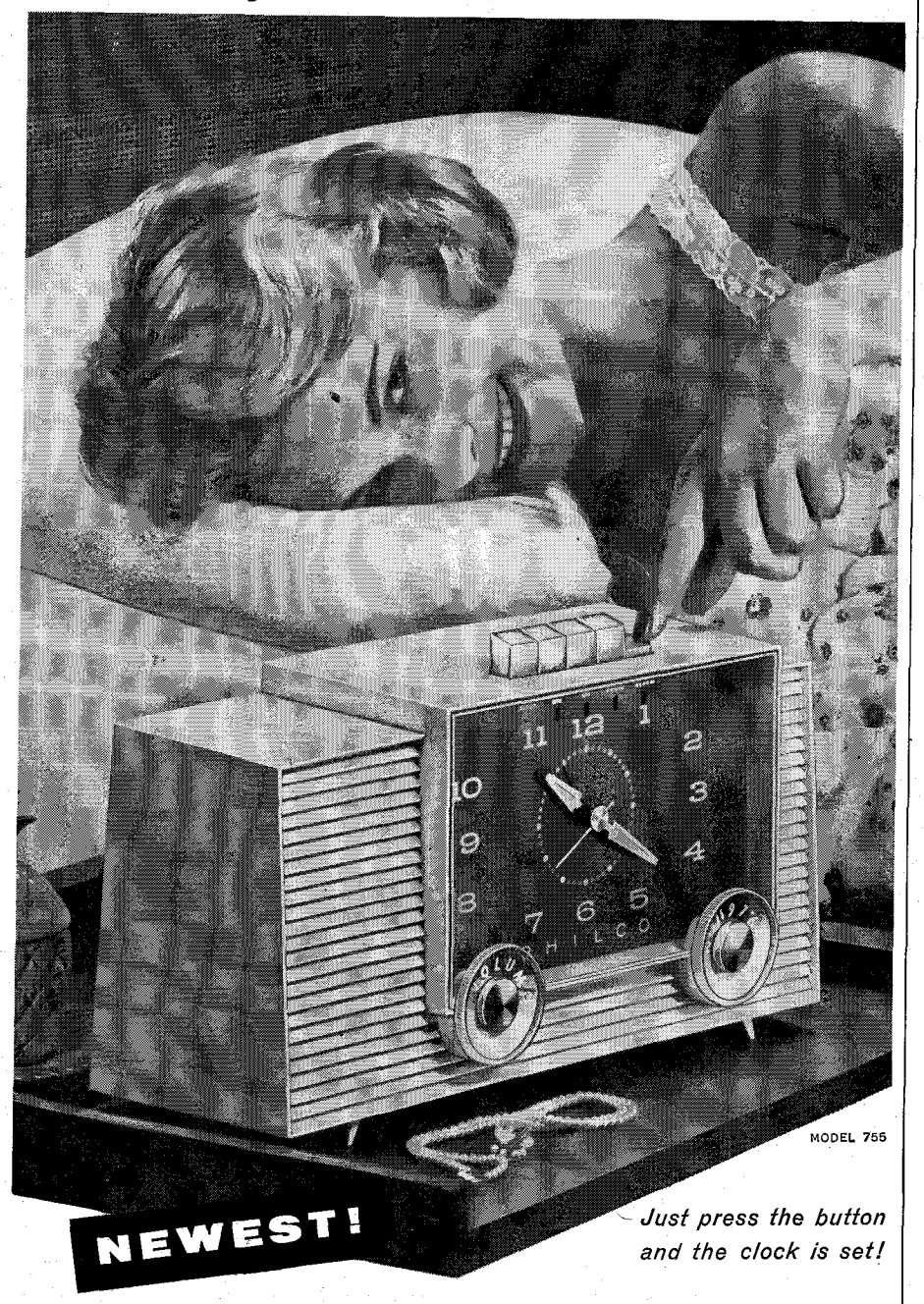
# First fully automatic clock radio!



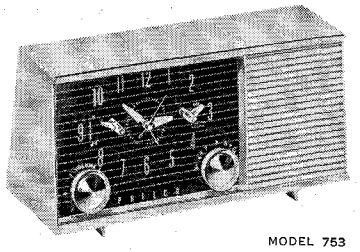

*Just press the button and the clock is set!*

## PHILCO Push-Button CLOCK RADIO

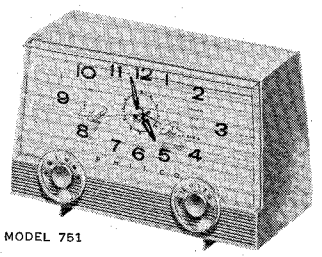
Meet a new sensation for luxury living—the world's first radio with push-button clock controls! Imagine, just "press" and it's set!

The first button (left) is a lullaway sleep switch. Press it and in 15 minutes volume lowers and the radio shuts off automatically. Each additional "press" adds 15 minutes (up to one hour). In order, remaining buttons are: "on," "off," "radio" and "radio plus alarm."

This dreamer's delight also features modern Slender-Set Styling. A big, cheerful, uncluttered clock face with luminous hands. Your choice of aqua or luster ivory. See it now—at your Philco dealer's!


MODEL 753

**New Slender-Set Styling.** Fully automatic. Big, easy-to-read clock face with luminous hands. Timed-appliance outlet. Loop antenna. Choice of pink, luster ivory or charcoal gray.


MODEL 751

**Compact beauty, fully automatic.** Sleek new styling. Has delayed "off," lullaway circuit, buzzer alarm, big clock face and luminous hands. Styrene cabinet in pink, aqua or luster ivory.

Philco Clock Radio prices begin at $24.95

*LOOK AHEAD... and you'll choose* PHILCO®

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST.
SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.


(*Continued from Page 56*) secret rendezvous—she may go raging round the Atlantic for months disrupting British commerce. Two German battle cruisers, the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, lie in Brest harbor. The British have to watch them all the time in case they break out, too, which means they have to fight the Bismarck with one hand tied behind them.

"What are the chances of catching her? My information is that now that the Hood's gone there is no British battleship to compare with the Bismarck in any way for speed or size or fighting power. The damage she may do is incalculable, even if she might be caught at last—and she may never be. And there's something else she can do too. She can turn round and return to Germany, round Iceland either to the east or to the west. If she turns up at home safe and sound after a victory as tremendous as this, Doctor Goebbels will be able to make a fine story out of it, especially as there appears no reason why she should not come out at any time and repeat the exploit. I've been a good friend of the British, but I have to admit that this time they seem to be up against it. It's not only in the Atlantic that they're having their troubles, but in the Mediterranean, in Greece and in Crete and in North Africa. . . ."

Lindemann and Lütjens were looking at the chart in the Bismarck.

"We could go back, sir," said Lindemann. "They'd never intercept us."

"Why should we?"

"We've won a great victory, and if the German radio could announce that we were back again unscathed the world would ——"

"The world would know at least that we had won a victory and had not dared to gather the fruits of it. Risks are meant to be taken in war, captain. Think of the possibilities before us in the Atlantic. Are we going to turn back and waste them? Remember what I did with the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau. Propaganda's all very well, but even Doctor Goebbels himself would admit that wars are won by deeds, not words."

"But the British ——"

"I doubt if the British can lift a finger against us for days to come. We'll shake that British cruiser off, and then we'll be free. Think of those convoys, captain."

"I shall think about them, sir. Well, commander?" The executive officer had arrived and had saluted, waiting to make a report.

"We were hit by one shell, captain. At number forty-six station port."

"Where's that?" demanded the admiral.

"Forward, sir. It's over number two fuel-oil tank. With the tank full I cannot yet investigate the damage, except that I can say for certain that it's only slight, very slight indeed."

"And that's all the damage?" asked the admiral.

"Yes, sir. But the fuel tank is leaking oil. If you would come this way, sir." He led the way to port wing of the bridge, and they looked over at the water boiling along beside the ship.

"You see, sir? We're leaving a little oil behind us. The tank is being pumped out and the fuel transferred, sir."

"Then we need not give it another thought," said the admiral.

"No, sir," said the commander, and hesitated. "Except—except that the fuel has been contaminated with sea water. We have two hundred tons less fuel than we thought we had."

"I understand," said the admiral.

"There's still plenty of time to go back, sir," suggested Lindemann.

"I understand that, too," said the admiral. "Thank you, commander."

Lütjens and Lindemann stood staring at the map.

"Two hundred tons less oil," said Lindemann, "and that's a permanent loss, sir, while we stay at sea. When we meet our tankers it will be two hundred tons less that we shall be able to take on board."

"Yes," said Lütjens, still thinking deeply. His forefinger was sweeping out arcs on the chart. "Forward—back. This is the last moment in which to choose. No changing of minds after this."

"I've given you my opinion, sir."

"No!" said Lütjens suddenly. "I shall go forward. We haven't fought our way out into the Atlantic just to go back again tamely. We can still put into Brest. Two days there, and the damage can be repaired. Then, with the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau, I shall sail out again at the head of a squadron incomparable for power and speed."

"Very well, sir."

"And there are British convoys which may be across our path. Our U-boats can guide us to them. Forward!"

"Very well, sir. Will you give me my definitive orders?"

"Maintain our present course for today until we've shaken off that cruiser. Then we can shape a course for Brest. I don't think the British will guess what we intend."

"Very well, sir."

In the War Room at the Admiralty a group of officers including the admiral, the rear admiral and the air vice marshal were standing by the chart.

"Signal from Suffolk, sir," said a young officer, reading aloud. "Bismarck still heading southwest, speed twenty-five knots. Bismarck losing oil and leaving a broad trail of oil behind her."

"She was hit, then!" said the rear admiral.

"She's still doing twenty-five knots all the same," said (*Continued on Page 61*)

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### First Snow

By Dionis Coffin Riggs

November has stood naked at
my door,
Its harvest spent, its beech
leaves paper frail.
The little sparrows and the
striped quail
Lie hidden on the meadow's
brown grass floor;
The crows, like jet beads on
the sycamore,
Sidle along the branch; the
shadowy trail
Is silent to the listening deer.
The pale
Gray sky is heavy with its
fragrant store
Of snow, and snow chill
shivers in the air.
And then the tiny flakes, like
David's stars,
Fall gently, rustle in the oak
trees, light
On the evergreens. Against the
pasture bars
The weeds have flowers of
snow. Now everywhere
On hills, in marsh, and town,
the day is white.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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For most every kind of pain or ache, BAYER ASPIRIN is what millions take because—

# BAYER
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## ...the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get!

### Men who KNOW medicine say: "TAKE ASPIRIN!"

Doctors and public health officials—men who *KNOW* medicine—have repeatedly recommended aspirin for headache, muscular pain, fever of a cold. And *now,* eminent doctors—reporting to the entire medical profession on new clinical studies of *Bayer* Aspirin versus buffered aspirin—reveal that the addition of buffering agents to aspirin serves "no clinically detectable useful purpose." So take *Bayer*—the *best* aspirin the world has ever known.

### Why BAYER makes you FEEL BETTER FAST!

Unlike pain-relieving tablets which delay relief because they enter your stomach *whole,* a Bayer tablet disintegrates into soft, tiny flakes *on its way* to your stomach. Therefore, it's ready to go to work *instantly*—without delay—to bring the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get!

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**Swivel Seats that turn to help you in and out** make new Cars of The *Forward* Look the easiest cars to get in and out of you ever saw. New body designs give added head and leg room besides!

# Cars that can do what they look like they can do

**Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.**
**Quality Cars of The *Forward* Look for '59**
**from Chrysler Corporation . . . A drive will bring**
**out the difference great engineering makes.**

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(*Continued from Page 58*) the admiral. "Some small leak in a fuel-oil tank. What's the last weather report?"

"Foul as usual," said the air vice marshal. "Cloud at one thousand feet, heavy banks of fog, wind force five, heavy swell."

"Every chance of the Suffolk losing her, then. Can you fellows help?"

"As far as we can, sir. She's getting pretty far from Iceland, I'm afraid."

An officer approached the chart to change the position of the Home Fleet on it.

"Tovey's there," said the admiral. "If Bismarck holds her present course he'll make contact tomorrow. What's the figure for that?"

"Twelve noon, sir," answered an officer at a plotting board.

"*If* Bismarck holds her course. Every ship we have must move to cut her off. There's Rodney. Let her leave her convoy and take up a course to intercept. Ramillies—she can leave her convoy too. Cable to Halifax and have Revenge leave as soon as she can get up steam. Call in London and Edinburgh from their convoys and send them north as well. Now, Force H. What about Somerville?"

"He's at sea, sir."

"Right. Let me see how that will look at this time tomorrow."

"Yes, sir. I can do it now."

On another table lay another chart of the North Atlantic, and an officer began to draw lines upon it; heavy red for the Bismarck's course, heavy black for the Home Fleet and Force H, lighter black for Rodney and Ramillies and Revenge, dotted black for the cruisers.

"Here's Bismarck and Suffolk at noon tomorrow if she holds her course."

"If," said the admiral.

"Home Fleet," said the officer. "Rodney. Force H. Ramillies. Revenge. London. Edinburgh."

The heavy red line of the Bismarck met the heavy black line of the Home Fleet. The other black lines converged toward that point from every direction, some coming close, some ending far away, but all together making a most powerful impression of overwhelming force.

"It looks good enough on paper," said the admiral. "Draft the orders at once."

"The Prime Minister, sir," said another officer, hurrying into the room.

"I'll come," said the admiral. "Let's have that with me."

He strode across into a side room, and someone laid the marked chart on the table at his side for him to refer to. He pressed the switch of the talking box. "Flag officer on duty."

From out of the box came the unmistakable tones of the Prime Minister's voice. "Your job is to sink the Bismarck," said the box. "That is your overriding duty. No other considerations are to have any weight whatever."

"Yes, Prime Minister."

"What about Ramillies? What about Rodney?"

"Orders are being issued at this moment, Prime Minister."

"Revenge? Force H?"

"They have their orders."

"You're taking every possible step to see that Bismarck is going to be sunk?"

"Yes, Prime Minister."

"Not only the possible steps, not only the easy steps and the obvious steps, but the difficult steps and the almost impossible steps, and all the quite impossible steps you can manage as well. The eyes of the whole world are upon us."

"You don't have to remind me about that, Prime Minister."

"Well, remember. Sink the Bismarck. Good-by."

"Most-immediate signal from Suffolk, sir," said the young officer. "She's under fire from Bismarck."

In the Suffolk the scene was very similar to the earlier one before the tragedy of the Hood. She was still steaming hard over the misty water, sliding out of a fog bank for a few brief minutes before sliding into another.

The lookouts were still at their stations, the exposed ones still being pelted with spray, still turning steadily with their binoculars as they swept the sea all round the ship.

"Ship bearing Green five!" yelled one of the forward lookouts suddenly. There was the Bismarck, bow on, heading out of the mist straight for her.

Down the voice pipe above the head of the quartermaster at the wheel came the sharp order. "Hard aport."

Instantly the quartermaster swung the wheel round, feeling the heel of the ship as she turned, (*Continued on Page 64*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Wonderful news, dear! I've been kicked upstairs."


# "There's a story behind Borden's Milk!" *says Elsie, the Borden Cow*

Once upon a time, when Borden's was very young, they made a solemn pledge to produce milk that would meet, first of all, the health needs of tiny children.

That pledge has been faithfully kept, and to this day Borden's Homogenized Vitamin-D Milk has more than met the highest standards of wholesomeness and purity.

That's why more mothers give their children Borden's Milk. Make sure every member of your family is getting the fine-quality milk he needs. Get Borden's at your food store or from your Borden man.

*If it's* ***Borden's****, it's got to be good!*

See Borden's TV show "Fury" over NBC.

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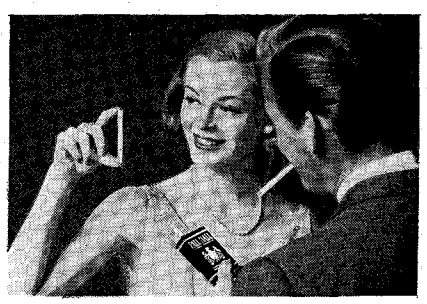
## No flat "filtered-out" flavor!
## No dry "smoked-out" taste!

**See how** PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke and makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

FOR FLAVOR AND



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FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.
"WHEREVER PARTICULA
PEOPLE CONGR ATE
MILDNESS, FINE TOBACCO FILTERS BEST
2 Pall Mall's greater length filters the smoke naturally...
3 Filters it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos!
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(*Continued from Page 61*) watching the compass move steadily over the card.

Down in the boiler room the telegraphs rang for full speed, and a clattering indicator said, "Make smoke." The maneuvering valves were feverishly turned as the ship heeled. A stoker opened the valve to make smoke, and, peering through the peephole, saw the white-hot flames roaring behind it become thick and black.

On the bridge, Dusty at his post saw the horizon swinging round in his binoculars as he had to steady himself against the heel of the ship, and then, as she straightened on the new course, he saw the Bismarck plain and clear. He saw the flames and smoke of the salvo she fired.

"Here it comes, mates," he said. The splashes from the salvo rose up a quarter of a mile from the ship's starboard quarter.

"Missed us that time," he said.

"Where's that smoke?" demanded a rating at the antiaircraft gun beside him. He looked up: A couple of preliminary puffs and then the smoke came eddying out, thick, black and oily, pouring from the funnels and spreading in a dense pall behind them on the surface of the sea. Yet out of the very smoke, close alongside, rose the next columns of water as the second salvo hardly missed them. The water came tumbling on board to deluge the men near at hand. Dusty spluttered, wiping the water from his eyes and from his binoculars, and as he did so he heard the next salvo tear past overhead with a rumble like a train in a tunnel. He shook his fist at the Bismarck, invisible through the smoke.

On the bridge of the Bismarck, Lindemann and Lütjens were looking at the thick, black pall of smoke lying on the surface of the sea.

"Can't risk going into that," said Lütjens. "Resume our former course, if you please, captain."

"Aye, aye, sir." He gave the order.

"Now make our last signal to Eugen," said Lütjens. "Good-by and good luck."

Far off on the horizon, almost invisible in the mist, a searchlight winked at them. The signal rating on the wing of the bridge read it off as the message came in.

"Thank you. Good-by. Best of —— Signal obscured in mist, sir."

"Thank you. We can guess the end," said Lütjens, and then, turning to Lindemann, "I wonder if we can?"

"At any rate, Eugen's got away unseen, sir. She'll have a clear run for home."

The chief of staff approached with a signal form in his hand and saluted. "Signal just come through from the Marineamt in Berlin, sir," he said. "Our agent in Algeciras reports that Force H—carrier Ark Royal, battle cruiser Renown, cruiser Sheffield and six destroyers—left Gibraltar midnight, heading west out of the Mediterranean."

"Very well. Let's come and see," said Lütjens.

They went into the chartroom, where a navigating officer was plotting hypothetical courses. "Assuming we make our turn at midnight, that's our course, sir," he said. "Here's the best possible course for Force H."

"Do they intercept?"

"Hardly, sir."

"There'll be U-boats looking out for Force H. What's the weather report for that area?"

"Wind force six south to southwest, sir," said the chief of staff, running through a pad of messages. "Visibility poor, cloud ceiling five hundred feet, heavy sea."

"I think we can discount Force H, then," said Lütjens. "That sea will slow down her screen, and she won't be able to get her planes into the air in any case."

"Ark Royal's a very experienced ship, sir," said Lindemann.

"She can't read our minds," said Lütjens. "Ark Royal or no Ark Royal."

It was a lively evening in Gibraltar. Force H was in, and leave had been given to one watch. The bars were full of sailors drinking beer, the streets full of sailors wandering aimlessly. The movie theater was full of sailors shouting with laughter at what was going on on the screen. When the picture suddenly came to a halt and the sound to an abrupt end they attributed it to a mechanical failure and burst into catcalls, which died away into silence as a badly spelled and badly written announcement appeared, cast on the screen from a slide: "All naval personel repport on board at once." The announcement was greeted by a boo or two and a groan or two, but when the lights were turned on it could be seen that every man was on his feet and pushing for the doors.

The patrols were going along the street. "Get back to your ships. Leave canceled." They went into the bars and interrupted the drinking, hustling the men out without ceremony.

All about the Rock, sailors were hastening to their ships, leaning out of gharrys to cheer on the drivers, running sweating along the roads, piling good-naturedly into boats. The Ark Royal was lying alongside and a steady river of men was pouring up the gangway into her. Fuel oil was being pumped into her from a tanker; miscellaneous stores were being hurried on board. Alongside her was a lighter, and the ship's crane was swinging torpedoes up into the ship.

"How many more of these things?" hailed an officer above.

"One more!" shouted the dockyard charge hand down in the lighter.

The crane took hold of the thing, swaying it ponderously up from the lighter, up above the flight deck, and then down, down, through the hangar deck, where a working party took charge of it to place it in the torpedo stowage.

"That's the last of these beauties," said Ginger, the torpedo gunner's mate in charge. "One more for Mussolini!"

He slapped the thing on its flank; it seemed as malignant, as coldly menacing, as a fifteen-inch shell. Orders were already roaring through the ship for men to take their stations to prepare for sea. Signal lights were winking here and there in the bay.

On the bridge a signal rating reported, "Destroyers under way, sir."

"Very good."

The orders were given quietly for getting under way.

"Cast off for'rard. Cast off aft. Slow ahead port engines. Stop all engines. Starboard ten. Slow ahead all engines. Wheel amidships. Stop all engines. Slow ahead all engines. Half speed all engines. Starboard fifteen."

Preceded by the destroyers, Force H was heading out through the harbor defenses. The lights of La Línea and Algeciras circled on the horizon as the ship turned. On the catwalk two dark figures of Fleet Air Arm officers watched them circle.

"Every Nazi agent in Algeciras and La Línea and Ceuta has his glasses trained on us at this moment," one of them remarked.

"And look," said the other. "They'll have something to say about it this time. See how we're turning?"

"We're going out!" said the other. "Not up the Mediterranean at all!"

Down in the torpedo stowage a rating arrived from up above to join Ginger's working party. "We're saying good-by to the sunny Mediterranean," he announced. "Out into the broad Atlantic for us, boys."

"No!" exclaimed someone else.

"Yes. We're going through the Straits this minute."

"Maybe we're going home," said someone hopefully.

"Maybe we'll get some leave," added another more hopefully still.

"Maybe we're going to get some work done," said Ginger, recalling them to their duties. He addressed the torpedo. "Come on, you pig. You're not going to tickle Mussolini's ribs this time. Hitler for you, and the German Navy."

"Where d'you think we're going, P.O.?"

"My friend Winston's forgotten to give me a ring. You'll have to wait until he does before we find out."

"Coo! Feel that!" said a rating.

The Ark Royal was meeting the first Atlantic swell, and raised her bow high into the air, with everything not fastened down slipping and sliding and swinging, to hang poised and then plunge sideways as she corkscrewed over the sea. The destroyer screen was suffering more acutely, heaving and plunging over the confused waves as they felt their way into the Atlantic ahead of the Ark Royal and the Renown.

In the Bismarck the ship was heaving and plunging similarly over a rough sea. Admiral Lütjens came out of his day cabin and walked to the bridge. He had three or four small leather cases in his hand.

"I wish to address the ship's company, captain, and please parade the supernumerary officers."

At a sign from Lindemann a petty officer switched on the public-address system and called the crew's attention to the fact that the admiral was going to speak. The supernumerary officers were already parading on the afterdeck. Now they looked weary and battered, not having been to bed for several nights.

"Kindly send for Commander Schwartz and Lieutenant Commander Dollman," said Lütjens.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Lindemann, as the admiral approached the loud-speaker.

"Men of the Bismarck! I cannot call you from your duties while a vigilant enemy lurks over the horizon. But while you are at your stations, tending your engines and manning your guns, you can hear what I have to say, while our young officers can witness the ceremonial. Men of the Bismarck! First I have to tell you of the great honor done us. Our Führer has sent me a personal message to convey to you, to Captain Lindemann and to every single man of the ship's company. Our Führer himself sends his congratulations to us all. He says—these are his very words—'the news of our great victory will rock every capital in the world. The warmonger Churchill totters on his throne.' He bids us go on and on, from victory to victory, until Jewry is utterly overthrown and the world can know peace again under our swastika banner of National Socialism."

The ship's political officer had been awaiting his cue, and stepped forward in front of the supernumerary officers with a gesture. "Heil Hitler!" they piped, obediently. "Sieg heil! Sieg heil!"

It was not a very impressive exhibition, the boys were weary and perhaps half-hearted.

"The Führer's message went on to command me in his name—in the name of the Führer— (*Continued on Page 68*)

## The Perfect Squelch

The elderly headwaiter at a Southern university dining room was extremely religious. Whenever opportunity presented itself, he sought to discuss his beliefs with the students. The less serious-minded among them made a game of challenging his fervent expectations of departing this world for a better one. One blustery sophomore, in particular, continually scoffed at the old man.

On a quiet Sunday evening, he called in a voice which carried clear across the dining room, "Josiah, suppose you are wrong about this salvation business and somehow land in hell. What will you do?"

The old waiter shuffled along with a tray of food until he could look the scoffer in the eye. Then he replied, "Well, suh, I expect I'll go right on serving students."

**Virgil S. Davis**

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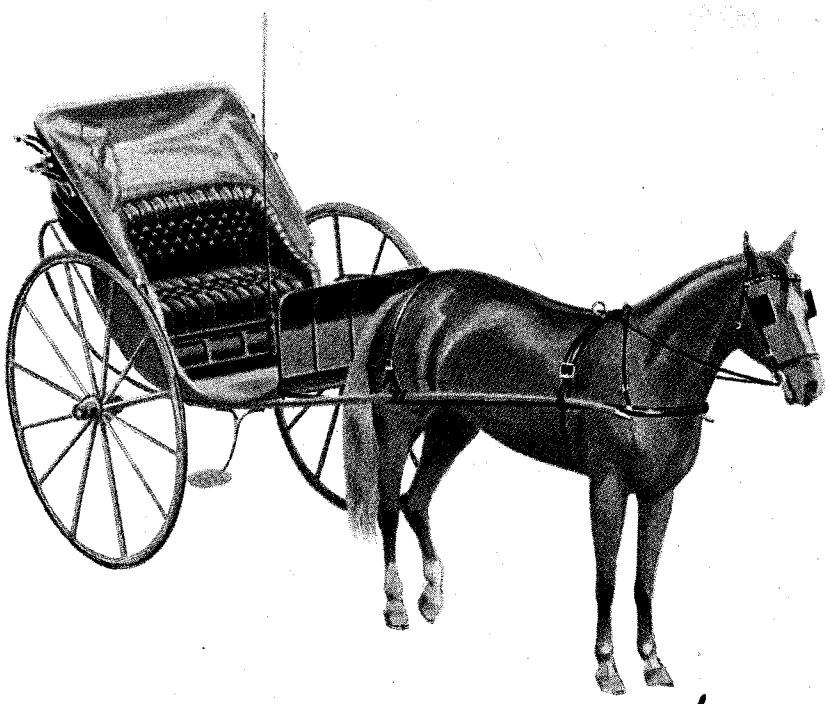

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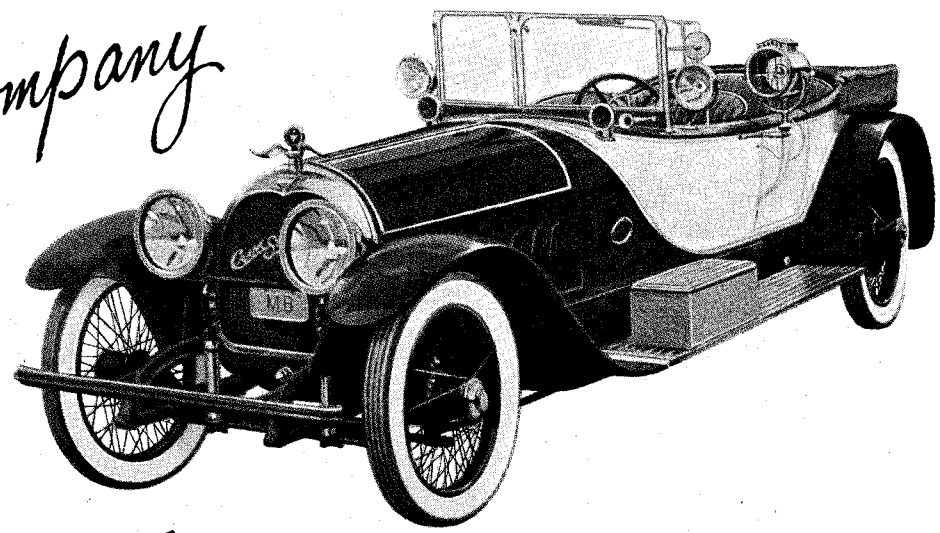
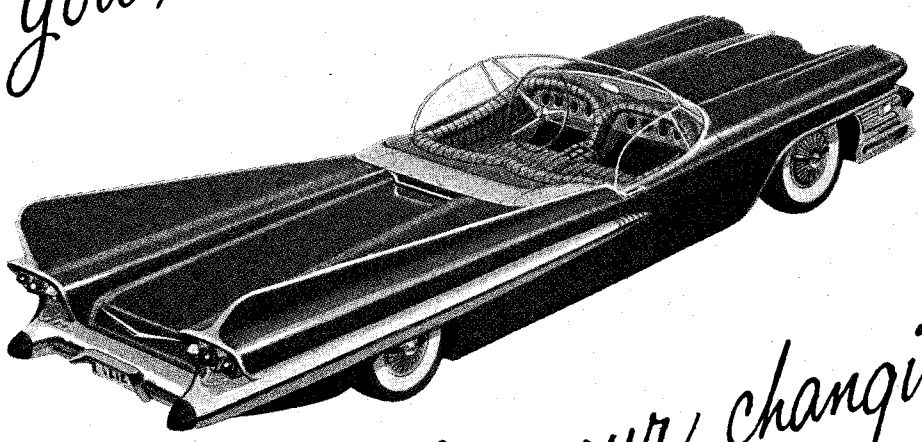


*can serve you is to anticipate*



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# American invites you to enjoy a new and wonderful experience

In January, American Airlines inaugurates the first jet service nonstop in both directions between New York and Los Angeles. Soon after, American will extend its jet service to Chicago, San Francisco, Dallas, Washington, Baltimore, Boston and other major cities.

## Now for the first time, getting there becomes a real pleasure

Because the introduction of American's Jet Flagships will cut existing flying times by as much as *forty percent*, you will reap the benefits of extra *useful* time for both business and pleasure.

But speed is not the only remarkable advantage of jet flight. The 707 Jet Flagship cruises at serene altitudes well above turbulence, giving you the *smoothest* flight of your life. And inside the plane itself, the *quiet* adds to your relaxation. For engine noise and vibration, the two factors that contribute most to travel fatigue, have all but vanished. Minutes after you're airborne, you'll discover that jet flight is completely *restful!*

Your first step inside American's Jet Flagship is all it takes to see what luxury is in store for you. The cabin is longer, wider, more elegant than any plane you've ever been in. The reclining seats are deeper, softer and there's more space between them. Comfortable air-conditioning works on the ground as well as in the air. There are a host of other innovations for your comfort and pleasure.

Be one of the first to take advantage of the countless opportunities of jet travel, the sheer delight of jet flight. Starting in January, let American prove to you that *getting there* has become *a real pleasure.*

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(*Continued from Page 64*) to make awards to officers and men in this ship who have distinguished themselves. Lieutenant Commander Dollman!"

Dollman came forward sheepishly.

"In the name of the Führer I present you, the assistant gunnery officer of the Bismarck, with the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross."

At a further gesture from the political officer the young officers cheered as Lütjens put the cross on Dollman.

"Commander Schwartz! As the gunnery officer of this ship you have played a principal part in the destruction of the Hood. In the name of the Führer I present you with the Knight's Cross with Swords."

Again the young officers cheered.

"Your captain already proudly wears the Knight's Cross. Now, Captain Lindemann, it is my honor and pleasure to present you with the Knight's Cross with Swords and Diamonds!"

Lindemann was about to come forward to receive it when the general alarm blared through the ship.

"Air warning! Air warning! Enemy planes in sight! Planes on the port quarter!"

The antiaircraft guns were already training round. They had begun their fire before Lütjens and Lindemann had reached their posts on the bridge again. Here came nine Swordfish, coming in intolerably slowly, wheeling to get on the Bismarck's bow and to drop their torpedoes from a good position.

"Hard astarboard!" roared Lindemann.

The sky was pockmarked with the black puffs of smoke from the antiaircraft shells. The Bismarck's glittering wake nearly completed a circle as she turned, heeling violently.

"Hard aport!" roared Lindemann, and the ship leaned over the other way as the helm was put over. Torpedoes streaked close by her sides, their wakes visible in the gray water. There was a roar and a fountain of water as one torpedo exploded against her starboard bow. Then the attack was over as quickly as it was begun.

"Those were Swordfish," said Lütjens to his chief of staff. "How many did you count?"

"Seven, sir."

"And you?"

"I thought I saw nine."

"I thought there were nine as well."

"Swordfish mean a carrier's within range, sir," said the chief of staff.

"Not a very well-equipped carrier if all they can send into the attack is nine Swordfish," said Lütjens. "They scored a hit, all the same, on the starboard bow. What's the damage, captain?"

"Report's just coming through, sir." Lindemann was listening on the telephone and nodding as he answered. "Very well. Damage control reports the injury done to the ship is negligible, sir. No one hurt. The pumps are already gaining on the water as it comes in. They'll have the hole patched in less than an hour. The ship's fighting ability is not impaired in the slightest, sir."

"Our Bismarck hardly has to give a thought to the little torpedoes a Swordfish can carry," said Lütjens. "Now let's see where they've come from."

He led the way into the chartroom and bent over the chart. "What's the extreme range of a Swordfish?"

"M'm. Hundred and twenty miles. Less than a hundred and fifty anyway."

At a sign from Lütjens the navigating officer swept the compasses in a circle.

"Somewhere inside there," said Lütjens. "A large area, gentlemen."

A young wireless officer made his appearance in the chartroom. "Lieutenant Helder sent me, sir. We are taking in the wireless signals from the Swordfish."

"Yes?"

"By direction finding, their course is a little north of east—eighty-five degrees, sir, very approximately."

A glance at the navigating officer caused him to draw a line on that bearing from the ship's position to the circumference of the circle.

"A carrier. There," said Lütjens.

"And Ark Royal's a thousand miles away," said the chief of staff, with a gesture at the other edge of the chart.

"A carrier with nine little Swordfish and no more," said Lütjens. "When's sunset?"

"Seventeen minutes from now, sir," said the navigating officer.

"An hour for them to refuel and rearm. An hour to return here. No moon and low cloud. They won't find us again tonight, sir," said the chief of staff.

"Nor tomorrow if we throw off that cruiser," said Lütjens. "As we will."

He suddenly noticed that he was still holding the leather case of the Iron Cross which he had intended to present to Lindemann.

"I'm forgetting one of my duties. Captain, in the Führer's name I make this presentation to you."

"Thank you, admiral," said Lindemann.

"Long may you wear this badge of such great distinction."

"I hope I do, sir," said Lindemann, looking down at the glittering thing.

"We're entering into fog again, sir," said the chief of staff. "Now's our time."

---

What a small boy has up his sleeve is usually a dirty elbow.

DAVE CROWN

---

In the War Room the admiral and the rear admiral and the air vice marshal with others were looking at the chart, whereon were indicated the ships involved in the pursuit of the Bismarck.

"They're closing in on her, all right," said the air vice marshal.

"Yes. It looks like it," said the admiral.

"Position course and speed from Suffolk, sir," said a young officer. "Bismarck's holding her course as before."

"I wonder what he has in mind?" said the admiral to himself. "The Home Fleet will be up to him by tomorrow noon."

"He doesn't know the Home Fleet's at sea, sir," said the rear admiral.

"Most-immediate message from Suffolk, sir," said the young officer loudly. "Have sighted nine Swordfish proceeding toward Bismarck."

"Nine Swordfish!" said the admiral. "That's Victorious! That's all she carried."

"If the Home Fleet's where we think it is, Victorious is nearly one hundred fifty miles from Bismarck," said someone doing some rapid work with dividers.

"Isn't there another report yet?" demanded the admiral.

"Suffolk reporting. Heavy firing from Bismarck."

"They're going into the attack," said the air vice marshal. "Why are there only nine of them?"

"Victorious is like the Prince of Wales," said the rear admiral. "She's brand-new from the builder's hands. Those Swordfish pilots have never risen from a carrier's deck before and never landed on one either. They're raw. But that was all we had when Bismarck came out."

"Suffolk reporting," said the young officer. "Firing ceased from Bismarck."

"Attack's over one way or the other then," said the air vice marshal.

"Suffolk reporting. Have intercepted signal from aircraft to Victorious. One hit observed."

"Please God that'll slow her up," said the rear admiral. "That's what Tovey sent them off to do."

"My guess is she could take half a dozen or more without too much damage," said the admiral.

"Suffolk reporting position, course and speed," said the young officer.

"What's the course and speed?" demanded the rear admiral.

"Course one hundred ninety degrees, speed twenty-five knots."

"No change in either. Doesn't look as if that hit's had any effect," said the admiral.

"It's just sunset over there," said the rear admiral. "Dark before very long. Foggy too."

"And the wind's freshening all the time. Those Swordfish pilots will be flying on for the first time in their lives with a huge sea running, in the dark and the fog. Please God they make it," said the admiral.

"Suffolk reporting," said the young officer. "Have lost contact with Bismarck. Am making search."

"Lost her?" said the admiral.

"Darkness and fog," said the rear admiral. "Can't believe she'll find her again."

Editors' Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Forester. The concluding article will appear next week.

# The Innocent Captive (Continued from Page 37)

maybe, but not innocent of the world, and that was what the Englishmen had meant. The American believed he had been around more than most people. He had done his Army service in Texas and had come back to Oklahoma to take a degree in oil engineering at the university. As an undergraduate he had visited pretty nearly all the important towns in the conference with the wrestling team. When he had taken his degree, he had worked in four or five oil fields under his uncle's supervision. He was twenty-five years old. He had discovered that people were very much alike everywhere, and that was why these Englishmen bothered him. Could they bring in a twenty-five-hundred-foot well? Could they hold anybody in an arm lock or even a full nelson? What did they mean, innocent?

And he had flown from Tulsa to New York alone, and from New York to Orly Field, Paris, alone, and from Paris to Marseilles; and it hadn't fazed him to travel in these foreign cities or to take the boat from Marseilles Nord to Africa. He didn't speak French or Arabic or any language but his own and he had done all right. And except that the seats were hard and the whistle sounded like a toy, the train ride from Bône to Touggourt had been simple. Everything looked just like the movies. French soldiers, occasional brownish guys in bed sheets; you smiled at them, they smiled back. He had gotten along fine.

Mr. Poirier, one of the French oilmen, had met him with a jeep at Touggourt, and he spoke English. They had started off over the desert in the jeep. It was hot, but he had been in Arizona; he had felt heat. The jeep got stuck in the sand a few times and Poirier had said, "Now we push," and they had pushed. What was tough about that? Two nights they had cooked over their portable stove and slept under shelter halves, but he had gone camping all his life one place or another and he had enjoyed himself, looking at all the stars while Poirier had talked about Saharan oil. He had done nothing so far that had made him look green. He had done whatever the situation demanded, the obvious thing. Was this innocence?

If you were going to drill for oil in a desert, you had to have water for the crew. You either hauled it in or dug for it. The French had sunk a well and hit good free-flowing water at a hundred and ten feet. Once you had your water, it should be clear even to an Englishman in Bermuda shorts, that you could set up your rig and drill for oil. He himself was to be the engineer for the operation. Was there anything unusual, innocent about that?

The Frenchmen had gone away in two jeeps, Poirier in the first one, to bring back the materials for the operation from Touggourt, at the railhead.

"In six days, no more, we come back with trucks—ten, twelve, fifteen, whatever is necessary," Poirier had said. Then Poirier had asked him if he minded staying at the well to keep an eye on things. He had said no. There was no room for him in the jeeps anyway.

"You are not afraid? You have courage?" Poirier had asked.

"Courage for what?"

"You know how to shoot the gun?" Poirier had said, and he had whipped a rifle from behind him and a box of shells.

"What do I shoot at?" he had asked. He had seen nothing move in the desert at all except little windy whorls of sand.

"Arab rebels."

"Oh, from Algeria." He had read something about the Algerian revolt against the French in the papers before he left home.

"Yes. You have heard about them?"

"Yes, but this is a long way south to come just to shoot at me," he had said, grinning.

Poirier had told him he was from Lyons, a *bachelier* in science. He had done his military service in Algeria before the war. Usually he made mild jokes about everything. Now he pulled his mustache and looked gloomy.

"It is very serious, very dangerous. It should be me who stays."

"Oh, I'll stay, Mr. Poirier."

Poirier had been looking down, moving the sand around with his foot. "It is a long way. Perhaps they will not come. Perhaps they will not come at all."

"Don't you worry about me. I'll be all right. You go get the rig."

"Anyone you see will be an enemy. If you see anyone at all, shoot him," Poirier said, and handed him rifle and shells.

"O.K.," he had said, grinning again.

"And now, *au revoir*," Poirier said and shook hands as he did every morning.

That had been nearly four days ago.

As if it were a brightly lighted neon sign, the word (*Continued on Page 73*)

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# Beautiful floors that last a school's lifetime...

School planners, like builders of banks, offices, hotels, churches, find terrazzo flooring a very sensible economy. The original beauty of such a floor will endure throughout the lifetime of any building. The terrazzo shown here is a blend of marble chips and ATLAS* WHITE portland cement. Its smooth, continuous surface is easily kept bright, clean and sanitary. Requires only a neutral liquid cleaner—no waxing, painting or other refinishing. Architects find that terrazzo provides unlimited design and color effects for any flooring need. It is another example of the beauty and versatility provided by concrete, made with the basic building material, cement.

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# Artificial restrictions of the economies

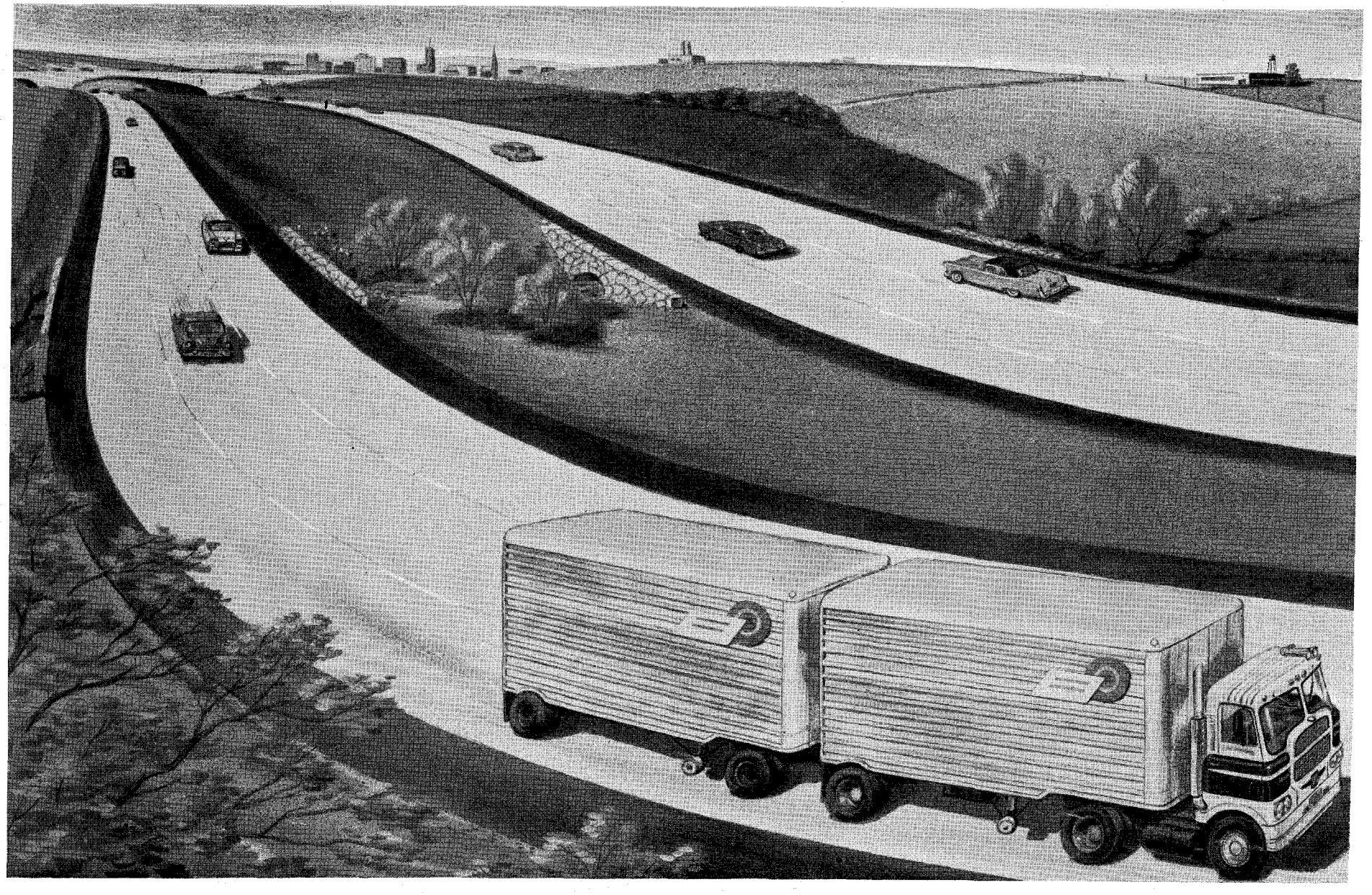
*Today's trucks are built to America's highway standards but artificial roadblocks are costing you money*

**NO TWO STATES HAVE THE SAME HIGHWAY LAWS**

New highways throughout the U. S. are being built to substantially the same standards of construction and safety. However, the wide variety of conflicting state highway laws are unrealistic restrictions that prevent trucks from operating at peak efficiency within these standards.

**For example, trucks must conform to state gross vehicle weight laws that range from 56,000 lbs. to 78,640 lbs. State highway length laws vary from 45 ft. to 65 ft.**

This crazy-quilt of obsolete state highway laws adds to the cost of transporting everything Americans eat, wear and use.



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# deprive the public of modern highways

THE new national highway program has been called "the greatest public-works program in the history of man".

Within the next ten years, $40-billion will be spent on the 41,000-mile network of interstate super-highways . . . bringing to $100-billion the nation's expenditures for the enlargement, improvement and maintenance of its roads.

Aside from all the widely-publicized advantages of the program—safe, swift traffic flow, nation-wide—the public is entitled to the full economic benefits from this large investment.

These benefits . . . in lower-cost distribution of goods . . . can come only if trucks designed for maximum efficiency, economy and safety are permitted to operate to the full capacity of the highways. The laws of sound highway engineering and of economics must control the types and sizes of allowable vehicles . . . not the artificial restrictions of arbitrary and conflicting state laws.

Modern design . . . in highways and trucks . . . can shrink the distances and minutes from field to table . . . from factory to user . . . from seller to buyer. And in so doing, trucks of maximum efficiency can help to lower the distribution cost of everything the public eats, wears, and uses.

Any other policy in the use of our marvelous new highways will constitute an economic waste of billions of the public's dollars . . . to be paid for in higher transportation costs for years to come.

MEMBER ATA FOUNDATION INC.
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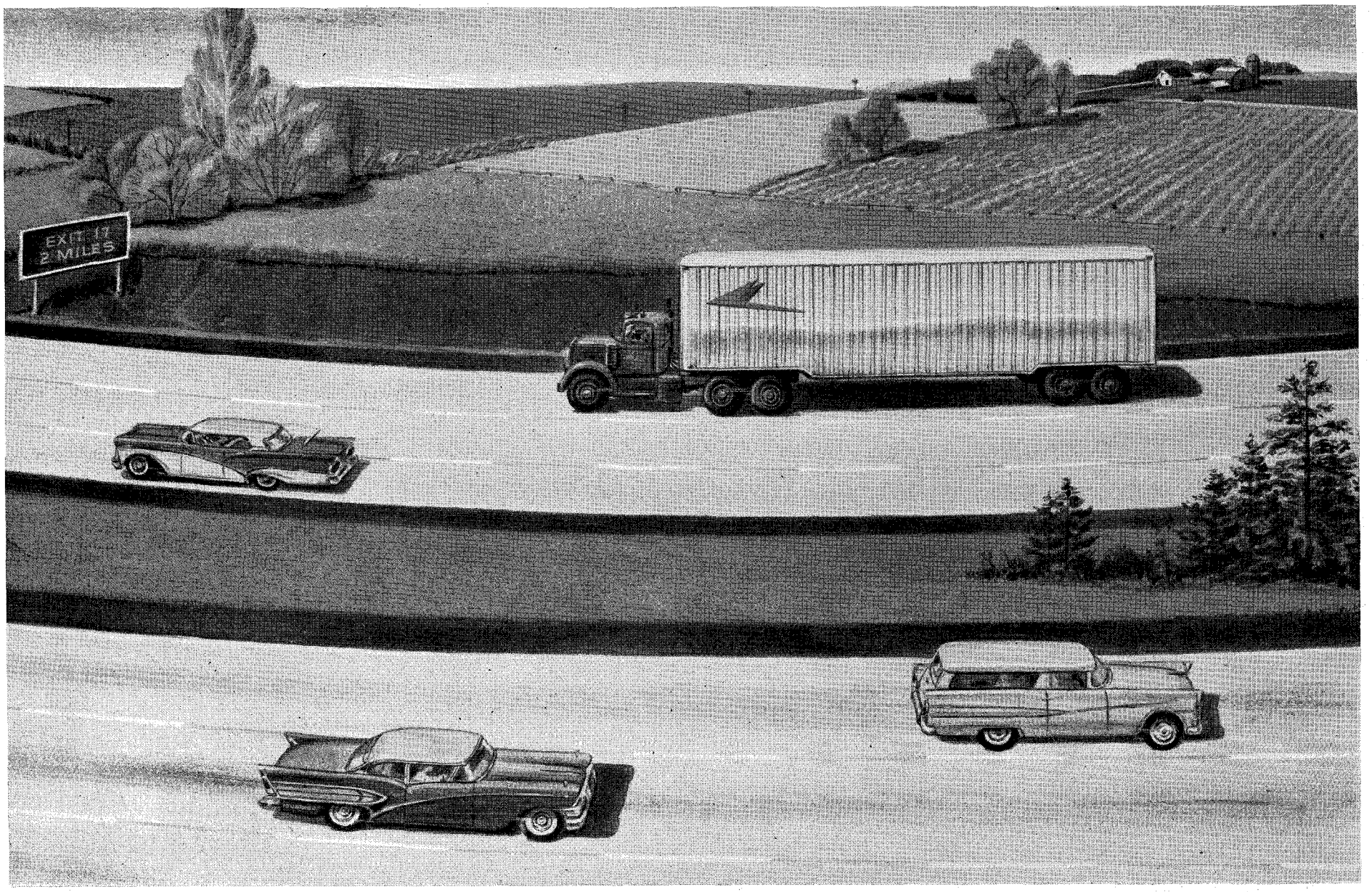


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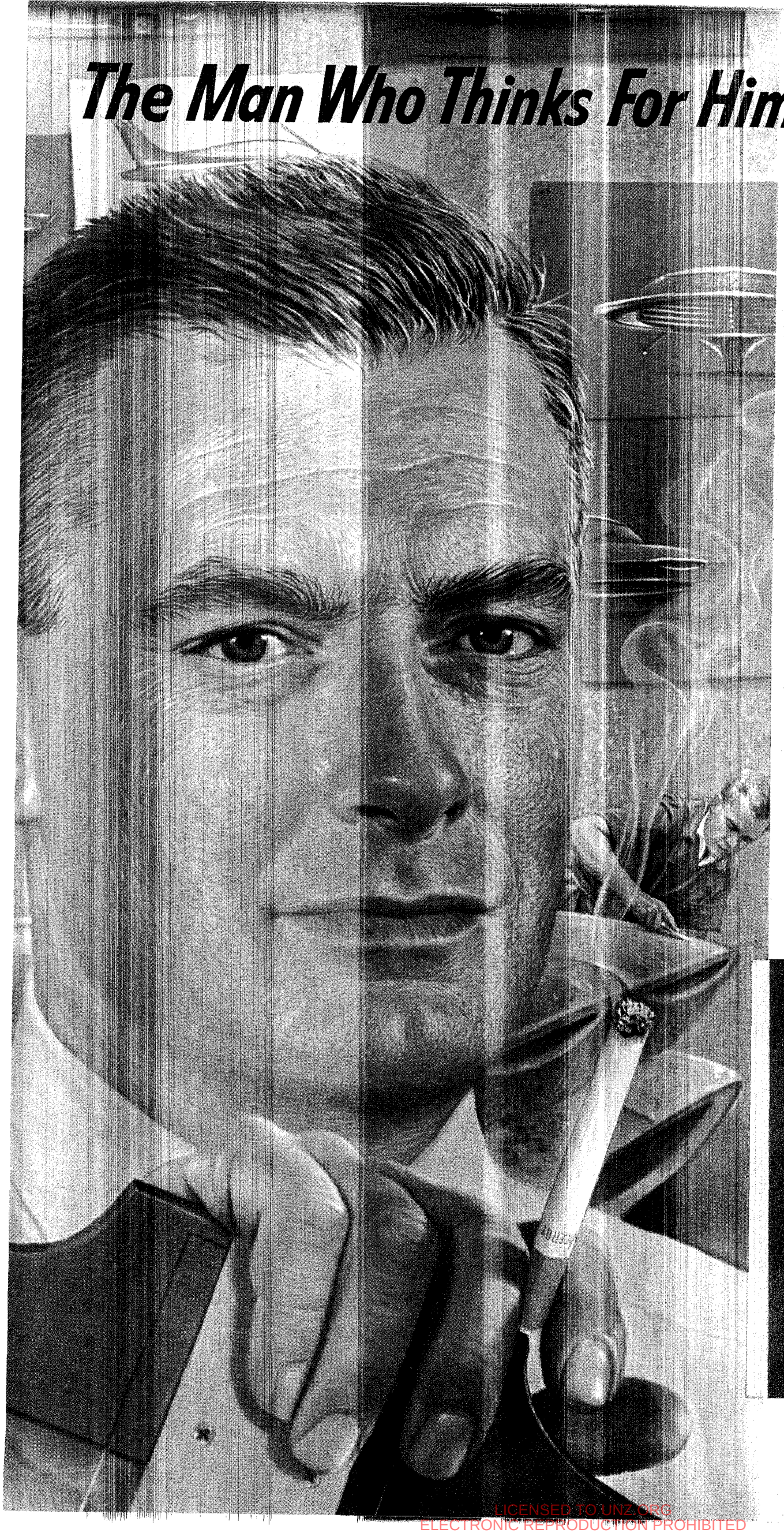
# *The Man Who Thinks For Himself Knows...*



## ONLY VICEROY HAS A THINKING MAN'S FILTER... A SMOKING MAN'S TASTE!

This man thinks for himself.
Knows the difference
between fact and fancy.
Trusts judgment, not opinion.

Such a man usually smokes VICEROY.
His reason? Best in the world.
He knows for a fact that only
VICEROY has *a thinking man's filter*
*and a smoking man's taste.*

**Familiar pack or crush-proof box.**

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(*Continued from Page 68*) "innocent" seemed to hover around the front sight of the rifle on the table in front of him. He wished he had the Englishmen there so he could ask them what he had done wrong so far. Should he have refused to stay here alone? Was it a sucker play?

"I suppose you'd like to look chicken on your first job out of the country," he said aloud. He had great hopes for a career in foreign lands. An oil engineer had chances and he was grateful to his uncle for arranging this one. He wanted to travel and see the world, but he did not want to do it innocently.

All at once he stood up, touched his toes four times, stretched, yawned, sat down again and fell sound asleep.

When he woke up, the first thing he saw was a camel lying down. The camel's hump hid the setting sun and, in the confusing moment between sleep and waking, he felt that this was right somehow. He had seen pictures of the Sahara all his life and they had always had camels in them.

Then he saw the man with the gun. He was lying in the camel's shadow and the gun was pointed straight at him. The man's head and face were wrapped in faded blue cloth and his eyes were barely visible. It all seemed ridiculous, but this was because the memory of the pictures of the desert still lingered in his head. He put his hands on the table to stand up. The man moved his gun a little and he sat down again.

Now that he was fully awake, he began to be surprised. "Well, hi," he said. "What's on your mind, bud?"

The man, who was not an Arab, but a Tuareg, did not answer.

The American saw everything very clearly. He estimated accurately that if the man should fire, the bullet would hit him smack in the chest. He could see that the reclining camel was hobbled by a thong around the foreleg. He could see the water pouring shining out of the well-pipe a little behind the camel and to the left. Then he realized that this clarity of vision was fear, and he began to think about how this situation had occurred.

He would have to have been sound asleep for the man to come up this close without waking him. He could see the man's tracks in the sand where apparently he had come up and looked him over while he was sleeping. The man must have just finished hobbling his camel when he heard his first yawn. Abruptly the thought struck him, why hadn't the man shot him at once? If he was one of these rebel Arabs, he could have murdered him easily, blown in the well, and been on his way long since. What had stopped him? Why was he waiting? He wanted something.

"What do you want?" the American said loudly.

The Tuareg did not move or answer and it occurred to the American that he, too, must be puzzled if he wanted something and couldn't ask for it. Since he was covered by the gun, he raised both hands to the level of his shoulders and started to stand up, but the Tuareg moved his gun again and he sat down.

Then, prone on the sand, the Tuareg began to crawl forward. He moved a couple of feet and stopped. It looked painful, but there was no wincing, no facial expression at all, because his face was covered by the blue cloth and the rest of his body by the long sort of nightgown he wore. He held his gun perfectly steady, moved his elbows forward another ten inches and dragged his body after them. Then he rested.

The American waited. Curiosity had supplanted any fear.

The Tuareg seemed to take a deep breath, dug his elbows into the sand four or five times in a row, keeping the gun accurately pointed. He was now only a few feet in front of the American's table. Holding the gun in one hand with his finger on the trigger, he pointed to his left leg without looking down at it. He pulled up the gown that covered it. From knee to ankle it was bound in filthy rags with dry brown bloodstains on them.

"Bum leg, eh?" the American said aloud. "That's the way to get medical service. Use a gun."

He held up his open hands again and stood up. The Tuareg rolled around on his back, still pointing the gun at him.

"If I'm going to doctor you it's going to be tough holding that gun on me while I do it."

The American stepped around the table and knelt in the sand beside the bad leg. The Tuareg still held the muzzle on target. The American started unrolling the dirty bandages gently. When he came to the level where they stuck, he gave them a jerk. As he heard the Tuareg gasp, he knocked the gun barrel aside, pulled on it hard, and tossed it into the sand fifteen feet away.

Then he got up and went into the hut. He took his own rifle and tossed it into the sand beside the Tuareg's.

"O.K. Now we can talk. I don't like this gun business."

The Tuareg seemed weak. It hadn't been hard to tear the gun away from him. The American stepped behind him, put his hands under his armpits and dragged him into the hut. He did not weigh much and he did not resist. The American gave him one final boost onto his cot and he gave a long sigh.

"Now we take a look at the leg. What's your name, Jackson? You don't want to take off that veil, do you?" He made unwrapping motions around his own head and then touched the blue cloth. The Tuareg shook his head once, no.

The leg was bad. It looked as if it had been gashed with a knife several days before. Now it was foul and suppurating.

"You're just a jump ahead of gangrene, Jackson," the American said. He found the tin box with the first-aid kit in it. There were paper packets of sulfa powder and he shook the stuff freely over the wound.

"You in pain or are you just weak?"

The Tuareg merely watched him. His eyes, the American noticed, were bloodshot.

He took a thermometer out of the kit, put it into his own mouth, pursed his lips around it and pointed at the Tuareg. Then, sympathetically opening his own mouth, he pushed the thermometer into his patient's.

"You got this far, far enough to come up and look at me asleep and then gave down, huh? But how did you know I wasn't French? Can you tell by my clothes too? How did you know someone here wouldn't take a pot shot at you, old enemy, old boy?" He looked down at the leg. "Didn't care, huh? Just as well die one way as another."

He took the thermometer out, realized that it was in centigrade, and converted the figure into Fahrenheit degrees. It was over 103.

"You didn't get here a minute too soon, Jackson. You can't be feeling so good." He rummaged in the first-aid kit and found a tube marked "Morphine," glad that the word was the same in both French and English.

He took the Tuareg's limp left hand and rolled up the wide sleeve to the shoulder. The arm was muscular but slender, and the skin was not brown; it was an ivory color, almost white. He made the puncture neatly. The Tuareg gasped, stiffened, and made a little mewing cry that startled him.

"All done now," he said as if to a child. "All over."

The Tuareg lay back, watching him as if waiting to see what he would do next.

The American stood with his hands on his hips, looking down at the sick man. Now that there was, for the moment, nothing else to do for him, he began to worry. Was this guy dangerous? He didn't look like it. It would be easy now to take a pipe wrench and beat his head in, but the American didn't think he could do it to a man who had only asked his help. True, he had asked with a gun, but he had used the gun, he could see now, only because he was scared.

As he watched him, the Tuareg shut his eyes. The morphine was making him sleepy, but he shook his head, turned on his side, and tried to roll off the cot into the sand. The American took him by the shoulder and pushed him flat on the cot. "You take the white chief's medicine and now you want to go, huh?" he said. He shook his head, pointed to the ground two or three times, laid his two hands on one cheek and cocked his head to indicate sleep. "You stay here tonight, maybe tomorrow, see? Then we know whether the sulfa's doing you any good or not."

The Tuareg looked up at him, relaxed, and went to sleep almost at once.

The American reached down and felt the blue cloth of his turban between his thumb and finger. There was nothing sinister about it; it was just blue cotton cloth. So was the long sort of nightgown thing around him.

It is not fascinating to watch someone sleep. He went out of the hut into the late afternoon sun. He climbed up the rigging of the well a little way until he could see over the next dune or two. As usual there was nothing there. He climbed down and went over to the camel.

To look at a camel was interesting. It was exotic, strange, and for the first time he began to feel that his long journey from America was coming up to his expectations. The desert was empty and, so, dull. There was nothing especially new or strange about the oil business—the sizes of the nuts, bolts and pipe were in millimeters and centimeters instead of inches, that was all. He could not talk to the Tuareg and anyhow he was asleep. But the camel was something. He felt a boyish pleasure in watching the big ugly fawn-colored beast as if he had been let in free at a circus. He could write his girl about the camel.

The sun was beginning its quick drop below the horizon. He went back into the hut and started the little stove to heat water for the tea. He had learned to drink tea three times a day since he had been in Africa. He looked around in his box of stores to see what to have for supper. He took out a big can of spaghetti, opened it, poured half on one tin plate, half on another, and laid a fork on each. He put the tea into the battered granite pot and set two tin cups on the table. When the water boiled, he poured it into the pot, then went over to the cot.

"Hey, Jackson!" he called and touched him on the shoulder.

The Tuareg lurched to his feet at once in what seemed to be a spasm of terror.

"Take it easy. Take it easy. It's just suppertime," the American said. He pushed him on the shoulders. "Sit down. Stay off that leg, see?"

The Tuareg sat down, but he began to gesture wildly, it seemed, and chatter in his own language.

The American watched, shaking his head. "I'm not getting you, Jackson. Slow down, huh?"

It was something urgent. The Tuareg waved his arms and he was talking louder than ever, but it came out muffled through the turban across his mouth.

At last the American caught one of his wrists, then the other. He laid them in the Tuareg's lap and held them there with one hand. With the other he picked up imaginary food and put it in his mouth, then pointed at the Tuareg three times.

The Tuareg jerked one hand free—he was pretty strong, at that—and pointed out of the hut vigorously.

"Wants to eat in the patio, maybe. Not used to houses," the American muttered.

The Tuareg pointed and made the eating movement with his hand.

At last the American got it. "The camel, sure. A cowboy's first thought is for his steed." He went out of the hut and knelt gingerly beside the camel, loosened the thong that tied his leg, and slid it off. The camel rose, bellowing, and went off to the well basin and began to drink.

The Tuareg nodded approvingly as he came back from the camel. Tea was served and seemed to go down well. The spaghetti, however, was a bust. Ignoring the fork, the Tuareg picked up a clump of it with his fingers, moved the cloth away from his mouth, tasted it, and spat it out.

"Ain't that one of the salesgirls?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"That's what comes of being a desert barbarian, Jackson. You're not suave," the American said. "You don't like Italian food, eh?"

He went to the box of stores. Poirier had brought some French bread back with him from Touggourt. Over half a loaf was left. The dry desert air had made it as hard as flint. He gave the piece to the Tuareg, who broke off chunks and soaked them in his tea. He ate it all; gratefully, it seemed.

When they had finished, the American took the dishes, his toothbrush and a towel and went out to the well basin with a lantern. It was black dark. The camel came ambling up toward the light. His muzzle had bits of grass on it where he had been browsing around the water's edge. The American offered the Tuareg's untouched spaghetti to the camel. The camel took it in with his big tender lips and spat it right out again.

"H'm-m. No wonder the Italians never caught on in Africa," he said.

Returning to the hut, he took another paper of sulfa from the medical kit and, after some dumb show, sprinkled it on the bad leg in the stare of those dark eyes above the mask of blue cloth. They didn't make him nervous, exactly, but *after all*, he thought, *I'm going to go to sleep and I don't know these people.*

"You're probably on the level, Jackson, but you were all set to blow me to pieces earlier today," he said. "I think I'll just frisk you."

Before the Tuareg could guard against it, he ran his hands down his sides. He found nothing. No dagger hung at his belt, and he could hear the Tuareg laughing underneath the mask.

He unfolded one of the Frenchmen's cots, blew out the lantern, and lay down with his hands behind his head. It was growing cooler, but he did not feel sleepy. He was writing a nonstop letter to his girl which he mailed in installments, describing every new thing that struck his eye and, for a long time, he thought how he would begin, "You ought to see my new roomie."

A sound broke into his thought. It was the Tuareg snoring. It did not seem right that a man who owned a camel should snore just like everybody else. Soon he fell asleep himself.

He woke up as the wind was blowing just before dawn. He had not been stabbed, shot, or beaten with a pipe wrench. In fact, the Tuareg was sitting on the edge of his cot, watching him in the dim light.

The American said, "Morning, Jackson. Sleep well?" He got up and put the water on for the tea.

The sun came up abruptly. He looked at the bad leg. Some improvement was showing maybe. He couldn't tell. He put more sulfa on it and took his patient's temperature again. It was normal, he estimated. For breakfast with the tea, he took some crackers out of a tin box and opened a can of baked beans. The Tuareg soaked the crackers in the tea and, surprisingly, ate all his baked beans.

"Not so fussy today, eh? Or maybe you just like baked beans. Raise beans where you come from?" the American asked. It was better to have someone to talk to, even if there was no reply. All the Tuareg did was watch him soberly. After he had finished his beans, he stood up and started limping out of the hut.

The American shouted, "Hey!"

The Tuareg looked around and the American beckoned to him and pointed at the cot. "Come on. Your leg's not good yet. Stick around."

The Tuareg ignored him until he found his camel, still grazing near the well. Then he came back and sat down.

Before it got too hot, the American resumed his letter to his girl. "You ought to see my new roomie. He is some kind of Arab, I guess," and he went on writing about the strange events of the day before. When the sweat began to make his hand stick to the paper, he quit. The Tuareg was sitting there, watching him closely.

"You a married man, Jackson? Or have you got a little girl waiting for you in some oasis? You ought to see my girl, man." He went on to list her virtues, all of them in vivid detail. Pushed by the loneliness of his stay in the desert, he told how he had met her, all about his first date (a drive-in movie), and (it seemed all right to tell the Tuareg, since he knew it wouldn't go any farther) when he kissed her first.

He talked all through the heat of the day about his marriage plans, his boyhood, the state of Oklahoma, wrestling and the oil business. The Tuareg opened the front of the nightgown thing he wore to get cooler, and the American saw a heavy silver cross hanging on a cord around his neck and wondered idly if this fellow was somehow a Christian, but it did not interrupt his talk.

Late in the afternoon, when his life history had begun to run thin, the American said, "Now that we're pals, sort of, we might clean those guns. That sand's not going to do them any good." He went out and brought in the guns. He gave the Tuareg his own and some rags, and he went to work on his own, taking it apart to clean it.

After the sun had gone, he dressed the Tuareg's leg again with sulfa and they had tea and sardines with crackers. The Tuareg could not have run into many fish in the desert, but he seemed to like the sardines.

During the night the Tuareg left.

When the American woke up in the morning and saw that he was gone, he ran out and climbed the well rig to look, but he could see nothing except the camel tracks going away in the opposite direction from which they had come in. He got down slowly and said, "Nice to have known you, Jackson," and went back into the hut to get his tea.

On the couch lay the Tuareg's silver cross. He picked it up, hefted it, and stuck it in his hip pocket. "Well, I'll be darned," he said.

At noon when he climbed the well rig he saw a cloud of dust off toward the horizon. It was probably the Frenchmen returning with their trucks, but, with the clarity of the desert air, he knew that they were two or three hours away, and he took a nap.

He was awakened by Poirier shaking him. "*Alors*, you are still living, then," Poirier said excitedly.

"Sure. Why not?" the American said, yawning and sitting up with the sweat running down his face.

Poirier seized his hand and shook it. "It is marvelous. It is unbelievable."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"An Arab has been here. We saw the path of the camel in the sand. We had great fear for you, for the well, for everything. An Arab was here, yes?"

"Yes. There was a guy here with a camel. He was an Arab, I guess."

"Did you shoot him?"

"No. He had me covered at first."

"Covered?"

"He was pointing a gun at me. I was asleep. When I woke up, he was pointing his gun at me."

Wonderingly, Poirier said, "And he did not shoot it?"

"No."

"But he stole your gun."

"No. There it is right over there."

"What did he steal?"

"Nothing. Look, Mr. Poirier, he came in here with a bad leg, a long gash in it, a wound, see? He could hardly walk. So I fixed him up."

"What is it that you did? You are a very lucky young man. The Arabs shoot white people or even worse. You are very fortunate to be alive," Poirier said. "What is it that you did? You fixed him?"

"Fixed him up. Put medicine on it, sulfa powder."

As if he were trying to grasp something unbelievable but grasping it firmly nevertheless, Poirier said severely, "Let me understand you. An Arab comes here with a wound and forces you to put sulfa on it by menacing you with a gun. Very well. But surely when he mounts his camel to go away, you can shoot him?"

"No. I had too much invested in him then to shoot him. Anyway, he went away in the middle of the night while I was asleep."

Poirier's eyebrows shot up half an inch and he muttered, "*Formidable!* Do I understand you to say that you slept in the presence of an Arab?"

"Maybe he wasn't an Arab. Maybe he was a Christian."

"A Christian? That fellow?"

"Yes. He left me this," the American said and took the silver cross out of his pocket.

Poirier glanced at it, casually flipping it over. "My dear young man, this fellow was a Tuareg, and they are not Christian. Many Tuaregs wear these crosses. They are mere ornaments, made at a town called Agadès."

"Is it valuable?"

"To him, yes. If a man has nothing but a gun and a camel, anything else is valuable."

"Well, how do you like that!"

"*Pardon?* What do you mean?"

"He did unto others as he would be done by."

But he could tell that Poirier was not catching this old-fashioned English. Poirier patted the American on the arm. "Ah, the naïveté of you Americans, looking for Christians riding camels in the desert like the Three Wise Men."

"That means innocence, doesn't it, naïveté?"

"Naïveté, innocence," Poirier said, shrugging. "It is the same thing. You do not recognize the danger you meet. You have been fortunate, very fortunate." And he shook hands again.

For the next week the whole crew were too busy with the oil-drilling operation for the American to have any time to work on his letter to his girl, but, at last, one evening he found a few minutes before he fell on his cot to go to sleep.

"Innocence," he began. "What do they mean, innocence? Do you think I'm innocent? What's innocent about helping a guy with a bum leg?" And he cleaned out a sardine can with sand, wrapped the silver cross the Tuareg had given him in rags and packed it into the can, ready to send his girl as soon as a truck went up to Touggourt. He was seeing the world.

THE END

## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Gaylord, who owned property on a creek bank, wanted to buy an adjoining tidewater marsh from the state. Seth, who lived across the creek, rushed into court to stop the deal. Seth produced deeds by which his ancestors had bought the entire creek bed from the Indians in 1676.

"Those creek deeds don't hold water," Gaylord argued. "This creek has belonged to the state since the state and nation were founded. The law is clear on that."

"If so, the state must have stolen the creek from my family," Seth retorted, "because the Indians sold it to them before the state or United States existed."

If you were the judge, would you recognize Seth's claim?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Seth lost. The court explained that the Indians lacked the right to sell their property. "Whatever we may think at this late date of the moral quality of the principle," the court said, "it has long been established that the Indians . . . were mere temporary occupants of the soil." Legal rights to the land belonged to the European nations which discovered them, it added, and the states and nation later took over these rights.

*Based upon a 1957 New Jersey decision.*

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# On the art of using money wisely

Suppose that from time to time you have a little money left over after you've paid the bills and made provision for emergencies.

Suppose, too, you know there are millions of American families getting extra income regularly from dividends on stock or interest on bonds. And that you would like that kind of second income for yourself.

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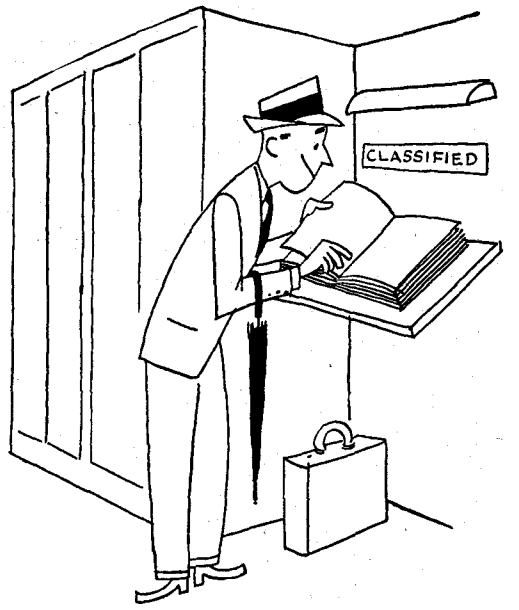
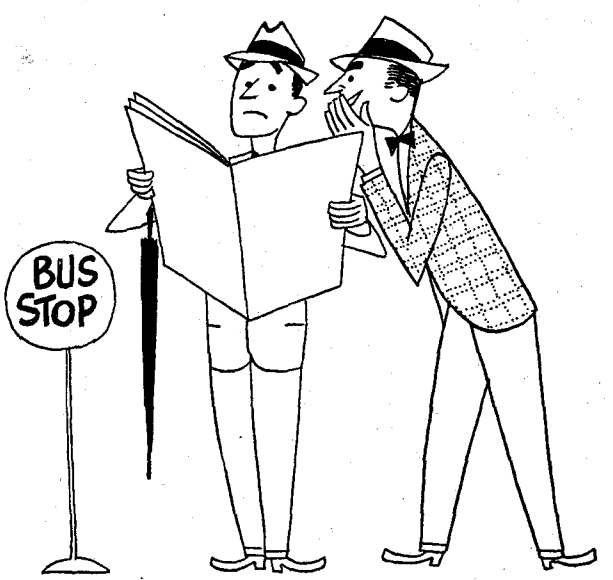



Let's say you're ready to invest. Since not all security firms are Members, you first select a nearby Member Firm. (They're specially listed among stock brokers in your classified telephone directory.) To a Partner or Registered Representative you might say, "I'm no plutocrat, but I'd like to look into stocks and bonds with the idea of getting a second income. Can you help me?" Of course he can.

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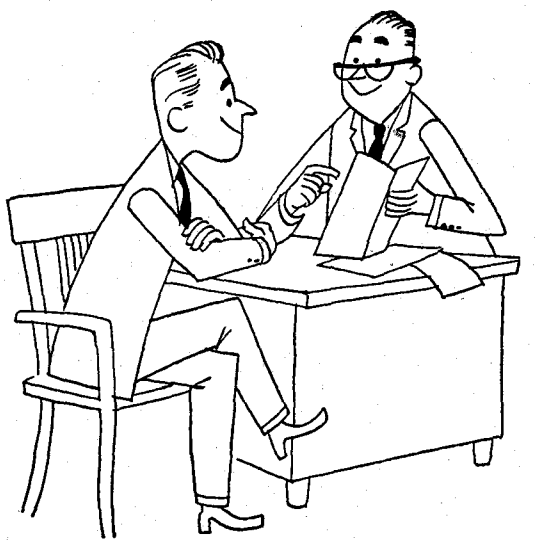

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# Late in Love (Continued from Page 30)

excursion—his first—he had mild attacks of aphasia. It bewildered Walter, but he was neither experienced nor informed about love. His parents had postponed marriage till middle age, and he intended to do the same. Love must wait, and with Walter it had. With Chris it hadn't.

He had begun kissing Janie Strand. The lapse was particularly puzzling to Walter because Chris was, in most ways, an improved copy of himself. The boy had come to him, orphaned at ten, and during these past eleven years Walter had watched him take on the tall, spare look of the true Fletcher. But where the Lord had been whimsical with Walter, furrowing his red hair with cowlicks, He had fashioned Chris with masterly care, and in Walter's pleased opinion the cerebral lamp handsomely contained under his nephew's dark hair frequently delivered a brighter beam than his own.

"We'll rent this house while we're gone," Walter said. "I'll phone Felicia Torrey tomorrow about fixing a rental price."

It was an unfortunate mention. The widowed Mrs. Torrey was his financial counselor, imposed on him by his bank two years ago on threat of litigation if he continued to tap its resources as though they were his own, but she was also Janie Strand's employer. Janie lived with her, working for room and board, and it was through Mrs. Torrey's appeal to Walter concerning tutors that Chris had met the child.

"This thing has me stopped, Walt," Chris said. "What about my ten-year plan? I had that before I met Janie—master's degree in June, doctorate in two years, teach and write for eight years, full professor in ten. But now I don't care. It seems silly. Everything seems silly except Janie."

"Let's not panic," Walter said. "We have two trained minds here, and no problem is too complex for the disciplined intellect." He was fiddling with the coffee-making apparatus which he'd rigged on a small table adjacent to his desk. "Hand me that pitcher of water," he said, "and look around for the brandy. There's another piece of news, by the way. The history department came through with that teaching fellowship for you for this summer."

"That makes it tough," Chris said. "Janie will be here this summer. It's wonderful. It's wonderful, but it scares me. Here's this girl, a nothing to me, nothing, and then one night I look at her, and she's beautiful. With this glow in her eyes, on her face. You could see it, Walt; it was there. And I had it, too; it was all over me. She saw it."

"Plug that thing in," Walter said; "or did I?" He was on his knees, scrabbling around through the marble busts for the brandy. "We'll get away from here in September. Meantime, remember that she can't spell. Spelling is elementary. Think about it, Chris. She can't spell. That should bring this mishmash into perspective."

He came up with the brandy, and in calm faith that no Fletcher could be entranced for long by a girl who spelled "paludal" with three *l*'s, he offered the usual toast.

"To Oldham, bless him." Oldham was the American progenitor of the Fletcher family, and in 1625 he had set their intellectual pace by translating the Bible into phonetic Susquehannock.

"To Janie," Chris said, lifting his glass, but Walter was confident that this whole thing was a miasma which time would dissipate.

It surprised him that Felicia Torrey wanted to make something more of it when he phoned her the next day.

"You'll be leaving in September to be gone for a year?" she said. "What about Janie?"

"Who's Janie?" Walter said. He had just emerged from his two-o'clock class, where he had lectured on Herodotus, and he was still in a Persian mist. "Oh, yes," he said; "Janie. We expect to be through with that business within another month, at most."

There was silence at the other end of the line, surprising to Walter, but he scarcely knew Mrs. Torrey. He seldom saw her; his business with her was done by mail. Through this impersonal exchange she was slowly prying him from the bog of debt into which a few summers spent in Greece and Iran had flung him, but he couldn't recall her face.

"One of us is confused," she said at last. This was a handy phrase she applied when she doubted that his mind was at home. "Janie isn't in business, professor—she's in love. With Chris. I'm sure he's told you."

"Infatuation," Walter said. "A spring seizure."

"No, no. Infatuation is something else altogether. This is love, professor; l-o-v-e, the well-spring of life. Does that make it clearer to you?"

"Not a bit," he said.

Another silence.

"Women have an instinct for it." she said at last. "Perhaps that's why it seems so simple to me, but I can't explain it in a telephone conversation. Why don't you drop in to see me?"

He started for town at once, and he was prepared to deliver a brief lecture when he walked into her office, but she was at work. Seated at her desk, a trim automaton, she was flicking rapid fingers across a computing machine.

"After I'd hung up," she said, "I realized there was no point in burdening your mind with information you'll never use. I tried to reach you again."

"No burden," he said. He was full of his lecture. "Words are the plowshare of the mind which turns the mildewed soil of ignorance, and I am glad to push the plow."

"Of course you are." She smiled at him. She was always amiable, but today he caught a soothing note in her voice, an indulgence in her manner. "Please sit down," she said. "Take the easy chair. My grandfather likes it. I won't be a minute."


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Walter sat down. It was new to him to be classified, loosely or otherwise, with grandfathers, and it was several moments before his amazement wore off and he saw that Mrs. Torrey was, now that he studied her, younger than he'd thought. Younger by several years than he was, and handsomely assembled—handsomely. Furthermore she was pretty, notably pleasing to the eye, with a cap of dark hair pulled back.

"Now, then."

She turned to face him, and Walter said in renewed amazement, "Dark blue? That's an improbable color for the anterior zone of the human eye."

She gave him a fully attentive glance, possibly her first, and said, "Yours are green. I'd never noticed. Attractive. Now, what were we talking about? Oh, yes, love. But why bother, professor? I'll scrimp enough from your budget to buy the wedding ring, and to pay Janie's fare to Iran."

"Now wait a moment," Walter said. "Wait a moment. Let's not fall into the current mistake of applying the word 'love' to emotional excursions embarked upon by chance. At our intellectual level, you and I, and even Chris, know that it can occur only between minds of equal stature, disciplined through extensive education to comprehend the temptation of emotional impulse, and to keep it in its proper—in its proper—in its ——"

A stray sunbeam had forged a path across her desk. She slipped her hands into it, letting her fingers dance. She said, "I don't have an intellectual level. I finished high school and married."

Walter shivered. Sitting here, he could feel the dancing fingers, lightly, pleasantly, stroking the back of his neck. The illusion shocked him to his feet. It swept him to the window. From there he said sternly, "In our family, marriage waits on love, and love waits on learning."

It was Basic Fletcher. Her laughter annoyed him.

"So you crawl out of the cradle into a book, and pull the covers up over your head? Never mind," she said. "Janie will manage Chris, and I'll manage her fare. You can put the whole thing out of your mind. Now, about fixing a rental on your house. Shall I come Thursday night?"

"Any time," he said; "any time."

He escaped to the elevator, where an unnerving quiver took him over and remained in possession until he reached the campus. It warned him that inadequate research had betrayed many an arrogant scholar, and in humble recognition of his ignorance he set aside a half hour to become authoritative on women. He consulted Hiram Barclay. Barclay headed the psychology department.

"And I must say he's informed," Walter said to Chris at the dinner table that night. "We've taken this whole thing much too lightly." He spoke thoughtfully. Now that he was informed, he was apprehensive. Part of a woman's intrinsic equipment was a mystic fang, Barclay had told him, and once she had sunk this fang into her selected prey, he turned in rage on anyone who offered to help him extract it. "I learn to my dismay," Walter continued cautiously, "that the mind goes into retreat at this time, and the only recourse is flight. But I would be sorry—" he paused for emphasis "—I would be sorry to see two trained minds panicked into flight by the chance misapplication of one kiss."

"Don't kid yourself," Chris said. "I kiss her every chance I get." He hadn't eaten. He pushed his plate away. He stood up, and Walter girded himself for irrational fury, but Chris' voice remained calm. "I'll never meet another girl as sweet as Janie. I know that. But you've spent eleven years of your life on me, for my sake, not for yours. You haven't had much, but you've always given me more than half of it, and you've never asked anything from me except that I choose a furrow and plow a straight line."

He plucked his jacket from the back of his chair. He folded it neatly. He laid it across his arm.

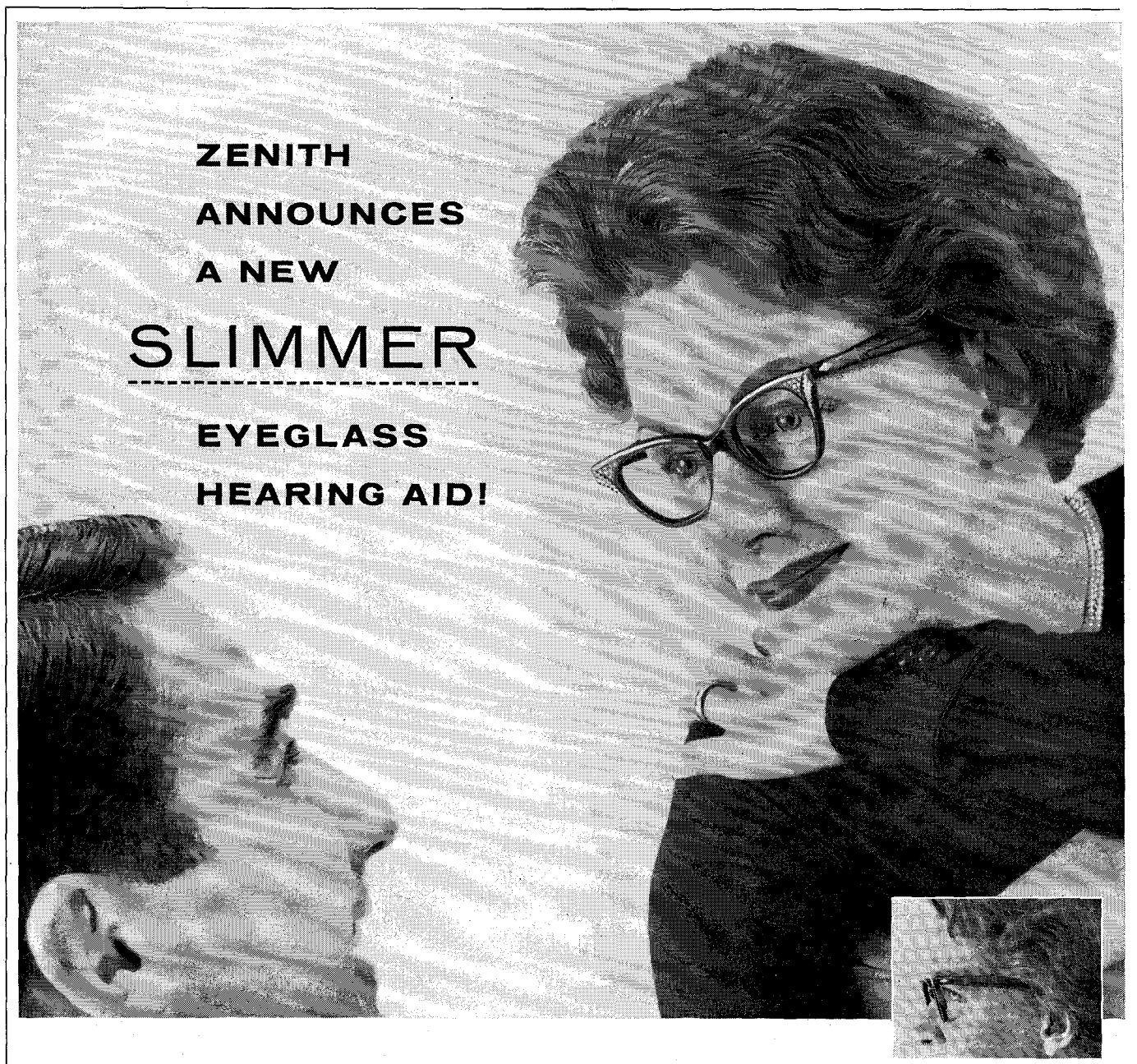
"I've told Janie I won't be seeing her again. I've found another tutor to help her through to finals. So let's take up where we left off, shall we? First we learn and then we love, isn't that the motto?"

"Right," Walter said, and knew his worry had been needless. With Chris, as with him, first things would always be given their pre-eminence.

Chris joined him presently in the living room, where he picked his way to the brown leather chair and sat down with a textbook in the old familiar manner. Thus, Walter at the rosewood desk and Chris nearby set hand to the intellectual plow again and inched it forward into the Persian mist, whose cool curtain fell between Walter and his recollection of Felicia Torrey.

It took him several minutes to recall why she should be waiting on his doorstep when he answered a summons from his bell on Thursday night. But here she was, garbed in a charming yellow something or other which gave her the sculptured look of a daffodil.

"Come in," he said. He sensed no danger. Chris' conquest of chance emotion had fortified them both, and Walter was at ease when he led Felicia into his living room. "We're crowded in here," he admitted. "One of these days I'm going to sort out the scholarly journals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we've been storing upstairs since 1880. Those rooms are big. I'll combine two or three and move this collection up there. A family museum. The family dream."

"Eighteen eighty?" She glanced up at him, then turned her attention to the room. "Dear me," she said. "No wonder you can't balance a checkbook. You learned to add, but no one ever taught you to subtract. Look at these books. How many are there? You don't even know, do you?"

"I know they contain the wisdom of the ages, some of it contributed by my ancestors. Oldham Fletcher, for instance."

She was making her dainty way through the marble busts, pausing at Leonidas to leave her initials on his dusty head.

"Don't you ever feel stifled in here?" she said. "Don't you ever think to yourself, 'I'd rather curl up with a plump little wife'?"

"If I marry a plump little wife"—Walter was outraged—"she'll reduce or I'll divorce her."

"There," she said. "You see? There's life left in you. You should exploit it. This isn't living, staying shut up in this cocoon." Her voice had taken on its indulgent, encouraging note again. "Think back. Can't you remember how you used to feel when you wanted a little girl to play with? Just because some moldy ancestor told you to keep still and read your book doesn't mean you have to go on —— What's this?"

She had arrived at the rug, and Walter accepted reprieve with a quick plunge into his lecture on the origin of rugs, with quotations from Plautus and Arrian, but she didn't listen. She wanted to see the rug, as much of it as he could lay open for her in the limited space. She stood for several moments, speechless, gazing at it.

"You have this matchless beauty," she said at last, "this warmth, this color, and you leave it rolled up here, pushed to one side." She gave him a searching glance. "How long has it lain here? Since 1880?"

Walter explained somewhat stiffly about the Shah, but he continued in humility, "When the day comes that I equal Oldham Fletcher's contribution to man's intellectual advancement, I'll be glad to exhibit my own small ——"

"Where is it?"

"Where is what?"

"His contribution. Where do you keep it?"

Walter had never seen it. It was here somewhere. It was a cherished family possession.

"Up there." He waved his hand toward the shelves. His anger was stirring. "Do you read Susquehannock?"

"Do you? Let me see it." There was a gleam in her eye, a challenging gleam. It turned Walter defensively toward the makeshift ladder he'd rigged to allow him to reach the highest shelves. But Felicia whisked past him. "Let me. I'm spry. You might fall."

She was two steps up when he clapped his hands to her waist and snatched her to the floor. A witless gesture. Adolescent anger; what else? But his hands clung. They clung in obstinate delight to this warm, this pliant, this fragrant computing machine.

She freed herself. She backed away and said, "You're younger than I'd thought. Livelier." She was panting a little. She gave him a wary glance. "Or is this academic freedom?" Whatever it was, she had had enough. She threaded her way quickly to the door. "If you decide to make this museum habitable for the living," she said, "give me a ring. I'll send a real-estate man to list it. Good night."

She closed the door while Walter remained where he was, spellbound by his hands, which were still pulsing with satisfaction, sending waves of chance emotion through him. He stared at them, and he thought, *Barclay didn't tell me women could throw that fang like a dart.* But toward morning the pulsing began to subside, and Walter thought he might get in an hour or two of sleep. Man's will, he remembered, was man's salvation, and he recalled Chris' calm renunciation: "First we learn and then we love."

It was Basic Fletcher; it steadied him. He gave his morning lectures with his usual competence, and by three in the afternoon, at the end of his conference hours, he was fully recovered from his brief derangement. When Janie Strand came into his office with a small rug, rolled and neatly tied, under her arm, he assumed she had come for course guidance, nothing more.

"Sit down," Walter said at once. He had never denied that she was pretty and appealing. She was tall enough for Chris, blond and blue-eyed, which was also to his taste. "How can I help you?"

She laid the rug on the proffered chair. "It's for Chris," she said, "to say good-by."

Chris hadn't mentioned an exchange of gifts. Walter was dismayed. "To remember you by?" he said.

"No," she said at once. "Not to remember me, but to remember love." The word was magic. It gave her a singular radiance. "He says learning must come first, but love isn't a book you can lay aside till you have time for it. Love is happiness seeking welcome in a heart." She drew a tremulous breath. "A rug must have a home too. And like love, the right one will wear forever. Will you tell him these things for me, please? This is what I want him to remember. Not me. He will forget me, but I want him to remember love."

Walter was touched, really touched. After she had gone he sat gazing at the rug. He lifted the small roll to his desk, nipped the strings, laid the gift open, and would have stroked it with sorrowful fingers except that he recognized it. It was a Persian, and he had coveted it himself in the shop of Ag Karaim, a carpet mender of Iranian extraction whom Walter consulted when he wanted corroboration of Persian legend or folklore.

The rug was worth more than Walter could afford, so how could Janie buy it? The answer came to him at once; subsidy by Felicia Torrey. He recalled her confident promise that Janie would manage Chris. Clapping his hat to his head, he thrust the small Persian under his arm and started for Ag's shop with no doubt that Felicia was craftily aware of the legendary persuasion Cleopatra had exerted with a rug.

"Collusion," he said in stern reproof to Ag when he entered the carpet mender's dark little shop.

Ag had inherited the place from his father, who in turn had inherited it from his father, who had transported it in his memory from Isfahan, re-creating it here so faithfully that Walter walked from American sunshine into Persian murk when he stepped inside. Ag was at work, hunched on a bench in front of his loom, but he hopped down and swept aside the woven material which curtained his living quarters from the shop.

"My good friend," he said with his usual cordiality. "I will make you a cup of tea." He was back with it in a few minutes. "But, no," he continued, sitting cross-legged on the floor beside Walter, "in such transactions as this, money can have no importance. She asked me what she could give your nephew of the Persia he admires. She paid what she could. I gave her the rug. This is a woman in love, professor." He lifted his shoulders. "I would be afraid to refuse what she asked."

"Afraid?" Walter said. "Nonsense."

"This is not a matter which I understand too well myself," Ag said hesitantly. "In love, women give the instruction. They have instinct, and this is what frightens a man. He is handicapped by a brain. The brain can think, the heart cannot, and yet I say to you, in this matter of love, professor, the heart knows and the

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

### A Gobbler's Lament for Gobblers

My heart goes out to
turkeys
As holidays draw nigh—
They're fattened for the
banquets
That I am fattened by.

**Tom Congdon**

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head is empty." He had begun to sweat. He wiped his face. "It is a paradox. Without a brain, what can man learn, but without a heart how can he live? One is forced to admit he can live without learning, but he cannot learn without living."

"There's a flaw in that somewhere," Walter said.

"It is all flaw." Ag poured another cup of tea. "And there's more of it. With a woman, this instinct tells her which man is the one; but with man, having only his brain, he must choose without knowing. This is the bitter truth," Ag said. "You have asked me. I have told you."

"Calm yourself," Walter said, alarmed by Ag's manner. "This thing has no special interest for me."

"You are not in love," Ag said. "I am. I am forty, professor. This is not the first time, but should it be the last time? This I ask myself." Suddenly he was on his feet, flinging his hands this way and that, indicating this room, this shop. "This place will not do, she tells me. In this country it will not do. She should ask me only, 'Will you feed me well and keep me warm?' as my mother asked; as my grandmother asked. They lived here. They were contented. But Minnie, Minnie, no; and yet she tells me I am this one. For her I am this one, and if this is true, professor, I am afraid, I am afraid to let her go."

Walter's good sense told him it was preposterous for this little man whose health was excellent and whose business was profitable to stand here, wringing his hands with anguish, and yet Walter was gripped again by the compassionate tenderness Janie's speech had wakened in him. And even after he had left the shop his sorrow for the sufferer continued. It was in his voice when he presented Janie's rug to Chris that night.

Chris said nothing. He didn't untie the rug. He held it in his hands, but after a first glance he laid it neatly atop the rolled Kashan and walked to the nearest window, where he stood staring out at the April dusk. And again this alien emotion sloshed through Walter, but this time his fingers began to pulse, slyly reminding him of the silken warmth of Felicia Torrey.

"Is this thing cumulative?" he said in fright, but Chris held his silence, leaving it to Walter to determine for himself whether this was a new menace; and by morning he knew it was. By morning he knew that Barclay was right; flight was the safest armor. "How would you like to leave for Iran in June?" he said to Chris at breakfast. "It occurs to me the Abbas belongs in a museum, and since it came to me in reward for scholarly application no one could object to our earning money from it to extend our educational opportunity."

"It makes no difference to me," Chris said.

"That stuff we've been storing upstairs, we can push it off on the libraries." Walter paused. Irreverence was new with him, but he pressed on. "We'll hire a house-cleaning crew to swamp out this boar's nest." Another pause, but he added doggedly, "And get Ag out here to estimate what price to ask for the Shah Abbas."

"Throw in the little one," Chris said curtly. "Why not?"

Walter winced, recalling Janie's eloquent plea; but, reminding himself that fruitful accomplishment required constant sacrifice, he set his plans in motion and bore the pain each day of having layers of clutter peeled from his cocoon. The living room emerged, spacious and elegant with the Kashan on the floor, but it was totally strange to him. He was wondering about it when Ag arrived to estimate the worth of his antique rug.

"I have brought Minnie," Ag said.

She was a surprise to Walter. He had expected a conniving wench with expensive ambitions. Minnie was a plump little woman almost Ag's age. Her hands were red from menial labor, and she kept them docilely folded while Ag led her into the living room, where he spent several moments in reverent contemplation of the Shah Abbas before he delivered a lecture detailing where the rug had been woven, what its designs symbolized, how many years had gone into its weaving, and how its dyes had been derived.

"Now you understand," he said at last. "My grandfather was a carpet mender. So am I. He made his home like the home where this was woven, and what was good enough for him is good enough for me."

Minnie answered him calmly. "A man should dig his own rut. Your grandpa dug his, but his ain't right for you because you're smarter."

Ag appealed to Walter. "I am smarter than my grandfather. She's the only one who knows this thing."

"I wouldn't know it myself," Minnie said, "if I wasn't in love with you." There was lint on his sleeve. She brushed it off. "Look at him," she said to Walter in gentle exultation. "Was his grandpa friends with a college professor?"

She turned her glance in rapt delight on the swarthy little man, setting him apart, giving him stature. At the same time the room began to fill with radiance, and Walter stood transfixed for seconds before he realized that this simple little woman was refuting Basic Fletcher. The rut of family precept had kept Walter at his books, absorbing the wisdom of the ages, which would prepare him to

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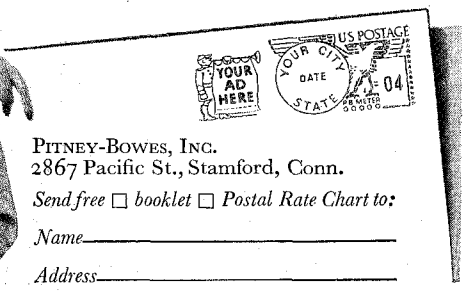


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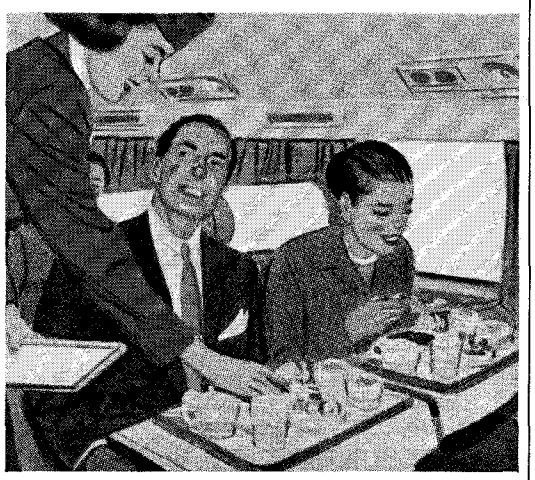

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appreciate the many facets of the total gem, called life. Including love, which was, of course, one facet.

But here stood Minnie, proclaiming herself a superior authority concerning love. Love, she was saying, was infinitely more than a facet; it was the mystic light which gave the gem its lustrous worth.

Walter's trained mind drew off in a corner to wrestle privately with this startling proclamation while Ag, with an uneasy glance at Minnie, took out a pencil and pad and worked out his estimates of the Shah Abbas. At the door, however, as he and Minnie were leaving, he waved her toward the porch and turned to Walter.

"You see?" he said. "What can I do?"

Walter retreated hastily into a quotation from Ag himself. "This woman is in love. I'd be afraid to let her go."

"Thank you," Ag said with his usual dignity. "Perhaps if I had had your education I could have arrived at this wisdom without your help."

"But if this is true wisdom," Walter said to Chris when he returned home presently, "it places instinct above intelligence, which would make Janie not only your equal, and therefore an acceptable mate, but your superior, and therefore a real prize."

Chris had settled himself as usual in the brown leather chair. He rose at once and walked to the nearest window. "Drop it, will you, Walt?"

"No," Walter said, "because what is true for you is certainly true for me, and in forcing you to relinquish Janie and to return to the Fletcher rut I am also forcing myself to remain there. A most amazing thing, this woman, this simple little woman, I believe she has instructed my knowledge with her wisdom."

"If you're suggesting that Janie and I get together again," Chris said, "it will be for keeps this time. You understand that?"

"You can start housekeeping with her rug," Walter said absently. "Go along, please. I am trying to compose a note to Felicia."

Half an hour later, sweating, he had a heap of discarded notes, none simple, each ardent. He was pacing the Kashan, deploring his inexperience, when his doorbell rang and Felicia Torrey was here.

He couldn't believe it. Tonight she was wearing pink, and she'd pinned a rosebud in her hair. Furthermore, she was smiling, as though their exchange of a few nights ago had been too trivial to remain in her memory.

"Thank you for returning Chris to Janie," she said. "Love seems such a simple thing to me I had no idea what a rustle it was putting you two through. Chris says you're planning to sell the rug. To pay for the honeymoon? It isn't necessary. I'll manage. May I see it, now that it's on the floor?"

"Come in," Walter said.

He followed her fragrance to the living-room door, where she spread her palms above the rug as though its jewellike colors offered warmth.

"You can't sell this," she said, pleading with him. "It has a soul. Don't you feel that?"

Walter felt nothing but explosive emotion. He was sick of rugs. Of course he wasn't going to sell it.

"Look there." He waved his hand toward the upper shelves. "First editions, rare illuminations, an incunabulum, left behind by my moldy ancestors for me to dust. Worth thousands to collectors, and they can have them. There isn't one of them that could help me when I was trying to write you a note to invite you to dinner."

"Why should you invite me to dinner? I take my fee from your check each month."

It enraged him. "I intend to make love to you," he said, "when I learn how."

She gave him a wisp of startled laughter. "Was that what that funny business was all about the other evening?"

"It wasn't funny to me," Walter said. "Can't you help me a little—or don't you want to?"

The possibility hadn't occurred to him. It was chilling, but Felicia looked down at her hands.

"It's been so long since I—my husband died six years ago—my work has meant so much to me ——" She glanced at Walter, and there was radiance in her glance. She said, "You look so young tonight. It's astonishing." After a moment, "Dinner? Why don't you ask me?"

"I am asking you."

"No, you aren't. You must say, 'Will you?'"

"Will you?"

"Of course," she said. "You see? Just keep it simple." THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You should have seen them at Easter-time—all soft and downy and cuddly."

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# I Call on Yul Brynner (Continued from Page 25)

mind if his class asked me a few questions. 'Why not?' I said. So one young man asked, 'Mr. Brynner, can you explain the terrible compulsion which drives you, a man who has already arrived, into attending a university during your spare hours? You're doing eight performances a week and commuting, yet in the few hours which remain to you, you study and seek new goals. What's eating you?' I said, 'Only when I am dead and buried will the time come when I would like to have it said of me, "He has arrived." If you are stupid enough to think you have arrived before that, you are dead already. From then on, there can be only stagnation. You're merely animated meat.'"

He smiled, and his deep voice lifted for a moment. "What drives me is not compulsion," he said. "It's more because of something someone once said of me: 'Yul was born with an extra quart of champagne in his blood.'"

"Who said that?" I asked. "It's got bezazz."

"I think it was a friend of mine, Eddie Lawrence, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

"Of all the people I've ever interviewed," I said, "you seem to have taught yourself the highest degree of self-discipline."

"In the theater and motion pictures, discipline is the ground you walk upon," he said. "If you don't have it, it's like not having legs. And when I say discipline I mean self-discipline. Discipline is imposed upon you until you reach a certain standing in show business; from then on, it is a matter of self-discipline, and a lack of it will destroy you. If you don't have it, you can't live through one working day on a movie set."

I suggested, "Let's go back to the time you hurt your back during the filming of The Brothers Karamazov. What really happened?"

"I had to shoot a scene for The Brothers which demanded that I do some trick riding," he said. "It was a gay scene in which two young officers were competing for the attention of a lady. There was talk of a double, but I felt I could do it myself. It's always better if you do things yourself before a camera."

"Otherwise the public knows it's fakery?" I asked.

"A lot of characterization goes into the way you walk or talk," Brynner said; "even the way you sit a horse. If you do it in character, it's one thing, but if you let some Joe Blow do it for you, it doesn't fit your role. My accident was simple; I didn't fall off my horse. He was at full gallop, and I was leaning over to touch the ground. As I did so, he changed the position of his front feet. There was a jarring jerk, and I felt as if my breath was cut off. When the scene was finished, I got into a car and was driven to my dressing room for a second breakfast before I went on with the rest of the day, but once more I could hardly breathe. X rays were taken and showed two fractured vertebrae. That was on a Friday. That afternoon they made me a brace and told me I'd have to wear it for seven months. I devoted what was left of that afternoon and Saturday and Sunday to adjusting myself to my hurt back and to my brace. On Monday I went before the camera once more.

"My big problem was sleep. None of the painkillers affected me. Because so many nerves are involved with the vertebrae, in such an accident the pain is intense. Mine was so incredible that I called up my doctor and said, 'There must be something else wrong with me, the pain is so unbelievable'; but he only said, 'That's the way it is with your injury.'"

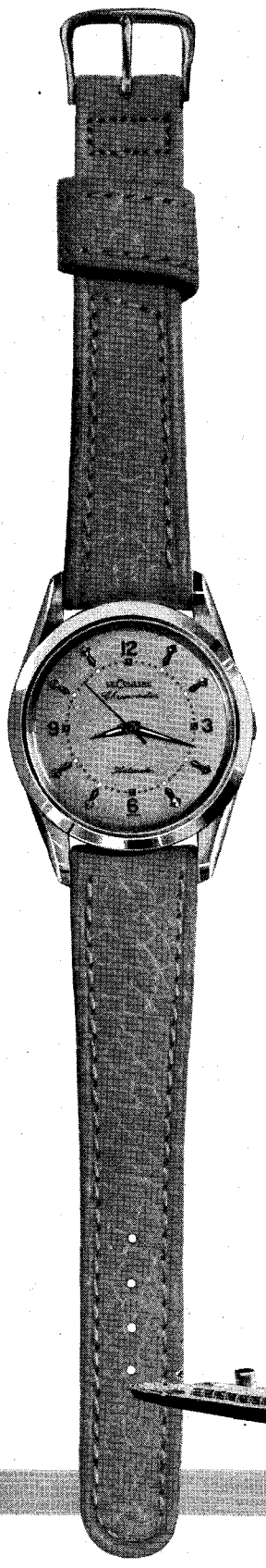
"Yet," I said, "the people at your studio tell me that from that Monday on you gave no sign there was anything wrong with you."

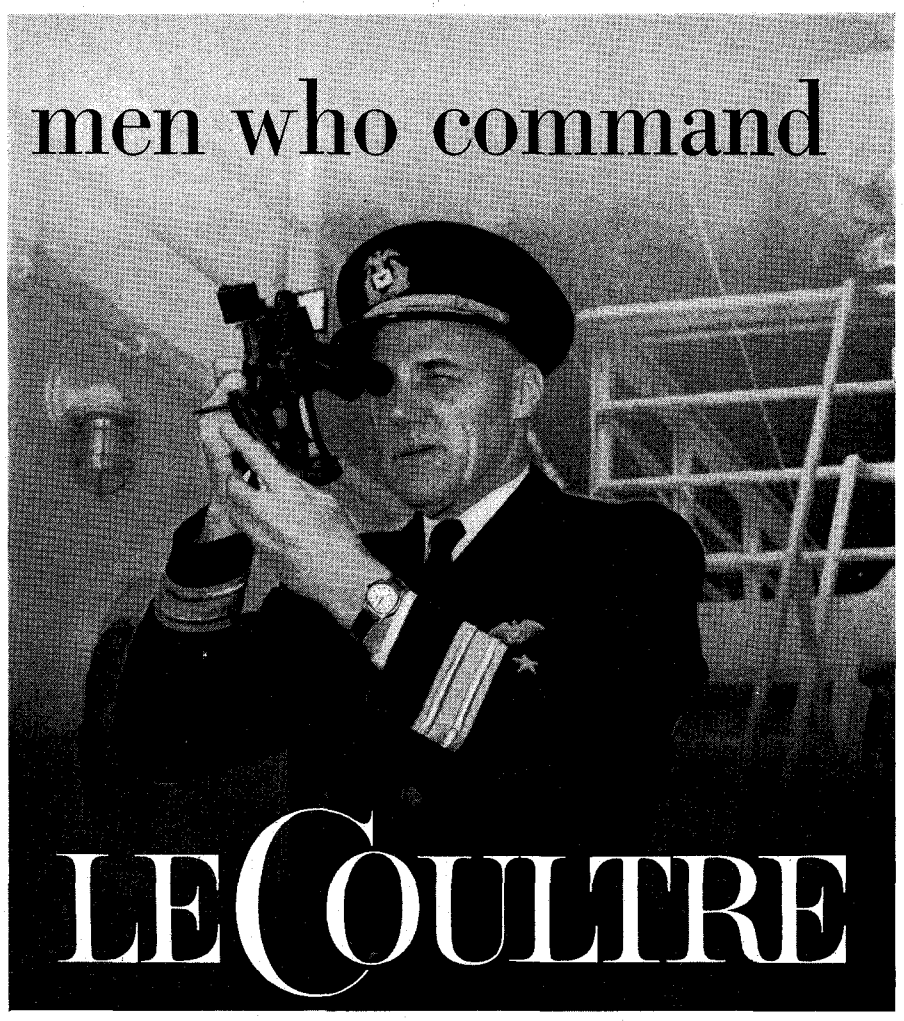
"That was true only in the studio," he said. "You could tell the minute I got outside. The curious thing about the power of self-discipline is the strength it gives the imagination. An actor's self-discipline controls his imagination so that it will create an illusion. That's our business. If we know it well, we are lucky enough to be paid quite a lot of money. For eleven weeks of nightmarish torture I never slept more than thirty minutes at one time. Yet there were other moments of great relief when I had no pain. Those were the moments when I was acting a scene in the film. If you are portraying a character with your whole being, and that character is not in pain, there's no room for pain in your characterization."

I looked at his skull. Even the five-o'clock shadow on his dome was individual. Not everybody has one. "I like your hair shaved," I said. "It has become part of your personality."

"I'm glad you like it this way," he said. "I like it too. I don't have to comb it or bother with it, but the truth is, I don't care a hoot what I look like. I'm not a dame, so I can't say what makes a man interesting physically, but what makes him interesting to me is how he lives, how he dies, what he contributes while he's alive. He is not attractive because he has a


For the men who command





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certain nose or a certain kind of hair. Those things are only props."

I told him, "When a friend of mine heard I was going to talk to you, he said, 'Tell Yul this for me: He's the luckiest man I know. He's never going to have to worry about going bald.'"

"Your friend is wise," Brynner said. "But tell him I wouldn't have worried anyway."

"When was the last time you had a vacation?" I asked. "Is it true that you never take one?"

"I don't know what a vacation means," he admitted, "and frankly, I don't know why anyone wants one. What is a vacation anyhow except wasted days?"

That seemed to wrap up vacations, and I could think of nothing more to say on that subject—although personally I kept on liking them. So I went back to hair. "Do you always shave your own head or do you sometimes have it done for you?" I asked.

"I don't see that that has any bearing on whether I'm a good or bad actor," he told me. "I'm bored with talking about my hair. I shaved my hair for my part in The King and I. It has been that way ever since. Period."

"Did the Siamese kings back in those days shave their heads?" I asked.

"The king I portrayed," he said, "spent seventeen years in a monastery because that was the only way he could find time to study. In the monastery he adopted the haircut used by the priests and monks in Siam. He must have found it extremely comfortable and decided that never would he bother with hair again. I know I did." He looked at me a moment. "Your hair is straggling down over your own forehead," he said. "It must distract you."

Pushing it back hastily, I said, "I understand that you believe if a man can't portray a part without make-up or other camouflage, he's not much of an actor. Could you have convinced the audience that you were the king without a costume or a shaved head?"

"That's right," he said. "You need no make-up or scenery or costumes to create an illusion. No matter how tall you are you can look five feet two, or ten feet tall. Take the producer Jerry Wald, for whom I'm doing a picture this fall, The Sound and the Fury, based on a novel by William Faulkner. One evening I walked into a night club. Wald came up to me and said, 'It's unbelievable. I just saw you on the stage. I thought you were ten feet tall.' He was with Norman Krasna, who had seen me in the New York opening of The King, and Krasna said, 'I thought you were only five feet tall.'

"'You are both right,' I said. When we first opened on Broadway, I played the king as a short Oriental man. Then, after three months, I felt it psychologically better to play him as a giant."

Although he mentioned working in The Sound and the Fury, his next film (it will be released early next year, following The Buccaneer) will be The Journey. Once more, as in The King and I, Brynner will not only star with Deborah Kerr, but will appear minus hair. (In both The Buccaneer and The Sound and the Fury, his noggin will be draped in a wig.) Releases from the studio praisery department convey this flammable description of the Kerr-Brynner relations: "Their conflict is fought on every level from the searchingly intellectual to the animal magnetism of naked desire."

Changing topics, I asked, "How much sleep do you average a night?"

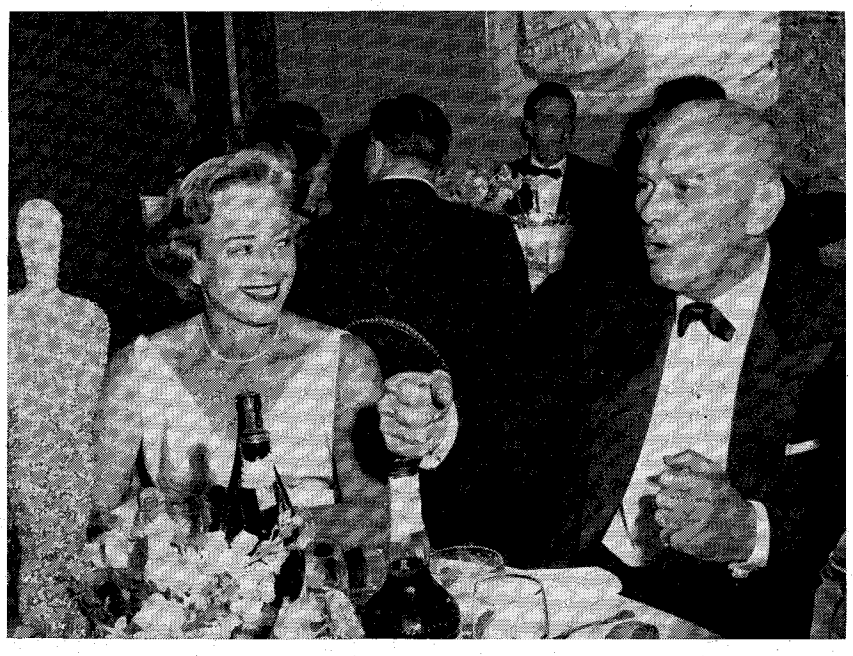
"Five hours at a maximum," he said. "Sleep is a habit, I've had the habit of little sleep since I was thirteen. This habit lets me do a lot of things other people have no time for. Three extra hours a day for work, and in twenty years of professional life it adds up to a tremendous number of additional things you can do. A case in point is the drama class I conducted for the thirty-five youngsters who were on the road with me in The King and I. I agreed to hold the classes because I felt I could profit by them myself. After being in a profession for a long time, it's useful to ask yourself, 'What do I really know about what I'm doing and how well do I know it?"

"I've never asked myself that," I said. "It would depress me to ask myself such questions."

"I doubt it," he said. "If you had to do it for a group of young, bright people whose talents lie in your direction, you'd enjoy sharing what you have."

I decided to skip it. I said, "While we were talking about that riding scene for The Brothers Karamazov, you mentioned eating two breakfasts. I hear you like steaks and chops for breakfast, even beef stew, but your body is so lean and hard from their casting director, John Ferarnly. Actually, I was fed up with acting. I was afraid I'd have to play a lover, and to me that was a horrible idea. I had played a few lovers in my time, and to me they are monsters. Writers must despise such characters or they wouldn't write them so abominably. Young male lovers are creeps, even venomous toads. I refer to characters who are publicly unhappy and are even destroyed when their love is unreciprocated. I can understand begging a woman to love you, but to be miserable if she doesn't I do not understand. It's not only unmanly, it's ridiculous. If you base your life on whether a woman is going to love you or not, you are better off dead.

"There was a kind of plot to persuade me to change my mind," he went on. "Mary Martin and my wife were both in on it, and also an agent, William Liebling. He has such love and respect for the theater that to him the thought that someone would turn down a leading part on



1956: Yul Brynner won an Oscar for his performance in The King and I. Here he celebrates with his wife, actress Virginia Gilmore. They were married in 1943.

you must have supermetabolism. If I ate what you tuck away every day, I'd blow up like a balloon."

"Not if you lived on my schedule," he said. "I have a friend in New York, a cop who works in Spanish Harlem. We became friends because I worked in a juvenile-delinquent rehabilitation center. He did too. He's my age, but he has a tendency to fat. I called him Fatso to humiliate him into losing weight, but nothing happened until he had a vacation while I was living in Connecticut and commuting to New York to work in The King and I. I invited my cop pal to stay with me, and he said, "I'll do it on one condition. If I can keep the same schedule you keep. I'll get up when you get up. If you water-ski, I'll water-ski. If you go fishing, I'll go fishing. When you go to the theater, I'll go to the theater. The only thing I won't be able to do is go on stage with you.' At the end of his vacation, he'd lost twenty-two pounds, although he ate more than ever."

"Speaking of The King," I said, "Rodgers and Hammerstein had a difficult time signing you for The King and I. Why?"

"I was making such an amazing amount of money as a television director," he said, "that I didn't need to take on an acting job. So for three and a half months I wouldn't answer telephone calls Broadway because of a television involvement was sacrilege. When I demurred, he said, 'You couldn't have heard me, fellow. I'm talking about the legitimate *theater*.' The deep conviction of this dear friend had a lot to do with my canceling a TV rehearsal and calling on Rodgers and Hammerstein, who said, 'All we have on paper is a first act. Would you mind reading it and telling us if you're interested?' I read it, and the character of the king carried me away. He was irresistible. There was nothing mawkish about *his* love life."

"You said Mary Martin had a part in the plot to cast you as the king," I reminded him.

"There might not have been any plot at all if it hadn't been for her," he said. "I had played an Oriental princeling with her in my Broadway debut in a thing called Lute Song. I played almost one hundred and fifty performances in it on Broadway in 1946. After that I toured the United States in it for a year." (Brynner didn't tell me this, but he received a Donaldson Award for the best debut performance of 1945–46.) "Once I had that year over and done with," he went on, "I served a thirty-month stretch in Europe, in Dark Eyes, a musical, following which I atoned for any entertainment sins I might have committed by singing and playing a guitar in a Paris night club. Somewhere in this mélange of experiences was Mary's reason for saying to Rodgers and Hammerstein, 'No one can play this part but Yul. Kidnap him if you have to, but get him.'

"I signed a contract for seven months, but I kept my job at C.B.S., directing dramatic television. I took a leave of absence from C.B.S. while we tried out The King in New Haven and Boston, but once we opened on Broadway I spent my daytimes at my C.B.S. desk. Since then I've always referred to acting as 'my part-time job that got out of hand.'"

"I'll say it got out of hand," I said. Brynner had played that role for more than four years. When I mentioned this, he said, "Having played the king for 1246 Broadway performances and toured the country in the same role for fifty-two weeks, I was the logical choice to play the Siamese monarch in Twentieth Century-Fox's production of the play, but despite this damning qualification—usually it is so much of a handicap it is impossible to overcome it—I was selected for the part."

"Before we go on," I said, "tell me about Cecil B. DeMille coming backstage during the run of The King and persuading you to play Rameses in his Ten Commandments."

"I had a rule not to allow anyone in the audience to visit me backstage during intermission," he explained. "I was spending hours creating an illusion of a character, and everything I worked for would be destroyed for anyone who came backstage to see me in the middle of the performance. I couldn't talk to a visitor in the character of the king because Rodgers and Hammerstein had written no dressing-room dialogue for me to use on visitors. However, one evening when the curtain came down after the first act, someone said, 'A man who claims to be Cecil B. DeMille wants to see you.' I couldn't refuse to see a man of his stature—a man who has created far more illusion than I've ever dreamed of. So I said, 'If his illusion about me as the king is destroyed, that's his problem. Show him in.' When he was ushered in, he said, 'How would you like to play in a picture your grandchildren will be able to see?' I said, 'I'd like it very much.'"

"That," I commented, "was a pretty dramatic approach."

"It was arresting," Brynner admitted. "He told me about Rameses, and in a few minutes he gave me such highlights of Rameses' character and such glimpses of the immensity and richness of the material that before he left I accepted the part and we shook hands. From then on, it didn't matter what the business people did about the contract."

He pointed to a spot on the wall behind me. When I turned, he said, "You see that piece of wrinkled paper. It's the contract which has covered my work in the newest DeMille film, The Buccaneer. I finished shooting the picture yesterday, and tomorrow I'm supposed to sign a two-hundred-fifty-page contract to agree to work in it. Those two hundred fifty pages won't be as binding as that piece of paper, because they will have loopholes in them."

I said, "You mean you've already finished The Buccaneer, yet you haven't signed a contract to work in it? I didn't know movies were made that way." I looked at the paper on the wall again. "It is only five lines," I said.

"It's just a little scratchy writing done in pencil," he agreed, "but it symbolizes something I believe in passionately. I don't like to deal with people who are not honorable. I love dealing with men like Mr. DeMille or Mr. Y. Frank Freeman, who heads the (*Continued on Page 84*)

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(*Continued from Page 82*) Paramount studio. A memo of terms in their handwriting is as binding as any contract the legal eagles can write."

"This will be a violent backward jump in our conversation," I said, "but I'm interested in your career as a television director. No one has written much about it."

"It began in the winter of 1942–43, when C.B.S.-TV was on the air only twice a week," he said; "Tuesday and Friday afternoons from two to four. We had only one television studio. That one was way up under the roof on top of Grand Central Station. I got into TV first as a performer, but I soon became a TV director because the possibility of telling a story with pictures had great appeal to me. In those days the pay was extraordinarily low. For performing in TV and directing, too, I was paid twenty-five dollars a week. It was the usual approach to an experimental job, when nobody was out to make any money. C.B.S. was hoping to make it in the future, but there were no profits in sight then, since there were no sponsors and no commercials. Our only interruptions were station breaks."

I said, "I've been told that you telecast the first walkout the Russians staged at the United Nations several months before the beginning of the Korean war."

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He told me, "I had just been demoted from my job as a TV dramatic director. I've been demoted or fired more times than anyone you've known. I've always rated high in insubordination. I can't take orders from people I don't respect. Even if I respect them they have to be right when they give me an order or I do it my way. I took over at Lake Success as a news-telecasting director just when the Russians walked out of the United Nations session. It was a tremendously dramatic moment, and, still being a dramatic director at heart, I instinctively reported what was happening the way I thought it should be reported. I showed a speaker on the TV screen; I showed the reaction from the United States delegation, the Great Britain delegation; then I showed the Russians' empty chairs. Those who saw it tell me it was unforgettable; however, I was reprimanded."

"Why?" I asked.

"Editorial comment was forbidden," Brynner said.

"But," I objected, "you hadn't said a word."

"My use of the camera was considered editorial comment," he said. "I disagreed with that. I still do. I was only reporting the fact which dominated those sessions, a fact you could have read in any newspaper."

I remembered something else. I said, "I've heard that there were times when you were so broke your only meals were rice or potatoes."

"I have been broke a few times," he admitted, "but those times happened because I was beginning to work on something which was very important to me and I didn't want to steal hours away from it to earn money."

I inquired, "Was one of those periods the interlude when you and your wife, Virginia Gilmore, did a Mr.-and-Mrs. act on television?"

"That was no starvation period," he said. "That was hilarious. About 1948, in the early days of television, we did a half-hour show for thirteen weeks. It was a late-afternoon Mr.-and-Mrs. show, and Virginia and I were the producers, writers, directors and performers, although we occasionally had guests if we could hoodwink some unsuspecting celebrity. We paid our guests' taxi fare. The budget didn't allow more than that. But we got some startling offbeat effects. The idea was that when we went on the air, we'd chat with our guests for ten or twelve minutes; then the floor manager would snap his fingers and yell, 'You're on!' Virginia would turn to me and say with a surprised air, 'We're on,' and I'd say, round-eyed, 'We are, are we?'; then, theoretically, we were on the air for the first time, although we had already started our conversations with our guests.

"Once we staged a meeting between Salvador Dali and Al Capp. The conversation was so censorable I'm amazed we were allowed to stay on the air, but in the end they did something very charming. They both did a drawing on the same sheet of paper. It was during Al's Shmoo period, and he did a drawing of a Shmoo. While he was drawing it, Dali drew a window in its stomach, showing a desert horizon and skeletons in the distance throwing long shadows. It's lovely. I don't hang it at home because my house is so small, but every now and then I hang it in my office."

Happy at getting a few personal details, I said, "So your wife was an actress before you met her?"

"She had made over thirty pictures," he told me. "She was also well established on Broadway, having appeared in Those Endearing Young Charms and in the original production of Dear Ruth, both of which were hits. In those days I was sometimes known as Mr. Gilmore, but it didn't bother me. I'm only vain about both of us, not one of us."

"Why are you allergic to what you call the invasion of your private life by the public?" I asked him.

"That question is faced by everyone in show business," he said. "Each person answers it as he sees best. In my case, people don't know my real self, and they're not about to find out. That is private, and I think that as a human being I am entitled to keep it that way. I believe the public is entitled to information about that part of me which is an entertainer, but not about my wife and child, and not about my childhood. My life in show business has been in my own hands; I am responsible for it, so I'll answer for it; but my childhood was not in my hands, I was not responsible for it, so I usually refuse to discuss it. In spite of this there are ten or twelve weird stories in circulation about my beginnings.

"In one story I was born in Sakhalin, an island lying off the coast of Siberia. In another my father was a Mongolian who chanced to be born in Switzerland, thus qualifying him for Swiss citizenship. There is still another story that my father borrowed the Swiss name Bryner and substituted it for his real name, Taidje Kahn, and that I added another 'n' to it. Some of the stories have it that my name at birth was Taidje Khan, too, although they do not make it clear whether I am supposed to be Taidje Khan, Jr., or my father's name was really something else. Still another story runs that my mother was a Romanian gypsy, and in my eighth year my mother's mother took me with her to live in Europe and not long after our arrival there she died. Why don't you use one of those versions?"

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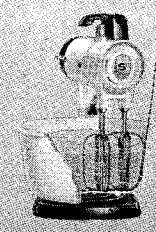

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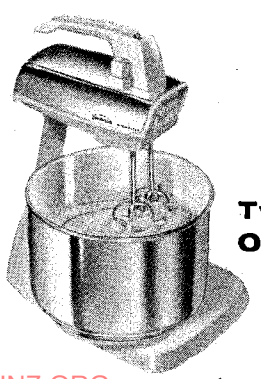

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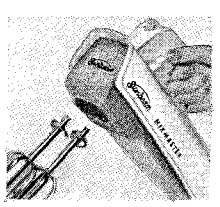

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almost hear a click—he said, "If you took the trouble to trace those stories, you'd find that none of them was really told by me. They came out of conversations someone is supposed to have had with me, but when writers come to me to verify them, I tell each of them, 'Yes, that's true.'"

Once more I asked, "Why?"

"Because, no matter what story I tell them," he said, "writers invent things about me, and once they've invented them they believe them. They tell these tales at a dinner party, and they become part of the Brynner story. I don't want to embarrass anyone, so who am I to take the trouble to deny all this fiction? In fact, I enjoy it."

I reminded him that he had once said: "They may not get the story they came for, but they'll get a story that's not dull."

"That's a misquote," he said. "But it's an amusing misquote."

"At least, tell me a little about the hiatus which exists between your birth and your thirteenth birthday," I asked. "I ought to have some information about when and where you were born."

Letting his nonexistent hair down an inch or two, he said, "There is some confusion as to when I was born, but the correct date is the seventh of July, 1920. The place was the little town of St. Elizabeth or Elizabetsk, near Vladivostok. My mother died in childbirth, and my grandmother looked after me as I grew up. My father, Boris Bryner, was a Swiss citizen. His Swiss passport came in very handy after the Bolshevik Revolution broke out in 1917, for as a Swiss, he was able to retain his considerable private possessions, while all private property belonging to Russians was being confiscated. Among his properties was a little island near Vladivostok with a lucrative silver mine on it. He not only had a silver mine, he had lead mines, and he and his brothers ran an import-export business. But in the nineteen thirties, he had to skedaddle. I don't know much about that, because for years after I was sent to school in France when I was eleven I had very little contact with him. I made the voyage from Yokohama to Marseilles alone, in charge of the ship's doctor. It was a fantastically wonderful trip for a little boy."

"Were you being sent to France to live with relatives?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I was sent to boarding school, but I stayed only until I learned to speak French. After that, when I was not quite thirteen, I quit school and went on my own. I started by playing a guitar in a Parisian café. I had a superb guitar, and I decided I wanted to make my own living, independent of any family influence or any benefactors of any kind."

"Did you inherit the guitar?" I asked.

"I had it all my life," he said. "I had played it as long as I can remember. It was a seven-stringed gypsy affair, which is tuned differently from a regular guitar. I went into a café, sat in a corner and strummed a few chords, just noodling. Then I started to sing. People gathered around, chatting. Gradually they quieted and listened. A fellow who was just leaving threw a five-franc note inside my guitar. The next thing I knew, everybody was stuffing money into my guitar. Encouraged, I joined a bunch of gypsies who were singing in a night club next door. We worked for tips, which were lumped together and divided according to the importance of each performer. After that I worked in a circus and then in a theater. Once seized with stage fever, I worked as an unpaid man-of-all-work with a repertory company managed by Georges and Ludmilla Pitoeff at the Théâtre des Mathurins. It was when the company closed each summer that I took jobs as a lifeguard and a *jai alai* player. If I had a free moment during the three other seasons, I studied philosophy at the Sorbonne."

"You're going much too fast," I said. "I'm not getting enough details. You became a trapeze artist in the circus, didn't you?"

"That's right," he said. "The first time I performed as a trapeze flyer, it was the result of a joke. I hung around and watched the aerialists work, envying them. I was solidly built, and one day one of the trapeze flyers said to me, 'You must be an acrobat yourself. You're built like one.' I was very foolish as well as very young, so when he asked me, 'Would you like to fly?' I said, 'Certainly,' and I climbed up to the pedestal from which you jump off to fly on the trapeze. When I got there, it was so high I almost fainted. But the next thing I knew, I was taking off with a trapeze in my hands. When I heard someone say, 'Awwwypp,' I let go and found myself being held by a catcher. I had one glimpse of his face. He was smiling because, when he dared me, I hadn't backed down.

"I was a member of that troupe of flyers for three years. Then, one day, I fell sideways out of the net, against some parallel bars, fracturing several bones. In addition to smaller fractures, I had two major breaks—one in my shoulder, another one in my left leg. That accident finished my trapeze days, and I decided to become a theatrical director. My inspiration was a group of Moscow Art Theater actors who were touring Europe. The Moscow Art Theater had been created by Stanislavsky, but the man in charge of the touring group was a disciple of Stanislavsky, Michael Chekhov, who had taken up where Stanislavsky had left off and had developed Stanislavsky's experiment into something far more effective. The result was the most extraordinary acting I've ever seen.

"I decided to work with Chekhov after I was through flying, but by that time he'd left the Moscow Art Theater and had gone to England to start a school. I could never seem to get enough money saved up to go to England and study with him. In the meantime, I did many things to make a living. One job was being a prop man, which gave me an opportunity to learn the theater from the ground up.

"My father, who had gone to China after leaving Russia, died in 1949. His fortune, worth millions, is now the property of the Chinese People's Republic. I got to know him after I'd grown up a little. He was a great man, but I had to mature to realize it. In the fall of 1939 I wrote to him from Europe to ask if I could visit him in China. He told me to come ahead, and in December, 1939, I sailed.

"I spent a whole year with him in Peiping. While I was there I corresponded with Michael Chekhov, who by that time had come to the United States. Chekhov arranged for me to come here, and eventually I got my visa. I arrived in New York early in 1941 and became a member of Chekhov's troupe touring the country and making appearances in university towns. Chekhov had invited me to play Fabian in Twelfth Night in his touring company. I was the driver of the bus in which the company traveled and slept.

"Then America entered the war, the troupe broke up, and I found myself back in New York working as a French-language announcer on the Voice of America short-wave broadcasts beamed to Nazi-occupied France. I took that job in the summer of 1942. I stayed with it until D-Day. On September 6, 1943, I was


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married to Virginia Gilmore. We have a son, Yul, Jr. We call him Rocky. He was born on December 23, 1946."

Switching to his more recent career, I said, "I've been told that the night you went to see The Ten Commandments was the first time you'd seen yourself in a motion-picture theater."

"That's true," he said. "But with an audience. I didn't enjoy it, so I didn't stay. I kept thinking I could have done it better. If I make a picture in, say, January and February, it doesn't appear on the screen for many months, and in those months I have learned more about motion pictures; I have new standards. So I am dismayed at the me of nine months ago, and I want desperately to do the job all over again."

He went on, "In the late fall of 1954 I had flown to Egypt for location scenes as Rameses II, then I reported to Hollywood the following spring to complete the shooting. In December, 1955, Fox began to film the screen version of The King and I. While I was watching scenes from The King and I alone in the projection room at Twentieth Century-Fox, I remember talking furiously to myself. I even screamed at myself.

"There's a story that I had to go out and get a drink before I could come back and see the rest of it. It's not true that I had to have a drink to help me take it. I went for a walk around the block to cool off, but I had no other evening in which I could see the picture, so I had to come back and sit through it. For a while I became so angry I had them stop projecting, because, having worked as the king for so many years on the stage, I knew we hadn't come anywhere near living up to the possibilities of the story. It could have been a thousand times better."

I pulled notes from my pocket, studied them, and said, "What about the various hobbies you've taken up that have become more than hobbies?"

He corrected me: "The word hobby implies a man who has time on his hands and, instead of sitting around playing cards or getting drunk, he tries to occupy his mind with something which will have a therapeutic psychological effect on him in this tense, overwrought world we live in. My hobbies have nothing to do with tension. I'm neither overwrought nor do I need therapy. Take photography. I saw fascinating things that could be done with it, so I plunged in. I was lucky enough to remain an amateur photographer for only two days and thirty minutes, just long enough to get from New York to Mexico City and see a bullfight. The day before I left for a vacation in Mexico, I bought a camera, and the day I arrived in Mexico I saw a bullfighter misreading his bull. I knew bullfighting, and I knew you have to read your bull to find out whether he is right-horned or left-horned. This bull was blind in one eye. He wasn't hooking in the direction the bullfighter expected him to hook. He was favoring his horn on his blind side. I could see that the matador was getting into trouble. I focused my camera, took a meter reading, set the exposure and watched the action through the camera.

"In thirty-six shots I covered the steps that led up to the matador's goring. He was hooked in the stomach, swung around and thrown, and I photographed him as he was carried out. Then I went into the infirmary where they laid him down. That night he died. A newspaper representative who saw me taking those pictures offered me two hundred dollars for my film before I developed it."

"That two hundred bucks certainly lifted you out of the amateur class," I said.

"Immediately," he agreed. "It also paid for half of the cost of my equipment and it qualified any expenses I incurred as a tax exemption. What's more, I've sold practically everything I've photographed since then."

I said, "Tell me something else you started as a hobby which turned out to be more than a hobby."

"Water skiing is really another avocation of mine," he said. "As a result of taking it up I am now part owner of a water-skiing inn on a lake. To me," he went on, "water skiing is a marvelously exhilarating sport, not exercise. I have no capacity for exercise."

"I've been told that your stomach is hard and muscular," I said.

"That," he replied, "is a professional deformity with me. I'm an ex-acrobat, and anybody who's been a professional athlete for any length of time gets a stomach like mine. In my case it certainly isn't exercise that keeps it that way, because exercise bores me terribly. I wouldn't walk half a block. I hate it. I know people who do calisthenics in studio gyms and I admire their fortitude. I couldn't stand it."

He glanced down at his wrist watch and said, "I'm sorry, but I have some people waiting in the next office to finish work on my Buccaneer contract. I know that you will forgive me."

As I got up to leave I found myself thinking of Yul Brynner as the most dominating personality I had ever visited—with the possible exception of Groucho Marx, although that comparison, I must confess, seems a little crazy. THE END

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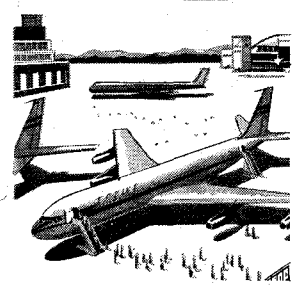

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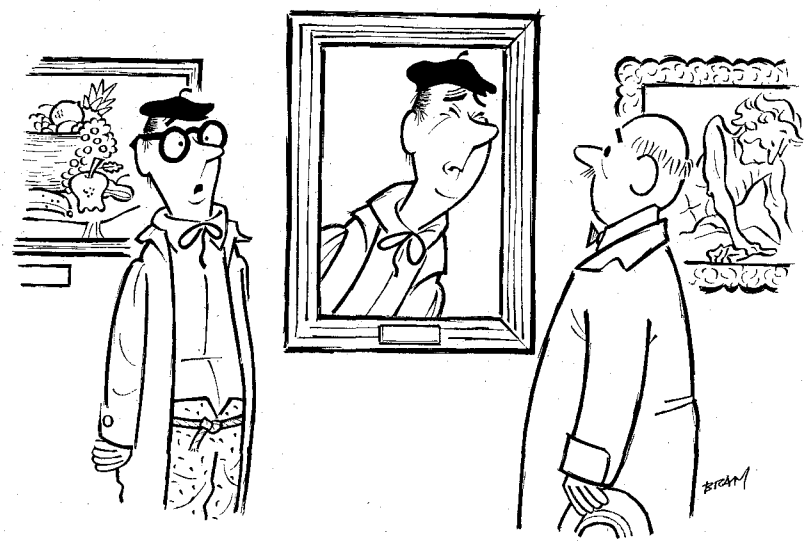

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It was after I did this self-portrait that I found out I needed glasses."

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# Will Your Dollar be Worth Ten Cents?

(Continued from Page 21)

before—the road that leads to a fifty-cent, twenty-five-cent, ten-cent, one-cent dollar?

Such a situation makes no sense, particularly at a time when we are in a great contest to prove that our economy can outperform and outlast that of the Communistic states. If we can't pay our way in these times of uneasy peace and plenty, what are we going to do if confronted with a real war? If our Federal Government continues as it has been doing—borrowing to fill the gap between income and outgo—it simply is passing the cost of today's government to our children to pay tomorrow. The way things are going, they might have to pay that bill with dollars worth, say, only ten cents.

What can we do to get our Government back on a sound financial basis?

The usual answer is that taxes should be raised and Government spending should be cut. But when it comes to taxes, many citizens are convinced that we are near the end of the road. Direct and hidden taxes levied by all levels of government now take about a third of the average person's income. The typical $4500-a-year man spends more of his working day earning his taxes than he does to pay for any major item among the necessities of life, as shown by this breakdown by Tax Foundation, Inc.

| | |
|---|---|
| Taxes | 2 hours, 29 minutes |
| Food | 1 " 39 " |
| Housing | 1 " 25 " |
| Clothing | 37 " |
| Transportation | 42 " |
| Medical | 24 " |
| Recreation | 20 " |
| Other | 24 " |
| Total | 8 hours |

If we are to have wisdom in handling our national finances, we must know just where we stand and must have realistic methods of fiscal planning. One of our chief troubles now is that Congress has increased both expenditures and taxes on a piecemeal basis, with little real consideration of the effects on our whole economy. Yet the long-range need of the country is the continued healthy growth of that economy. If our gross national product increases, the Treasury will automatically obtain larger tax revenues without new taxes or higher rates. Unwise taxes could discourage expansion.

The Federal budget has become an enormously complicated affair, listing thousands of items; it is as big as the New York City telephone book. Few people read it and fewer still can understand it. Little wonder that the budget is out of hand; the old congressional machinery that was adequate to schedule expenditures of a few dollars for snuff for senators and quill pens for the State Department is not designed for control of the many billions required in this day of atomic power and rockets to the moon.

Under that budget, how much are we now spending and for what?

In the present fiscal year that ends June 30, 1959, the Federal Government will spend almost $80,000,000,000. The principal categories, which lump hundreds of items together, are:

| | |
|---|---|
| Major National Security | $46.8 Billion |
| International Affairs and Finance | 1.4 " |
| Veterans' Services & Benefits | 5.2 " |
| Labor and Welfare | 4.3 " |
| Agriculture and Agricultural Resources | 6.4 " |
| National Resources | 1.7 " |
| Commerce and Housing | 3.9 " |
| General Government | 1.7 " |
| Interest on the Debt | 7.6 " |

Defense is the largest item in the budget, but is by no means responsible for the recent big increases in Federal spending. National-security expenditures this year actually are expected to be slightly below their total five years ago (fiscal 1954) when the entire budget was only $68,000,000,000.

On the other hand, *non*defense spending has jumped by a startling $12,500,000,000 since 1954, going from $20,000,000,000 to more than $32,000,000,000. Virtually all nondefense expenditures have expanded. The biggest increase has been in the farm programs, which rose by $3,800,000,000 in the five years, and now amount to almost $6,500,000,000 per year. Federal spending on housing and commerce went up $3,000,000,000; expenditures on labor and welfare went up nearly $2,000,000,000; the amount spent on veterans' services increased $900,000,000, and so on.

These civil expenditures do not necessarily represent pure congressional wastefulness. When Congress increased the Social Security payments—and the taxes to pay for them—congressmen had an eye on the November elections, of course, but that is another way of saying that congressmen calculated that more citizens would like the larger payments than would resent the increased taxes. In five years, Federal spending on agriculture has risen from less than $500 for every farm in the nation to more than $1000 per farm. That is a staggering increase, doubtless based in part on an evaluation of the farm vote, but it also reflects the apparent willingness of city dwellers to stand for such increases. We are a big nation; we have enormous wealth; why shouldn't we live the good life? Let's have guns, and now rockets; but let's have butter too.

And let's have lots of roads. The cost of the Federal highway program, not now included in the budget, jumped from $586,000,000 in fiscal 1954 to an estimated $2,500,000,000 this year. And the last Congress suspended the pay-as-we-go feature of this program, insuring even greater future costs. We all want good roads, but do we really want to pile up more debt to get them so quickly?

The list of increases is unending. We have 2,300,000 civilians on the Federal payroll at a monthly cost of about $1,000,000,000—or rather that was the cost until many of them received a 10 per cent boost in pay, which was made retroactive for six months. Is it absolutely necessary to pay Federal employees an average of $90 a week, while state employees get $67 and the average in private industry is $78? It is this kind of free spending that, in ten years, has increased the cost of Federal payrolls from $162 to $255 per American family per year.

The immediate future holds very little hope of reduction in Federal spending. In fact, Congress this year gave the President more money for the armed services than he had requested—more than he thought could be used efficiently. The spending pressures are even greater for civil projects. In the guise of "anti-recession" programs, new proposals totaling more than $30,000,000,000 in domestic spending were made in the recent Congress. Many extravagant, unwise programs narrowly missed being passed.

It is high time that we take a long, careful look at Federal spending to distinguish what is *essential* from what is *desirable*. If we are to lick the tax-inflation


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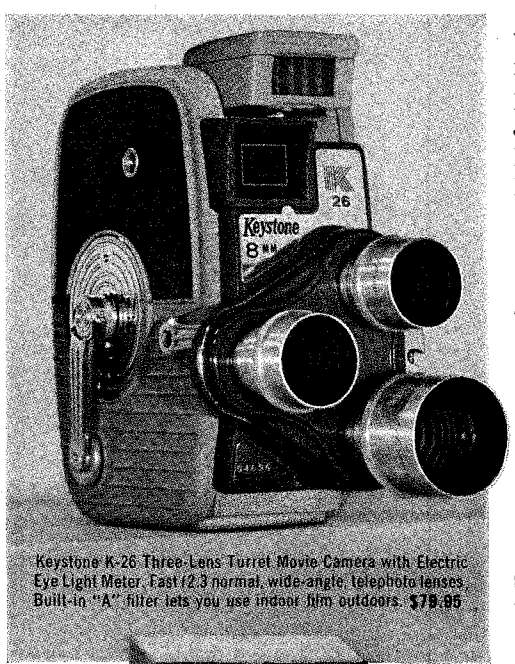


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problem, we must hold Federal appropriations to the essentials.

It is hard to justify a reduction in military spending in these times, but we may be able to hold total national-security costs near the present level of about $46,000,000,000. This will require that money for new programs and weapons shall come from cutbacks in conventional weapons. A sizable sum was saved this way in the present budget. Also, the reports of unnecessary duplications in the missile programs of the three services, each working independently, indicate clearly that we are not getting a dollar's worth of defense for every military dollar we spend. We have all witnessed how hard it is even for the great general who is now President to unify the three services.

But it is primarily in the area of nondefense spending that an economical Congress might make real progress. There is nothing inevitable about the $6,500,000,000 to be spent for agriculture this year, nor the nearly $4,000,000,000 for housing and commerce. The farm price-support program, changed for the better this year, has piled up billions of dollars' worth of unnecessary surpluses at the taxpayers' expense. In fact, as of early October the United States Department of Agriculture was holding some $5,300,000,000 worth of surplus farm products, bought with your tax dollars.

This is just not reasonable. Nor is it reasonable that, as much as we insist on taking good care of those hurt in this nation's defense, more than half of the patients in veterans' hospitals are there for treatment of non-service-connected disabilities. It doesn't seem reasonable that the nearly 100 Federal-aid programs to states should be expanded rather than reduced, particularly when many of these programs cover local activities which can be financed and administered more efficiently by the states themselves.

The President in his budget message for the current year made a series of important recommendations which held hope for lower expenditures. His three main types of proposals called for reduction in some of the Federal-aid programs, largely by the transfer of entire programs to the states; limitations on the extent of Federal loans and loan guarantees; and curtailment of direct spending programs. Acceptance of the President's suggestions would have brought about significant cuts in the cost of Federal Government.

The last Congress largely ignored these proposals, however, and moved in the opposite direction. For example, instead of eliminating a program of Federal aid for local sewer systems—certainly a subject of local rather than national concern—Congress voted to continue it and enlarge it.

A genuinely economy-minded Congress could bring Federal expenditures down to $70,000,000,000 a year. That is probably a minimum budget at this time. Such a total might include $46,000,000,000 for defense, as now; expenditures of about $1,000,000,000 for international affairs and finance; and about $23,000,000,000 for domestic-civilian purposes.

A $70,000,000,000 spending total would require sharp, but not impossible retrenchment. In fact, that sum was the pre-Sputnik target of the Administration. Essentially, such a reduction program would cut nondefense spending to the level of two years ago. That does not seem too much to hope for when the alternatives are more inflation, or higher taxes.

An immediate goal might be a $75,000,000,000 budget for the next fiscal year, beginning on July 1, 1959. Such an achievement would require great persistence and determination by the President and Congress. It also would require strong support from the individual citizen, who might keep firmly in mind that every reduction of $1,000,000,000 in Federal spending saves the average family a twenty-dollar bill. If progress can be made in reducing expenditures, then the door will be opened for desperately needed improvements in our tax structure.

Our present tax system consists fundamentally of the Federal income tax, corporate and individual, which now produces 79 per cent of total Federal revenue; a series of special excise taxes levied on the sales of various commodities, producing 6 per cent of total revenue; taxes at very high rates on liquor and tobacco, yielding 7 per cent; and taxes on transfers of property by gift during life, or at death, 2 per cent.

Our tax structure has developed on a somewhat hit-or-miss basis. Until the enactment of the income tax forty-five years ago, Federal tax revenues were raised by taxes on liquor and tobacco, and by customs duties. The income tax was a major help in financing World Wars I and II and the Korean War; indeed, it is hard to see how those wars could have been financed without it. The estate tax, first used by the states, came into the Federal system in 1916. The gift tax was born in 1924, died in 1926, and, revived in 1932, has survived ever since. Our present galaxy of excises can be said to date from 1932, when a general manufacturer's sales tax was defeated in the House. The rose was thought to smell sweeter under the name of "special excises."

It is fair to say that the Federal tax structure never has been surveyed and revised in the light of its powerful effects, for good or evil, on our economy. The


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Eisenhower Administration did achieve the Internal Revenue Code of 1954. There was no pretense, however, of making broad improvement in the tax structure.

Since the income tax started in 1913, tax revenues have increased more than a hundred times—from $663,000,000 to $77,000,000,000. We have fought three wars. We have survived booms and depressions. But the tax structure has remained the same.

There have been many repair jobs on our tax laws, of course; but nothing has been done to redesign our tax system to fit our modern economy.

A visitor from Mars might think that because our tax structure has survived so long, its flexibility and suitability have been amply demonstrated. A United States citizen would know better. The trouble is that our tax system is like an old rubber band which has been stretched so long and so often that there is no stretch left. There is little additional productivity remaining in our major forms of taxation. For example, to raise an extra $12,000,000,000 to meet this year's deficit, and to do it with present Federal income taxes, would require the confiscation of everyone's taxable income in excess of $4000; or increase the rate on corporations from the present 52 per cent to 82 per cent. Income taxes of that magnitude are almost unthinkable in a democratic state. The result would be economic chaos.

Some more revenue, a few hundred million, could be raised by the gift tax and by the estate tax. As the taxes on liquor and tobacco already just about equal the cost of the product itself, they cannot be expected to produce very much more revenue. Even now bootlegging is too profitable.

The rates of our existing special excises could be raised a little, and sales of a few more commodities could be taxed; but the consumers' resistance would be great, and probably not much new revenue would result. We have already found that some excises, such as the tax on freight transportation, tend to discourage economic activities that we want to foster. Congress now has repealed this freight excise.

Our personal income tax is ripe for revision. We cannot simply increase the rates to obtain more revenue, for, as Vice President Nixon has reminded us, they are already "almost confiscatory" in the higher brackets. Those who study taxation now generally recognize that while income-tax reform might immediately bring some small losses in revenue, this would be more than offset in the long run by stimulation to risk-taking, new investment and business expansion, the most potent forces in the economic development of our country—forces we cannot afford to ignore.

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## Home Thoughts

By Richard Armour

"Make yourself at home," my host
And hostess say to me,
And I look pleased and thank them, but
I chuckle inwardly.

For it just happens, as it does
Quite often when I roam,
That they have never seen me make
Myself at home at home.

The corporate income tax, which now takes up to fifty-two cents of every dollar of a company's profit, is a serious obstacle to business growth. Our enterprise system has been built on the premise that corporations and their stockholders will invest—will "plow in"—more and more money, year after year, in the reasonable expectation that a plant, kept constantly up-to-date, will yield an adequate return on a steadily increasing investment. We have a history of discarding machines before they are worn out, as soon as more efficient machines come along, even though the new machines are more costly. Because the tax system has an enormous effect on business decisions, we should make sure that our tax provisions do not slow or halt technological progress—the very kind of progress that has made our economy so productive of wealth.

There have been many cases such as this in recent years: To improve the efficiency and productivity of a factory, the management needs to replace a certain machine. Twenty years ago, or even less, that machine cost $100,000, but the new and better model will cost $250,000. Now, the present tax laws allow the firm to recover the costs of the old equipment, but only those costs, and not the increased purchase price of a new machine or building. Thus, as plant and machinery wear out, a firm must raise new money just to stay in business. As the Government already is getting more than half of the profits, the margin that can be reinvested

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is small, particularly if the stockholders are to receive any return at all on their investment.

This narrow margin is not just a problem for stockholders. The Treasury has a greater direct interest—52 per cent—in corporate profits than all of the private stockholders who own the business. Business expansion automatically increases the Government's tax "take," and, of course, it greatly benefits the whole nation. But when the tax structure stifles normal, healthy growth, everybody loses, especially the Treasury.

If it is so difficult to increase taxes, is borrowing the solution to the Federal Government's financial problems?

The truth is, the Federal Government has paid much of its way since 1931 by borrowing. From 1930, when there was a budget surplus of $738,000,000, until 1947, the debt increased from $16,000,000,000 to $258,000,000,000. In the last eleven years the national debt has been increased $18,000,000,000, and we have had a budget deficit in seven of these years. Borrowing to pay current outlays has become almost a way of life with the Federal Government.

Have we found it a satisfactory way of life? Unfortunately, we have not.

When the Government does not collect enough taxes to pay its way, it issues governmental I.O.U.'s to pay to cover the difference. Such pieces of paper may be called savings bonds or certificates of indebtedness or long-term bonds; but whatever the name, they are promises to pay and are just as valuable as the credit of the Government. So long as we believe that the Government will live up to its promises, we are willing to accept them at their face value. To be sure, as the number of Government obligations in the market increases, their value is likely to decline and their interest rates are likely to rise.

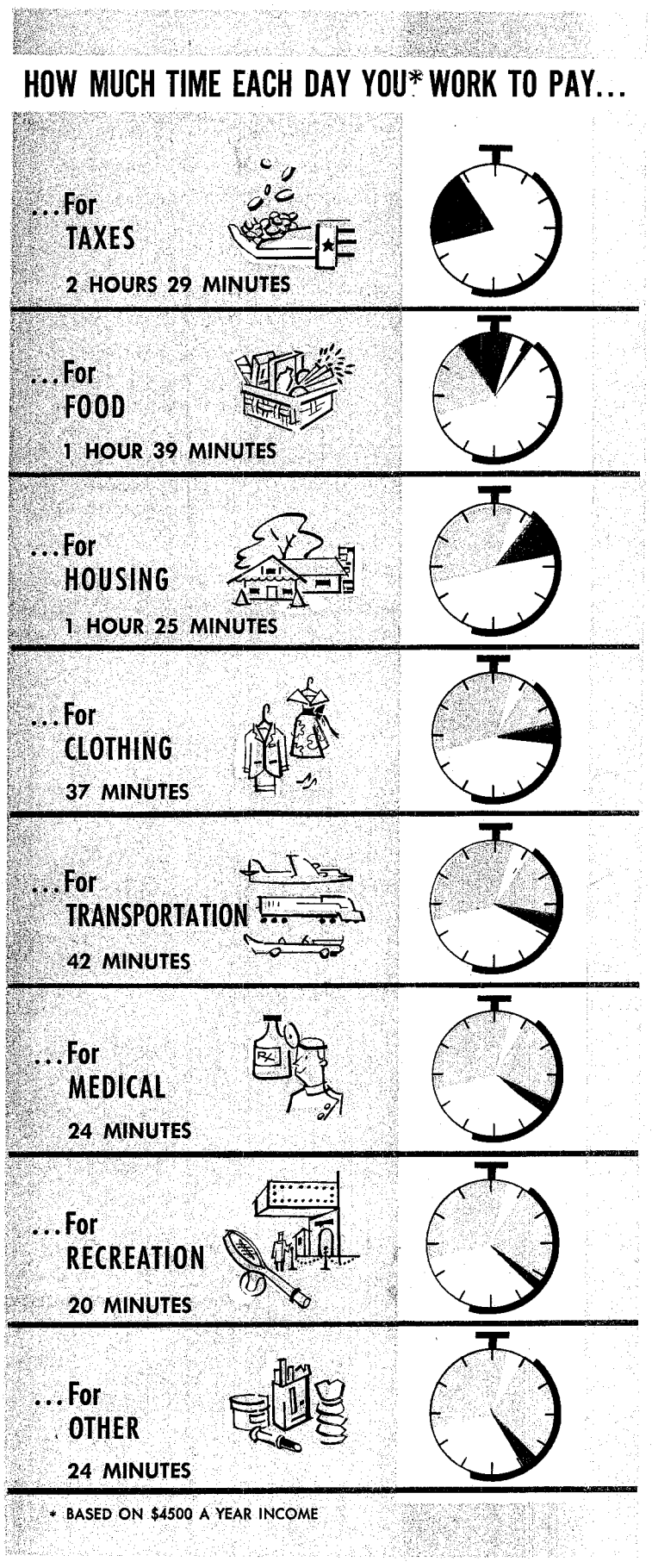
One great result has been the inevitable decline in the value—the purchasing power—of the dollar over the last twenty-five years. People still believe the dollar has value, that the Government's promise to pay, even though it is no longer a promise to pay in gold or silver, can safely be accepted in exchange for goods and services. But so many of these promises have been issued, and Congress is so reluctant to levy enough taxes to meet steadily increasing Government costs, that the value of the promises has gradually declined. The result has been inflation.

Inflation has been called the cruelest tax of all—and we all are paying it, whether or not we realize it. In the last twenty years the value of our dollar has been cut in half; just since the end of World War II the purchasing power of our dollar has been reduced by twenty-three cents. Since the war, inflation and taxes together have taken such a toll that the man who earned $5000 in 1946 would have to earn $7343 today—nearly 50 per cent more—just to hold his own in buying power. The following tabulation shows what this loss in buying power, due to inflation and taxes, means at various levels of income for a married couple with two children—how much it takes today to equal a given income in 1946.

| 1946 Income | 1958 Equivalent |
|---|---|
| $3000 | $4445 |
| 5000 | 7343 |
| 7500 | 10,933 |
| 10,000 | 14,485 |
| 15,000 | 21,411 |
| 25,000 | 34,483 |
| 50,000 | 67,607 |

It is plain to see that these inflationary years have not been happy ones for people on fixed incomes, for retired workers and widows on pensions. Even more important, such fumbling fiscal policy is a threat to the future of our country. The easiest way to weaken the United States as a nation is to convince our own citizens that our Government's promise to pay—our currency—is not dependable, that the dollar has lost its integrity. Our whole society and economy would be undermined if citizens came to believe that there is no point in saving, if they should suspect that the dollars they have such difficulty in putting aside will be worth only twenty-five cents or a dime in purchasing power when needed to raise a family, send children to school or to provide for retirement.

There is no easy cure for the dangerous disease of inflation. We know that the only sure remedy is to balance the budget—to reduce Government spending wherever possible and to levy taxes as need be to meet the current costs of government. As a first step, Congress needs to rekindle some of the fervor for economy in government which brought such hopeful accomplishments in 1957. The citizens who pay the taxes and are hurt by inflation can help Congress in this effort by sturdily supporting any reasonable effort to cut spending.




The above chart is based on a working day from 8:30 A.M. to 5 P.M., with a half hour out for lunch.

But it will take far more than good will to achieve economy in government. Present congressional procedures with appropriations are an invitation to irresponsibility. At no time during its deliberations does Congress ever add up the amounts it proposes to spend and compare the total with the amount of taxes the Treasury estimates it will collect. The need for some effective control over spending was recognized this year when Congress passed a Hoover Commission recommendation to put annual limits on some spending totals. The tax-raising committees have organized an excellent, permanent, nonpolitical staff to check the Treasury's revenue estimates and tax bills and to formulate tax legislation of its own. The work of this staff is first-rate, and the appropriations committees need the same kind of research and planning machinery.

As a beginning, the general policy should be to cut our Government costs to fit our cloth—first, to determine what the Government revenue for the next year may be and then to keep spending clearly within that figure. If it is impossible to achieve a balance in this fashion, then additional taxes to make up the difference should be recommended as a part of the general review of the budget. Because all taxes—Federal, state and local—are so high and now take such a large portion of our earnings, they must be levied with great skill to damage our economy as little as possible.

The problem at present is not simply to raise $12,000,000,000 more. The vital question now is: How can the Government raise the money without hurting our economy or, even better, do it in a manner that will encourage our economy to expand and flourish? Raising tax rates and raising money tax receipts aren't always the same thing. If private enterprise flourishes, if plants are steadily renewed and improved, then the United States Treasury will reap increasing revenues, even though the tax rates remain constant.

And last, we shall not have sound taxes, geared to our modern economy, until Congress faces the task of developing a suitable basic fiscal policy for the Federal Government. Congress has the ultimate responsibility for the design of our tax structure and for all other financial decisions, but, if it chooses, Congress can recruit a commission of highly qualified citizens to provide expert advice and assistance. Congress can create, if it wishes, a commission on Federal tax and fiscal policy, organized along the lines of the Hoover Commission, whose recommendations have led to improved efficiency and savings of billions of dollars in the executive branch.

A nation as great, as productive, as wealthy as ours cannot concede that its financial problems are beyond solution. It cannot rely continuously on borrowing and inflation as its regular method of paying its bills. It should not be content with patching up an inadequate and archaic tax system. We should not be satisfied with anything less than a system that will permit our economy to grow at a healthy rate, that will enable us to pay-as-we-go for the governmental services we want at home, as well as those required to maintain our place in world affairs. And we must have a means of preserving a reserve of resources that can be used to meet any great emergency that may arise—something our present tax structure and dwindling borrowing power do *not* provide. Surely American intelligence can be mustered to help our Government build a sound fiscal system, to match a sound economy and a sound defense. THE END

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In the new Ford Division Headquarters at Dearborn, Michigan, Becket has built dining areas that are visually linked through glass to patios. The garden plantings carry through from outside to inside. There are few interior offices. The long, slender five-story structure Becket designed allows 80 per cent of the offices to have a view of the countryside. Moving stairs whisk employees from one floor to another.

Becket maintains a close personal relationship with many of his big business clients. Henry Kaiser, for instance, treats him like a younger brother, and in their business dealings there is an undercurrent of good-natured heckling.

A few months ago Kaiser phoned Becket to chide him for "not thinking big enough." Becket's master plans for the Hawaiian Village called for 3000 rooms, more than all the existing first-class hotel rooms in Honolulu, and equaling the world's largest hotel, the Conrad Hilton in Chicago. Kaiser said he wanted 4000 rooms for his Waikiki resort. As Becket put down the phone, he began to formulate a plot.

A week after the phone conversation, when he met Kaiser in Oakland, Becket casually assembled a scale block model of the revised master plan. The model grew and grew, not just to 4000 rooms, but to 4500 rooms!

For the moment, Kaiser was stopped. His architect was thinking bigger than he was.

"Yes, Welton—very good, Welton," Kaiser muttered, studying the model while the architect suppressed a smile. But Becket's amusement was short-lived. A few days later he received a call from Kaiser, back in Honolulu.

"Welton," he said, "I have been working with those blocks."

Becket shuddered.

"I've figured out how to get 5200 rooms," Kaiser announced. "You'd better come over so we can work it out."

When Becket arrived in Honolulu two weeks later, he started out early in the morning checking possible solutions to the problem, walking over every foot of the twenty-two-acre resort. Late in the afternoon, when Kaiser returned to his office for the third conference of the day, Becket was sitting on the floor alongside the scale model, with plans and sketches spread about him.

As Kaiser listened, Becket presented some projected solutions, moving the blocks about as he talked. The first plan, providing 4000 rooms, Kaiser brushed aside with a wave of his hand. Several others were equally unacceptable. He wanted 5200 rooms, which Becket felt was not feasible. They finally arrived at a compromise plan providing 5000 rooms.

When the conference broke up, concluding a ten-hour workday, Becket announced, "I'm going for a swim."

"Well, thank heaven you are going to do something," needled Kaiser, "because you sure haven't done anything today."

Becket has been criticized in some quarters for the profusion of pink throughout the Hawaiian Village, a color now known in the Islands as "Kaiser Pink," which tints the hotel interiors, menus, match covers and even the stationery. Kaiser says it is "a happy color" and that he wants it because it is his wife's favorite shade. Becket, however, gets blamed for kowtowing to a client.

While Becket will accept many suggestions from his patrons, he frequently turns down a job if he feels it is economically unfeasible or architecturally unsound.

On one $15,000,000 hospital project, the client proposed that corridors be placed outside the building, where visitors would walk past the patios of patients' rooms. Becket argued that it was faulty planning, both from an administrative point of view and because it interfered with the patients' privacy. When the client insisted on this plan, Becket turned down the job.

Some architects scoffed at the circular design of the Capitol Records building, saying they felt it a gimmick to attract attention and advertise records. Upon viewing the overhanging metal awnings completely encircling each floor, one wag commented: "It looks like a silo with a hang-over."

The round shape, Becket maintains, was selected because it was the most efficient solution to the space requirements and budget of the client and had little to do with their platter-shaped product. He adds that it is one of the most economically constructed large buildings he has ever designed.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

### Off Season

By Loyd Rosenfield

The Paris *rues* have room
now
And glad, Frenchmen should
be
But taxis toot less gaily
And waiters seem so sad;
In Venice no loud Texans
Perk up the gondoliers;
The British sit in silence
And sip their lukewarm
beers;
Few statues pose for
snapshots
From Mexico to Rome;
Existence seems quite dull
now ——
The Yankees *did* go home.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

The placing of elevators and other service facilities in the round core of the building took up only 12 per cent of the total area—against 20 per cent for normal buildings. Other advantages of a round building include having 360 degrees of outside-view windows, and the fact that with a forty-five-foot building radius, no one is ever very far from the elevators.

"I'll admit we had a little trepidation at the start," says Capitol's president, Glenn Wallichs. "We couldn't visualize it from the plans, and thought we might end up with pie-shaped offices. But it turned out fine and we are pleased with its livability. Pictures of it have appeared all over the world, and it gives us the kind of publicity you couldn't buy for a million dollars a year."

Realizing that a building can never please everyone, Becket strives to get an artistically satisfying structure within the limitations of economy and practicability.

"The looks of a building are important," he says. "But if it isn't functional, it is like designing a beautiful automobile with a motor that won't work."

Attention to economy and function has not prevented Welton Becket and Associates from winning some thirty major architectural awards during the past decade. And in 1952, Becket was honored by election as a fellow of the American Institute of Architects, a tribute bestowed on less than 4 per cent of the A.I.A.'s 12,500 members.

Becket has scant time these days to devote to final design work himself, although he occasionally takes a hand in the preliminary sketches and personally passes on every plan that goes out of the shop. He clutters his large office with sketches and photographs of current projects, small-scale models, mammoth city maps and graphs on the costs of construction.

The only sizable piece of furniture in the office is a large double desk with a second chair that has not been used for nine years. It is a silent reminder of Becket's former partner and lifelong friend, Walter Wurdeman, who shared the desk until his death in 1949.

The 250-man Los Angeles home office and branches in New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Havana, Cairo and Bagdad are administered by Becket like a wagon-team driver holding a dozen loosely drawn reins. Chief designer Maynard Woodard and the seven division directors—hotel, department store, school, public building, shopping center, office building and medical—are given their heads to develop projects without consulting the boss every five minutes.

There are also forty-four registered architects, twenty engineers, eighteen store-planning experts and thirteen interior decorators, plus specialists in economic survey, land planning, industrial design, cost control and graphics.

This permanent staff provides what Becket calls "total design." Clients coming to his office can obtain the integrated services of Becket specialists for all phases of planning, construction and decoration, ranging from advice on the economic potential of a patch of land to the design of a company trade-mark.

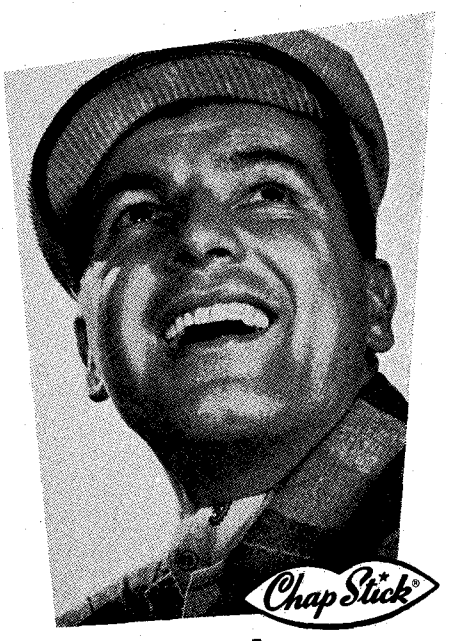
Twentieth Century-Fox recently hired him to advise on the most profitable exploitation for 176 acres of the company's West Los Angeles movie-studio back lot, which officials felt had little value as it stood. After a year spent in research, Becket suggested the best use of the land would be to build a complete community.

He was given the go-ahead to master-plan Century City, a $400,000,000 project with twenty apartment towers, several tall office buildings, a twenty-four-story hotel, department store, shopping center and convention hall. Fox now estimates the property when completely developed will gross a yearly income in excess of $40,000,000.

Architecture, for Welton Becket, has been a continuing adventure. In 1939, while in the Philippines making a public-housing survey for the late President Manuel Quezon, Becket was asked to design, build and decorate a *jai alai* fronton in Manila. Knowing nothing about this lightning-fast sport in which the players hurl a ball with bulletlike speed against a high wall, Becket flew to Shanghai to look over a fronton there. When he learned that the best granite in the world for *jai alai* wall construction came from a small quarry in the interior of China, Becket set out by train, sampan and finally on foot to locate the material.

While on this mission, he narrowly escaped drowning when the Japanese, then invading that part of China, broke dikes in a river near the quarry. Becket eventually succeeded in getting 800-pound blocks of granite carried by coolies fifty miles to the nearest railroad and shipped to Manila. The fronton, completed early in 1941, was built so well it withstood both Japanese and American bombings, and the granite walls have never needed repair.

Becket once landed in jail as the result of an urgent mission for Conrad Hilton. The hotel magnate was having a conference in Mexico City with the then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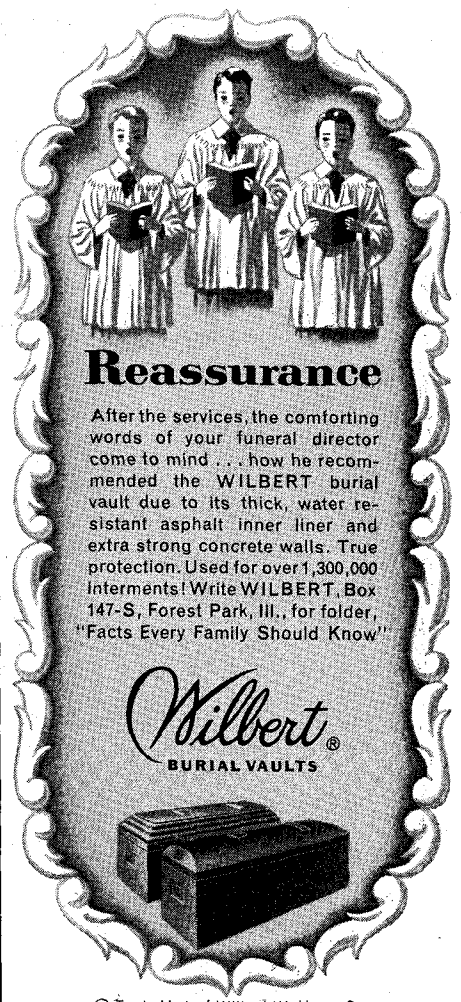
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president, Miguel Aléman, and phoned Becket one evening, asking him to fly from California that night with plans and sketches urgently needed. There was no time to get a tourist permit at the Mexican consulate, so Becket talked his way onto a midnight flight and arrived in Mexico City early the next morning.

When he alighted from the plane without the permit, Becket was promptly arrested for illegal entry. His protests, in atrocious Spanish, that he was going to see President Aléman, only increased suspicion. He was locked up incommunicado at the airport and finally obtained his release eight hours later after paying a $700 fine—which he billed to Conrad Hilton.

A few years later, Becket managed to confer with the presidents of three countries in one ten-day period. In October of 1953, he was invited to Abilene, Kansas, where he helped guide President Eisenhower on his first tour of the Eisenhower Museum, designed and decorated by Welton Becket and Associates.

From Kansas, Becket flew to Havana for a conference with Conrad Hilton and Cuban President Batista, during which the architect's final plans for the Habana Hilton Hotel received Batista's blessing. Five days later, Becket was in Cairo. Because of the political situation, the atmosphere was tense. He was ushered through six sets of guards for a presentation of Nile Hilton Hotel plans before President Naguib and the Egyptian ministers of finance and public works.

"We had a beautiful site right next to the Egyptian Museum, but the government officials could not understand why we needed so much land," Becket recalls. "I was showing a plot plan and renderings of the proposed building and explaining that we needed the extra area for garden walks from the hotel to the Nile, when all at once the lights went out.

"Thinking it might be an assassination attempt, everyone ducked for cover. When the lights came back on a couple of minutes later, I found I was under the conference table with Naguib. It turned out to be an electrical rather than a political short circuit," he adds. "But it served a purpose. Everyone relaxed and we got the additional land we needed."

Becket has managed to keep things going on the Nile Hilton despite the fall of the Naguib regime, the Cairo bombings and increased anti-American feeling. His selection of a Cairo architect to serve as an associate on the project was carefully made. A local associate must be employed on all foreign jobs, and Becket often follows this course when working in states far from California.

He also dispatched one of his ace trouble shooters, Egyptian-born Haig Assadurian, to Egypt. Contracts to weave rugs, tapestries and drapes, manufacture furniture and produce almost all interior furnishings were let to Egyptian workers. In return for this boost to Egyptian industry, restrictions were eased for the import of foreign items such as elevators and steel.

The crowning touch of the architectural firm's handling of this delicate situation was the laying of the cornerstone on July 14, 1955, the anniversary of the Egyptian celebration of independence. The cornerstone was set into place by none other than President Nasser.

Not all of Becket's international projects run so smooth a course. A Becket-designed United States Department of Commerce exposition scheduled to be held in Moscow's Gorky Park last summer had to be postponed at least a year when agreements could not be reached with the Soviet Government. And construction of a new American Embassy building in Warsaw was delayed a year owing to diplomatic troubles, but has finally got under way.

Hotels and embassies in foreign lands are about as far as an architect can progress from the planning of a doghouse, which was one of Becket's first jobs when he set up his own shop in Seattle during the depression. He had graduated from the University of Washington in 1927, winning a scholarship to the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Fontainebleau, France, studied under world-famous architects Carlieu and Labito and worked for an architectural firm in Los Angeles until hard times ended the job and he returned home.

Becket's interest in architecture had begun with youthful dreams of designing structures that could be built by his oldest brother, Evro, then a Seattle contractor. At the University of Washington he divided his interests between architecture and athletics. He was an all-conference second baseman and earned two football letters as a quarterback, although weighing only 145 pounds.

The doghouse was designed for a wealthy lumberman. Becket's solution was a beamed-ceiling Swedish-style structure with lights, steam heat and a swinging door. The client was so pleased that he hired Becket to build him a new home in the same architectural style as the doghouse.

While still in Seattle, he formed a partnership with Walt Wurdeman, a college chum. The partners migrated to Los Angeles in 1932, where they struggled to get a start, once taking out their fees in food while designing a new cafeteria.

Wurdeman and Becket achieved their initial success during the mid-1930's planning homes for movie stars. It was then that the concept of designing to express the client rather than the architect took firm root. They found it difficult at times to pin down their clients' desires. Planning a new home for the Robert Montgomerys finally jelled when they looked through home magazines with the actor and his wife.

"Looking through magazines with a client is a horror to most architects," says Becket. "Actually, though, we welcomed their reactions, because they couldn't describe exactly what they wanted. The Montgomerys had been thinking of a somewhat formal house, but as it turned out, what they really wanted and needed was an informal one with a casual outdoor feeling."

The president of Bullock's department stores in Los Angeles put Wurdeman and Becket into large-scale commercial architecture. He selected them to design a large department store in Pasadena after visiting several of their movie-star homes. The assignment was to produce a store with a new approach to shopping—one that had the feel of a fine residence where the shopper could drift in as if she were visiting someone's home.

The result, Bullock's Pasadena, was a success from the moment it opened in 1947. Since then, Welton Becket and Associates has built department stores for twenty-two major companies, including Macy's, Gimbels, Saks Fifth Avenue, Ohrbachs, May Company, Carson Pirie Scott, Meier & Frank, William Taylor Son, Goldwater's Broadway Stores, Emporium-Capwell, I. Magnin and Joseph Magnin.

Becket married Fay Kastner in 1935 and they have two children, Bruce, seventeen, and Welton, fourteen. Their contemporary home in the elite Holmby Hills section of West Los Angeles is strictly "Welton Becket," since in this instance the architect and client were one. The X-shaped plan of the house provides indoor-outdoor living on all sides, and the use of natural-wood paneling, stone and rough-textured fabrics gives it warmth and casualness despite its large size. The house is set on three acres of parklike land, bounded on one side by the home of Hoagy Carmichael, and on the other by that of the late Humphrey Bogart.

The Bogarts and the Beckets were not close friends, owing to a squabble a few years ago brought on by Bogey's boxer dogs.

"All of us in the neighborhood were complaining about the dogs," says Art Linkletter, who lives just across the street. "But while we muttered about ways to stop them from barking and running all over the neighborhood, only Welton had the guts to do anything about it. One day, after the dogs had jumped the fence into his yard and attacked his small cocker spaniel, Welton knocked on the Bogart door, pointed a finger at Bogey and told him he would have to do something about the dogs."

Bogart grew indignant.

"That's ridiculous; my dogs can't possibly get out of our yard," Bogart replied (at least, according to Linkletter's version).

Becket took Bogey by the arm and marched him over to the Becket side of the ten-foot fence.

"Now whistle," Becket commanded.

Bogart whistled. The dogs came scrambling over the fence in nothing flat. Bogart retreated, and the next day he extended the fence.

Linkletter's admiration for Becket's bold, if not brash, handling of a tough problem seems to be shared by the architect's employees. They organized an office Christmas party this past year at which token gifts were distributed to the staff. When the boss' name was called and he made his way to an improvised stage, a cardboard missile labeled LUNAR I floated down in front of him from a hidden balcony position. In the cutaway nose of the space ship was the figure of a man carrying blueprints under his arm.

The carefully printed name of the man planning the first moon hotel was, of course, WELTON BECKET. THE END


# NEXT WEEK

## LET'S HAVE A LITTLE LESS NONSENSE ABOUT THOSE PILGRIMS

A Virginia Historian Debunks the Traditional "First Thanksgiving"

A Maine Man's Evidence That the Pilgrims Were Latecomers

## GO WEST, BUT KEEP YOUR GUARD UP

**Pacific Coast Living**

## STAND BY FOR CLIMATE CONTROL

**By CAPT. HOWARD T. ORVILLE, U.S.N. (RET.)**

**How Science Could Improve Our Weather—or Ruin It**

**ADVENTURES OF THE MIND 15**

## THE END OF EMPIRE

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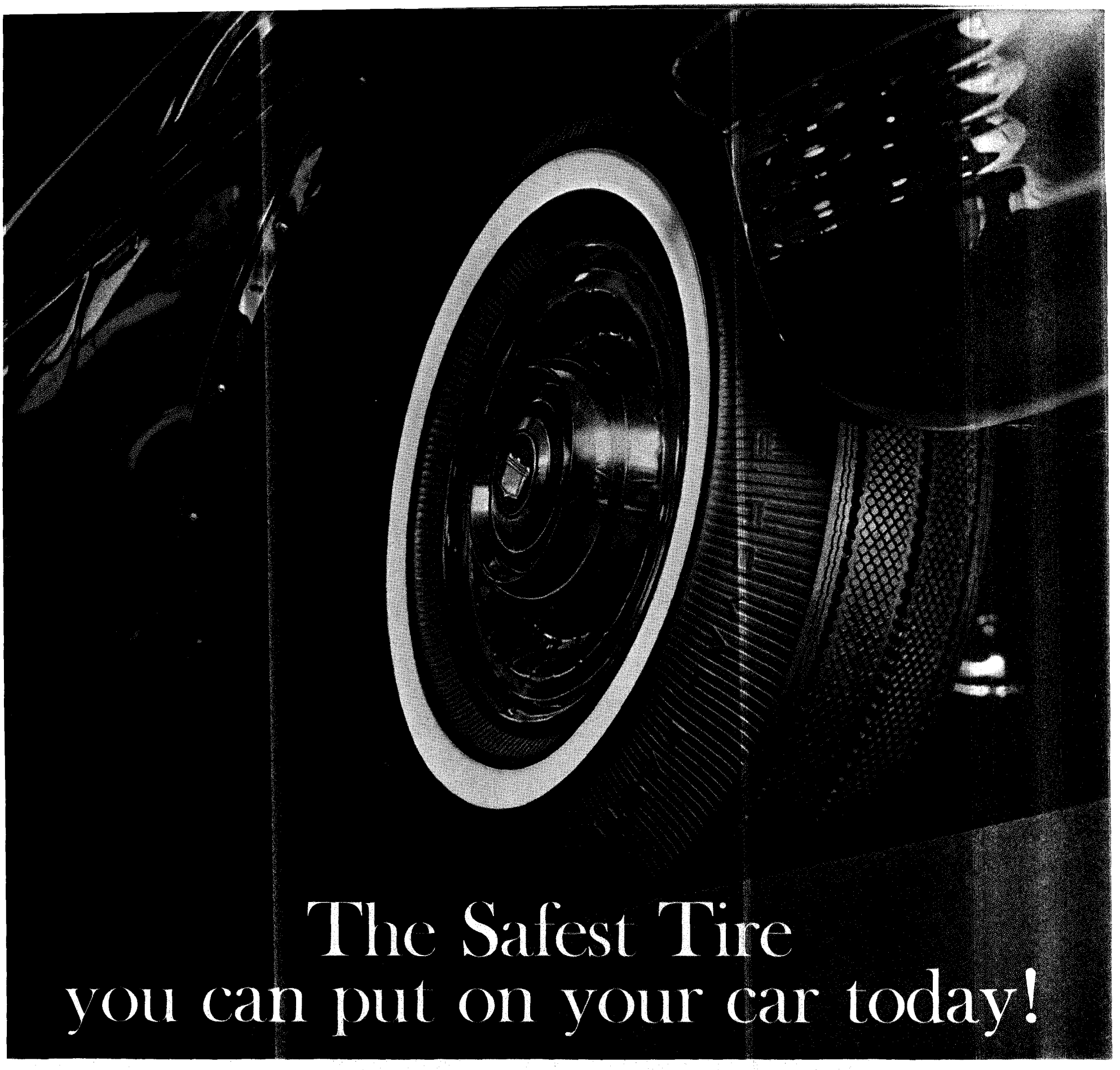

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# Secrets of the Head-Hunters

(Continued from Page 35)

to do anything that would anger the Indians. He had learned how to do that during twenty years of playing deadly hide-and-seek with the Jivaros throughout the Amazonian area.

As the epidemic grew worse, reports reached Ferguson that twenty-eight Jivaros had died in a missionary hospital nearby. The situation was tense. He knew the Jivaros were not beyond blaming a hapless missionary or doctor for the death of a relative. He was particularly alarmed when he was visited by the "Capitu Wishnu," or chief medicine man, of the nearby village, who came up the path to the laboratory carrying his typhoid-stricken daughter and a spear tipped with poison.

As luck would have it, Ferguson had carried into the jungle a relatively untried antibiotic given to him by a health officer at the United States Embassy in Quito, the capital of Ecuador.

"With spear point at my back," Ferguson recalls today, "I administered the drug and waited. The Jivaro girl responded to the treatment, and her father responded by introducing himself as Tangamasha, chief medicine man of the Kenguimis."

Ferguson knew that here was a man who not only possessed great tribal powers but who was also a walking jungle drugstore. From this moment, Tangamasha and Ferguson began a friendship nurtured by an exchange of "medical" information between the dark apothecary of the tropics and the well-lighted prescription counter of modern pharmacology.

This exchange was exactly what Ferguson had been trying to accomplish for most of his adult life. He had spent more than two decades in and out of the Amazonian jungle, trying to discover the plants used in the Indians' head-shrinking solution and to learn other Jivaro medical rituals.

Ferguson once had his hands on a small amount of the head-shrinking solution, the ingredients of which were unknown to him at the time. With it he was able to conduct experiments on transplanted tumors in animals. These preliminary studies convinced him that he was on the trail of a possible cancer cure—that the same ingredients that could shrink human heads might shrink human tumors.

When his supply of the solution was exhausted, further experiments were impossible. Ferguson had to find a Jivaro chief medicine man who would disclose the ingredients of the solution and guarantee Ferguson a steady supply of the plants used in it.

Tangamasha was to make this possible and thus bring Ferguson the promise of help from scientists at the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, and other medical-research centers. But before this came about, the American drug seeker was to be subjected to a number of Jivaro trials.

He knew that not even Tangamasha's friendship was enough to guarantee the Jivaros' co-operation. Indiscreet disclosure of his purpose could alienate even the friendliest Jivaro and even cause him to become dangerous. But Ferguson finally gained courage and approached Tangamasha. He explained that in order to continue his work he must know the plants that go into making up the head-shrinking compound and at the same time be allowed to practice head shrinking.

"He was quite horrified at my request," Ferguson explains. "This whole business is wrapped up in the supernatural, and I imagine he expected me to keel over dead, struck down by some mystical power that I had offended. He implored me to reconsider, for he alone could not give me what I wanted, but would have to make the request to the tribal council. He pleaded, cajoled and even threatened me, but, in the end, agreed to ask the council for a decision."

After deliberating for two weeks the council said "yes" and told Ferguson that he, Tangamasha and two others were to set off immediately to attempt the initiation rites required of all who aspire to learn the magical powers for head shrinking. Only the chief medicine man is invested with this knowledge. Although it is passed on by birthright, even those born to be chief medicine men must run the initiation risks.

Ferguson was subjected to a series of three rituals extending over a number of months.

"The first ritual required a four-day trip to a sacred waterfall," Ferguson relates. "Here I had to bathe with Tangamasha while my two other companions kept a sharp eye, ear and nose out for omens—good or bad. Nothing extraordinary happened and I was told I had passed the first of the three hurdles.

"A month later the four of us journeyed to Sangay, the sacred volcano of Jivaro history and one of the world's most active. (Sangay is 17,454 feet high, the sixth-tallest volcano on earth.) From time immemorial the Jivaro has come here to seek spiritual approval from this smoking erupter. Now it was my turn.

"My companions caught a wild pig, strangled it with a vine and cut its throat. Blood from the pig was wiped on my leg by Tangamasha. I, in turn, had to wipe blood on his leg. Tangamasha then asked Sangay's approval. In answer, the old volcano stopped smoking for a few moments—and my heart stopped beating. Then all of a sudden, it threw off a big cloud that looked like an atomic mushroom. The ground quaked. Twice more Sangay let out a cloud and a roar. My companions proclaimed this as Sangay's expression of full approval."

The second test successfully completed, Ferguson was directed by the council to kill his worst enemy and cut off his head. This was touchy business. Dedicated to saving human lives, not taking them, Ferguson was not going to murder a man. Pleading before the council, Ferguson told them that his worst enemies were incurable diseases. He suggested that they choose a symbolic animal to represent these enemies, and permit him to hunt down the animal and use its head. His Jivaro friends selected the great red monkey, an animal that lived on Sangay's slopes.

"We retraced our steps to the foot of the volcano and slowly started up its slopes until we spied our prey. I brought him down with my rifle and, as dictated by custom, offered the dead body up to Sangay. The next morning I beheaded the animal. The Jivaros permitted me to return to my own laboratory for the final step in the initiation rites—shrinking and preserving the head.

"The Jivaros just don't shrink heads for the fun of it. It's part of their religion, if you want to call it that. In his everyday life the Jivaro never thinks of wantonly killing someone and taking his head. What most often sets him off on his fanatical and deadly mission is the death of the oldest male of a family, called an Apari. Then, the Jivaro has been taught, the death must be avenged by stamping out the evil spirits causing the death. Unfortunately these evil spirits are thought to rest in the head of a victim, whose blood guilt is decided by the chief medicine man and the sons of the departed after a night of drinking narcotic brews."

Although the Jivaros can preserve the head and bring it down in size in one week, when the customary year-long head-shrinking ritual is observed, the Indian working on the head eats no flesh, nor has he any contact with women. At year's end, the entire tribe has a victory celebration. After that the shrunken head, now called a tsantsa, is usually tossed aside.

Some scientific investigators are not convinced of the potency of the Jivaro's head-shrinking recipe. They question whether the plants put into a chief medicine man's head-shrinking potion are chemically powerful enough to shrink organic tissue. Ferguson affirms that the plants used in the head-shrinking solutions have produced a definite "shrinking factor."

"Pathologists in Europe and the United States who have studied sections of shrunken heads in my private collection have been amazed at their findings," Ferguson insists. "Aside from being reduced, the tissue cells have remained normal in every aspect. The cellular and even nuclear membranes are intact and completely preserved in every detail."

He points out further that non-Jivaros have made counterfeit shrunken heads for the tourist trade, but "a comparison of these fakes with the authentic tsantsa made by the Jivaro medicine men, using the plant extract of thirty-odd ingredients, is like comparing a ninety-eight-cent alarm clock with the finest precision wrist watch."

(Continued on Page 102)

Deep in an Ecuador jungle, a Jivaro witch doctor (left) leads the celebration that marks the completion of the twelve-month-long shrinking process for the head on the pole.

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(*Continued from Page 100*) Head shrinking, as practiced by most Jivaros, begins with peeling the scalp and face from the skull. The eyes are sewn shut and the lips are closed with three stitches of a special fiber. The head—minus the skull—is then put into a pot of water, together with the solution prepared by the chief medicine man. It is boiled for an hour.

When the head is taken out of the boiling solution, small hot stones are placed inside it, through the neck opening, and shaken around. This is repeated for several hours. Then hot sand is used in the same manner. A tiny hole is punched into the crown of the head with a thorn. A fiber string is forced through this hole. After the head is dried and molded to the Jivaros's satisfaction, he lets it sit over a smudge pot for a few weeks. The blackened face is polished clean during the smudging. As a final touch, colored tassels are hung from the lips.

"The baking materials are put inside the head to help mold it," Ferguson says. "The head begins to get hard and dry. Just when you think you are finished, the addition of hot sand causes more skin oils to ooze out, making it pliable again. Finally, when it has been reduced to about one fifth its natural size, it sets with every scar, wrinkle and feature intact.

"I did not have a year to devote to the head-shrinking business as the last hurdle in my initiation rites. I submitted the great red monkey's head to the tribal council after only ten days of preparation. Luckily I passed the test."

Now for the first time in more than twenty years Ferguson felt free to plunge into a much more important treasure hunt, the job of providing modern medicine with primitive drugs that might someday prove remedial in diseases previously thought incurable.

As a young man, Wilburn H. Ferguson had never heard of head shrinking or the Jivaros. But he was well acquainted with another mysterious and terrifying power—incurable disease. Growing up in San Diego, California, he worked his way through premedical school with a part-time job on the night shift in one of the incurable-disease wards of a city hospital. His night watch, however, soon became a death watch over the incurables.

In the course of his premedical studies, Ferguson became obsessed with the idea that because quinine, the world's first medicine for a specific disease, as well as other medicaments, had been found in the Amazon, still more might be discovered there too. His passionate desire to help the incurables and the thought that he could pioneer the discovery of new drugs compelled the young student to act at once. He made plans to abandon his medical education temporarily and try to make his way to the Amazon with his wife, Ruth, who is a registered nurse, and their six-month-old son.

"I guess it was a pretty wild venture," Ferguson says today. "But we thought it would take no more than a year or two—and, like a lot of young persons, we wanted to do big things in a big hurry."

Several months later, in 1931, the Fergusons were in Arequipa, Peru, where he had been hired by private schools to help get their licenses reinstated by the Peruvian Government. In addition to providing the Fergusons with a steady income, the job made it possible for the young medical detective to make his first foray into the jungle in search of plants.

The trip started at Cuzco, Peru, and wound up at Puerto Maldonado, many tortuous jungle miles away. For the first eight days, Ferguson and his guides rode on mules. Then, abandoning the animals, they hacked their way on foot for another four days, ending the journey with a three-day canoe trip.

After getting the private schools relicensed, Ferguson and his wife used their savings to finance more plant-searching expeditions into the jungle. On one of these expeditions Ferguson ran into an old Indian who told him that he had something the white man would be interested in seeing. Then he reached into a sack and pulled forth the pint-sized head of what had once been a mature white man.

"It was ugly, primitive and spine-chilling," Ferguson remembers, "but at the same time, I was overwhelmed at the masterful way in which every feature had been reduced and preserved in detail. I bought the head from the old Indian, whose sales talk included the information that it once had rested on the shoulders of a German engineer who had had trouble with the Jivaros."

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Bird Singing in Cage

By Louis Ginsberg

What compulsion brings
Utterance so strong
Your whole being sings,
Bubbling into song?

And with such a trust
No confinement mars,
Your whole spirit must
Cancel out your bars.

For your art I long
So that I may win,
As you do in song,
Such a discipline;

So that I as well
Lift triumphant tones
From the cagelike cell
Of my flesh and bones.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

This shrunken head was the first that either Ferguson or his wife had ever seen. After their initial horror and revulsion, they realized that this small, well-preserved evidence of the Jivaros' witchcraft might mean the existence of jungle plants possessing strange and powerful potentials. The treasure hunt was on.

Further checking gave Ferguson a fairly accurate idea of where the engineer had been killed. Against all advice, he soon set out with a party of nine native carriers to seek out the Jivaros. The group made camp on a riverbank close to the scene of the crime. Leaving his party, Ferguson and a guide set out to travel upriver and find the Jivaros.

"I was away for two days," he says, "and had found nothing. Finally I decided to return to my camp. Ironically, although I had no luck upriver, my return to camp was more than I had bargained for. No one was there. All eight men had disappeared and I have never seen or heard from them to this day.

"When I got back to the nearest town I reported the disappearance of my party. After a hasty investigation I was officially told that my men had probably grown tired of waiting, tried to cross the river and had drowned. Unofficially I was told by native friends that the eight were victims of the Jivaros. I also was warned that the relatives of the missing men held me personally responsible for the deaths and that the state of my health wouldn't be good if any of them found me."

Ferguson was in no condition to argue. He was sick and exhausted; his wife, Ruth, had had their third child; the second Ferguson baby had died of whooping cough; and the family treasury was all but bankrupt. So in 1936, with little more than phantom encounters with the Jivaros to account for the previous two years, the family returned to Los Angeles. There Ferguson again went to work in a hospital.

But the lure of the jungle was too much for Ferguson. In 1938, leaving his family in California, he headed back to Peru and again went into the jungle, supporting his small expeditions by taking odd jobs ranging from doctoring to photography. For two years he had no luck. In addition, war rumblings were beginning to make him uneasy. He returned to Los Angeles and his family.

Soon after the United States entered World War II, the Fergusons, now numbering five with the addition of a baby daughter, moved to Weiser, Idaho. Here the family operated a small hospital through the war years. Although they were far from the jungle, jungle mementos surrounded them. One day, Ferguson's ten-year-old son, Eugene, was asked to prepare a five-minute talk for his school class. On the appointed day he set off, loaded with shrunken heads, blowguns and snakeskins.

That evening Ferguson asked his son how the talk went. "Not bad," Eugene admitted; "the kids seemed to like it. I started at one o'clock and after fifteen minutes they made me stop while the other classes were brought in. At three o'clock the teacher said we would have to stop because it was time to go home. They made us leave at five."

All during the war, Ferguson tried unsuccessfully to get back to South America. At war's end, he met the Ecuadorian ambassador to the United States, Señor Galo Plaza, who offered him a position as chief of anesthesia for Ecuador's hospitals. Señor Galo Plaza, later to become president of Ecuador, also gave him a permanent pass to ride military planes into the interior.

Once again the Ferguson family was in South America—and Ferguson was off into the jungle on expeditions to seek out Jivaros and plants. This time he won the friendship and confidence of an entire Jivaro tribe that would be willing not only to divulge the secrets of head shrinking but to work with him to find new sources of drugs for old ills.

It has taken the Fergusons more than a quarter of a century to achieve this degree of co-operation with the Jivaro nation and to build a bridge between savage head-hunters and civilized man. But for just this reason, it is only now that they feel their real battle is beginning.

On several occasions, the Fergusons have used the jungle plant containing head-shrinking compound experimentally on an incurable human disease. In two series of studies, it was administered to terminal cancer patients in Ecuadorian hospitals and indicated some clinical benefit. In a second series of experiments, at the invitation of the joint chiefs of staff of the Los Angeles County Hospital and the medical faculty of the University of Southern California, he spent a year studying implanted animal tumors and together with the staff was able to develop a nontoxic intravenous fraction of the Jivaro head-shrinking formula that effectively destroyed several types of animal tumors. This effect on transplanted tumors in mice holds the hope that the plant chemicals in the solutions used to shrink heads can shrink tumors too. But more than anything else, these two studies showed the Fergusons that years of work, countless research dollars and the entire arsenal of medical and chemical weapons available today must be devoted to the battle before lifesaving drugs can be pried from jungle plants. Even then, there is no guaranty that these plants will yield any better cures for man's ills than are already known.

To find the answers, however, Ferguson has set up the Ferguson Research Foundation, Inc. He has also enlisted the aid of the Ecuadorian Government, the United States State Department, the Public Health Service and its National Cancer Institute, and university research centers. The National Cancer Institute has expressed the desire to help Ferguson through advice and technical assistance.

"We have been interested in Ferguson's work," says the director, Dr. John R. Heller, Jr., "and in that of investigators at the University of Southern California concerning possible tumor-damaging effects of these compounds in animals and to a lesser degree in humans.

"Primitive drugs have previously proved useful in medical practice, curare and quinine perhaps being the best known. Chemicals used in head shrinking have characteristics that warrant further investigation.

"Some of the scientists in our laboratories," Doctor Heller adds, "have indicated their willingness to undertake screening tests of Ferguson's chemicals in appropriate animal systems."

The foundation's headquarters has been established on 25,000 acres at Wakani, Ecuador, in the heart of Jivaro country. The land is a gift of the Ecuadorian Government. When and if enough money can be raised, a new laboratory, hospital and other facilities will be built.

The Ferguson Foundation hopes to do two things. First, to use the Wakani area for experimental cultivation of seeds, cuttings and rootstock of all promising medicinal plants. Second, to staff the laboratories and hospital with medical researchers who will be able to determine from preliminary studies whether a plant from the jungle has a real potential. The foundation has no interest in the manufacture or distribution of drugs that may result from its findings. It has set up a system through which drug manufacturers with the capability of supplying the public can take over. Royalties paid to the foundation from the drug firms will be applied to continuing research.

Once a new drug has been assigned to a manufacturer, the problem of raw material becomes a vital one. The foundation believes that the Jivaros can meet the demands for any jungle plant in quantities sufficient to give the drug manufacturer at least two years' supply.

Thus the Ferguson family dream seems about to come to fruition. Plants are already being experimentally cultivated at Wakani. Ferguson's two sons act as his representatives with the Jivaros when he is away. Tangamasha has supplied data on more than 100 jungle plants used in his primitive treatment of the Jivaros. Mrs. Ferguson and her daughter treat the patients at the clinic.

Now the dream rests on the amount of money that can be raised to build and staff the foundation's laboratories, for it takes a great many research dollars between the time a drug is ripped from its natural vault until it ends up in a capsule.

This extraordinary American family has made it clearly understood that, after twenty-seven years of deprivation, sacrifice and hardship in searching out possible cures for cancer and other diseases, it has signed away any possible financial benefit that may result from its efforts.

THE END

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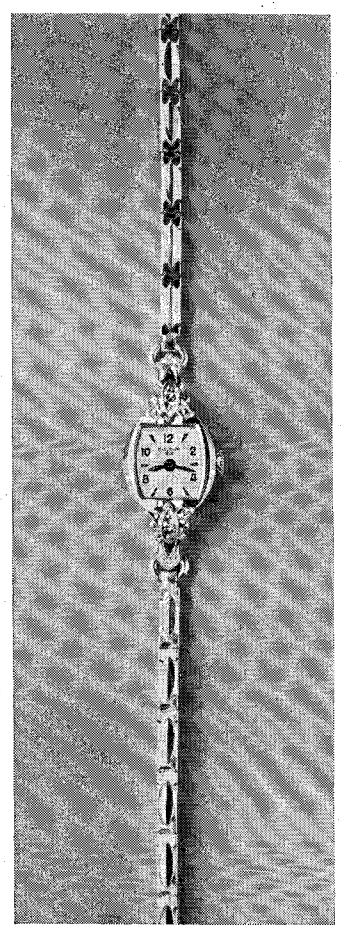

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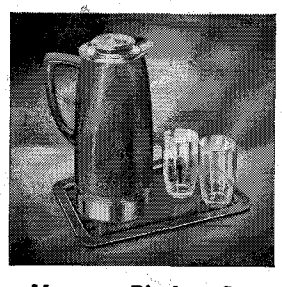

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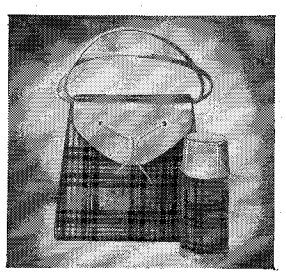

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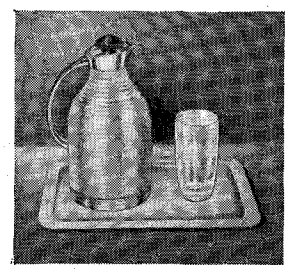

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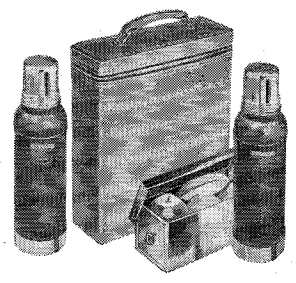

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# The Gentle Outlaw of River's Elbow

(Continued from Page 27)

time. With an effort he stopped it. He sat up straighter, then cleared his throat. "I'm—afraid ——"

*Why, he has a nice voice,* she thought instantly. She liked Southern hospitality. *But he's so embarrassed.* She leaned forward.

"Ten thousand pardons, m'sieu! Entirely forgot to introduce myself. I am Mrs. Wiltag; the colored gentleman you may have seen back at my carrousel is Hoofer. Truly a genius. With anything mechanical all he needs is a minimum of time, most primitive tools—screwdriver, hammer—to make things hum like a marriage bell! We met on my first day out—first day of what I call my 'flight to freedom'—three years ago. He was unemployed, amenable to suggestion. He does my driving too." She shook her head. "I blush to say, the very thought of attempting to steer a truck like mine—you noticed it, parked behind the carrousel trailer?—frightens me. To the core!"

Somehow the policeman's face doubted that anything could scare Mrs. Wiltag.

She went on quickly, "However! A capable chauffeur. A prince of a man! But your attention strays to the portrait of my husband. Taken three weeks before his death; very shortly after we were married. Wilmer was—planned to be—a sculptor. Unfortunately, the dark angel seized him before he could begin his lifework. So I was forced to take up the profession of teaching. 'Forced' is perhaps incorrect; other paths opened, but I felt this one compatible. There are worse. Then, at the seasoned age of forty-eight, I entered a contest. You may not be interested in details; I'll skip over them nimbly as a spring lamb. It required of each entrant that he or she fill out a coupon—twenty-five words or less—on the merits of a soap. I acquired nineteen cases of soap bars. Inscribed many coupons with eulogies. And, not to my serious surprise, was adjudged the winner. Ten thousand dollars. So I bought my carrousel—lifetime's ambition fulfilled! Ever since I'd been a little girl—but never mind. Suffice it to say, I also rushed in my teaching resignation, and hey, for the open road!" She regarded her listener. "It is not all a process of loafing and inviting one's soul," she added. "Afraid I didn't catch your name?"

"Mike." He sighed. "Michael Gustave Beauregard." After a moment, he trusted the next pause enough to break it. "Mrs. Wiltag, I'm very sorry. I haven't been on the force long. In fact"—his heavy professional air slid away—"I've been a cop for forty-eight hours."

A barge, which had once carted holiday throngs and now lay nosed in a mud flat, was visible down on the river. Mike Beauregard narrowed his eyes at it as Mrs. Wiltag poured hot water into the teapot.

"So I can't give you chapter and book. All the same, there's an ordinance. Against setting up anything like your—your carrousel out there without the mayor's permission. And I think the commissioner's to boot." The pause came back.

Glancing at him as she returned to the table with a tray, she wanted to tell him she admired his accent. It was soft without being consciously provincial. But she didn't. Other affairs came first.

She poured a cup of tea. "Officer Beauregard, my life has been quite full."

"I bet it has," said Mike Beauregard.

"And during these past three years more full than ever before. In them I have discovered that nothing else devised by man can promote more good will than a carrousel. . . . Have a scone? An old recipe, though I may have used too much butter—you'll notice they flake off."

"Thanks a lot," said Mike.

"Now, how long would you say I'll be given by these authorities, before they strike?"

Mike frowned. "You understand, I don't make the rules. When I heard it this morning—first thing I and a lot of people in River's Elbow heard—I was kind of glad."

"Understood. Ours not to reason why. But, roughly, how long?"

"Put it this way, Mrs. Wiltag: Outside the chief, I'm the only what you'd call law in town. Not a big town. Maybe you noticed that last night. Years back, it was. People came here to live instead of to—well ——"

"Stagnate, look on their neighbors with eye askance?"

Mike flapped a hand with a bravo motion. "That's the ticket. Say, you're quick as a cricket, Mrs. Wiltag."

"Compliment accepted and cherished. Your accent, while regional, falls on the ear with grace. Did necessity thrust you into uniform?"

"Well, it's not a bad job. And I plan to get married. Not much steady work in River's Elbow, Mrs. Wiltag." Mike's eyes wandered to the portrait photograph of Wilmer Wiltag. "Maybe you'd understand. I'm an artist; not like your husband was. I mean, I've done a couple of things—fairly good paintings—had that much luck anyhow. But everybody has to eat."

Bella Wiltag had straightened. "Why, Officer Beauregard, this is amazing! Wondrous! You must show me your work—and meantime ——"

"Yeah." Mike inspected the inside of his cap. "Meantime. I'd say, knowing the place—I was born here—about ten hours. Don't mind holding off myself, but the chief'll be acting pretty quick. Spurred by the mayor and the rest. They'll really be spurring, too, if you keep the volume up on this carrousel."

"Elixir," Mrs. Wiltag said, smiling firmly. "The name," she went on, "of my carrousel. You keep referring to it as this or that. Elixir is his name. Appropriate, I think! A vital element infused into workaday earth. Music like that, the joy of spinning around and around on fabulous beasts or in noble chariots—there, if you like, is something to drink!" She sipped her tea. "Elixir has only one volume. Either that or silence. To silence him is unthinkable."

She surveyed Mike over her teacup. "Don't you notice," she asked softly, "even now, it isn't even remotely a nuisance? Men could work to such a sound. Better than in our uneasy silence broken by traffic, shattered by commercials on radio and TV, ruined by a violent and dubious gift of present-day popular music. Hark!" A hand, so narrow and frail that it seemed to hold the sun rosily within it, was lifted.

Slowly Mike nodded. "Yeah—yes, ma'am."

The carrousel named Elixir was now playing one of its best numbers, Over the Waves.

"Well ——" Mrs. Wiltag set down her cup. Mike got up. "Do me the great favor of holding off my removal until, say, noon."

"I can do that much. Later, if you want to."

"No, noon will be sufficient. Quarter to seven now by my watch."

"Synchronized," Mike said.

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"Then, Officer Beauregard ——"

"Mike."

"—— Mike, noon will give me time to scout terrain, assess the enemy, draw brief for battle. Would you meet me back here then? Bring your betrothed, if she is available! Should like meeting her."

"Available. Works in the drugstore across the road, other side of the park. Say." Mike scratched his head. "Could I take another scone?"

"My dear man!" The plate was swept to him.

"She'll like meeting you too. Not much happens in River's Elbow. Compared to—well, something like you."

"That," stated Mrs. Wiltag, "is a situation I intend to remedy. Forcibly and at once. I shall now have at it. Good day, God bless."

"Up the rebels!" He bowed as she raised the tent flap. "So long."

When she had dropped the flap, Mrs. Wiltag stood looking at the grass to which sun was filtered through cloth. An ally was something you could thank the mercy of the world for. All the same, other forces must of necessity be on her side. *If I were at all superstitious*, she told herself, *I'd cross my fingers for luck. Or at least discover a four-leaf clover in this excellent grass.*

Having done neither, she took her large combination purse and shopping bag from the drawer of a commode in the

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No woman knows everything, but she can come close to it if the town is small enough.

HAL CHADWICK

---

shadow of the campstove, hooked its strap over her arm and started out. At the tent flap she wheeled, blew a kiss to the departed Wilmer, and then went out to join the daylight once more. Around her ears rang Over the Waves, in full and thunderous fettle. It was heartening.

At five minutes until noon the heartening quality had been sapped from daylight like juice from an orange. Now, leaning against an oak, watching the carrousel, which trolled out Hey, Marie, Bella Wiltag observed Hoofer keeping the long line of children in order. He also kept an eye on the whirling beasts. Suddenly he reached to straighten up a small boy in jodhpurs and pith helmet who had been about to fall. Hoofer always moved as if wrapped in a dream; all the same, he moved.

At least half a hundred children were surrounding or riding Elixir—all ages, sizes, degrees of hilarity. The simple and dedicated ones, like the small boy who had just been saved. The gay and fluttery ones, like the thin girl with the blue bows in kite-string knots on her braids, so attached to the camel that it would take Hoofer's persuasive magic to remove her. Wheezily, the clattering keys and pipes and tin pans in the midriff of Elixir sent melody to the topmost leaves. They stirred in the light wind.

*What is so rare as a day in June?* Bella Wiltag asked herself. What, indeed? Not the weather's fault. Nor the children's. What made her feel old, pulpless and wrung were the town officials.

The mayor—bald and, she suspected, endowed with lizard blood—had greeted her dryly. His little pale green eye alerted her; nonetheless she had proceeded. The town was stagnant. Then how about turning that park with its silvery fountain into an amusement park? Tourists who now passed through in a great hurry would become paying guests. She was willing to split all carrousel receipts.

Her most persuasive arts fell upon stone. No, on kindling. For a brush fire was what Mayor Millikin turned out to be. He bawled for his commissioner. Then, Old King Cole to the hilt, he bawled for his chief of police. And there they were, all three—glowering at her with gusty threats.

She flattered herself she had carried things off with a cool hand. But—she had until one P.M. today to be sure Elixir was turned off and silent as the grass.

"Whattaya call it? Elixir?" She hadn't liked the mayor's tone at all. "Call it Robert E. Lee, we wouldn't want it! Driving us out of our minds!"

"How moot a point." Mrs. Wiltag's own voice had stayed level. "Mr. Mayor, it's physics; to displace a body one must first of all know it's there to be displaced."

"Displace your clatterbox!"

No, she hadn't liked the tone. She had until eight P.M. tonight to be gone—tent, baggage, truck, carrousel trailer and Elixir himself—from the park.

But the park was perfect. In many ways, so was the town. As she leaned with the live oak warm to her hand, as the carrousel whirled like a great gilded top and Hey, Marie battered the air, she had to admit great defeat.

Oh, there had been other towns and times. Times of good—a county fair in Vermont. Times of bad—the rain that swelled into a flood in Texas. But always before this, Mrs. Wiltag had made it a point, upon entering a new place, to comply with local ordinances. Many and bewildering as they were, it was worth it.

She couldn't tell what had come over her last night. The town under the moon, silence and leaf smell and river scent, and its park between road and river. The town with a whispered message. "Settle down here; here is the end to roaming"—the park had said something like that. So had the town. Shabby it was, left alone—an evil, cross-grained way to be. All the same, why had her heart gone out to it? Why did it do so this minute, thumping behind her ribs as she watched Elixir turn, saw the children ride? *I hear it in the deep heart's core*, she told herself. Some places were meant for some people. Bella and this park, and the town around it. It was that simple. But she had won no battle.

She straightened and crossed to the ticket stand through a wedge of children. Hey, Marie galumphed to a stop; the carrousel was swinging around more and more slowly. Hands clung to the necks and flanks of the painted horses. The girl with blue bows on her braids slid down from the camel, stretched to give it a final pat on its nose. The camel's nostrils flamed. The girl backed away, still looking. Elixir rattled and thumped, and another number rolled out—Marta, Rambling Rose of the Wildwood.

The music was a blast over Mrs. Wiltag's eyelids and cheekbones. She always loved it. She knew what the children felt; how they partook of the majesty in this machine of delight. Hoofer appeared at the ticket stand above her, straw hat pushed back, dandelions wilted, face faintly mournful.

His teeth showed in a smile that flashed, disappeared. "Nice kinda crowd." Hands, clutching dimes, reached up to him. He began tearing tickets from their blue roll. "Young gentlemens, don't shove, take it smoothly. Step on that little girl's shoes, young gentlemens, you'll be wearin' exter set; make you look funny. Plenty of time. Next boat ain't leavin' till we git a full crowd on board. Animals patient as Job. See how they stands quiet? Room

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for all." His eyes fixed on Mrs. Wiltag's. "Trouble?"

She nodded. Since she had loved at first sight—*an end to roaming*—why had she not been more cautious? Why move right in last night; proudly order Hoofer to begin music and motion at six o'clock this morning? *Well, because I felt that the park itself needed me so much it would protect, sustain, welcome and warm.* A dangerous romantic attitude; the world was not shaped for romantics. Hoofer knew what trouble was. Trouble or good, he took them in one stride.

"Yes, a little. Hoofer, you may as well start the free rides. From now until I tell you."

"Yes'm. See them cars parked over yond'?" His thumb glinted. "All of 'em stop—been travelin' through on the road. Lot of these childs come from them cars. Good place here."

From Hoofer that was a scroll of merit. She wished he wouldn't.

"Arrangements ain't fragile, like some other places. You gits 'em from road and town." He dropped the blue ticket roll and spread his hands as if their pink palms cupped sunlight falling through the old trees. "Good place fo' steady." Then he turned to the miniature mob. "Now, don't y'all ramp and rage. Miz W, she say it's all on the house fo' a while. Means you keeps your money and gits on anyhow. Free rides, free rides!" he intoned. "All so free as a bird in the air; walk up steady an' take your chair! Ride the hawses or the camel too; we goes as pert as a kangaroo. Free rides, don't fall off the sides! Dis train don't carry no gamblers, no fo'-day creepers nor midnight ramblers; dis train bound for glory, halle-looooyah!"

Mrs. Wiltag was nearly swept away. After a moment, she disengaged herself and looked over at the path. She took the path slowly. It was noon. Her shadow on the gravel was erect; a grenadier's, marching to the one-two-three, one-two-three tune of Marta, that rambling rose of the loud wildwood.

She approved of Mike's girl, Norma. How pleasing to know these people! How bitter to think their friendship would soon be broken, and that she might never see that fountain again. *I'll dream of it*, she thought; *I shall call it up in dreams.*

She sent a glance to the photograph of her husband; his sideburns were debonair. Whirlwind courtship, marriage cruelly cut off. Who could know what tranquillity they'd had; delight which she had ever since been seeking?

Suddenly here in the tent with her guests she understood. *Why, it's all been a search. Adventure always is.* She was not really brave. Forty-eight when she had left the school; fifty-one now. Dismay flitted over her face, was gone the next second as she cocked her head, listening to Norma.

"Mr. Dragger, my boss, owns the drugstore. If he had anything to say! Trade like the old days. All the cars stop, kids ride your merry-go-round ——"

"Elixir," put in Mike.

"Nice name. While they ride, pa and ma shop. Mrs. Wiltag ——" Norma's was a pink-flushed face, good conformation. Reminding Bella of a beautifully impatient filly restricted to a slow track, the girl said, "If we'd all get up a petition—Dragger, and Milton who runs the drygoods—even old Towhee who used to run the pleasure boats. If we all went to Millikin. Mayor or no mayor! Man's been in office since Grant took Richmond; no more sense of progress'n a tumblebug. If ——"

"My dear, I am afraid I have forever alienated your mayor and his fellow workers. No." She shook her head. Yellow light made a sunny cave here. The voice of Elixir was its background. Her fingers were trembling. She steadied them by clutching her hands in her lap.

Mike looked like an intelligent beaver which someone had wrapped for a joke in uniform. He said, "Mrs. Wiltag's right, Norm. Any reasonable, adult petition would drop dead in this town." His face darkened; he stared at the grass. A butterfly floated in. "River's Elbow! Lord, what a place! Why do I stay? Why do we?"

"Well ——" Norma's hands clasped one neatly shaped kneecap. "Don't much enjoy the drugstore. Other hand, when you've lived here all your life—grown up here ——"

"I wish," said Mrs. Wiltag, "I had been a child here. Yes, that's it. Precisely what I knew last night, when I asked Hoofer to stop the truck and we sat looking out—over the fountain, the trees. Do you know John Keats?"

"Not personally," Mike said.

"His work. 'The holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of imagination.'" She unclasped her hands. "You are a good artist," she said to Mike. The two paintings he had brought—*Not yet great*, she thought, *but with spark.* They reflected the town. "A child in this place. That would be—why, of course; near your sources. A child," she murmured.

She stood. A firm expression fixed around her mouth. "I was in dire peril! Self-pity. I could not see. Vision has returned! Excuse me for a moment, if you will."

Mike and Norma stood as she went out. She made her way past the fountain. A drop splattered on her hand, on her cheek. She went down the path, across the grass where squirrels eyed boldly those who walked near; where old men, slit-eyed in noon heat, sat slumped on benches.

Music—now the Toreador Song; it would have astounded Bizet—swarmed through the clearing. Mrs. Wiltag walked into it. Above the ticket stand, shirt clamped to sweating back, Hoofer watched Elixir. There went the camel, eyes disdainful, up-and-down carriage a true desert ship's; there the gondolas; and the horses, manes swimming in sun, carved nostrils red as Belial fire.

She called to Hoofer; he turned. *He is like the jinni of the carrousel*, she thought; *part of its magic, inseparable from it. Nothing must change this; this must work.*

But her voice was calm. The children paid no attention; they couldn't hear her.

"Turn it off, please, Hoofer!"

Mirrors fixed to the center post flashed brilliance over Hoofer's face. Not answering in words, he left the stand. He threaded his way onto the platform, caught a brass pole, and, walking between the muzzle of a horse and a gondola filled with children, reached the handle of the cut-off lever. He cast one glance back at Mrs. Wiltag. It contained a real question. She forced herself to nod.

The lever went down. Mrs. Wiltag turned away. She heard, as she walked back, the whining, slowing and grinding; the Toreador defeated. Then followed the outcries. *Children*, she told herself. She did not look back. *They never understand that if a ride is free, when the carrousel stops you haven't lost anything.* But they had lost. Their outraged voices proved it.

*What a cruel thing*, she thought. *And nearly an hour left before I have to turn it off. But now I have at least tried everything.*

She had never been superstitious. She crossed her fingers tightly. She did not stop at the fountain. Drops flashed, but she did not look. Outside the tent she stood making her face cheerful. Then she ducked in.

Footsteps came and went on the gravel paths beyond the tent. A hush lived around them.

"Sounds funny." Norma stared at the tent wall's fire. "Just the way everything did before. Quiet."

Mike scowled. "Fine cop. Have to go back to work, Mrs. Wiltag. We haven't helped anyhow."

Norma sighed. "And me for Dragger's. Won't be much business there now."

Mrs. Wiltag offered the teapot. "A last one, a stirrup cup." And she smiled.

Now and then, as they drank, feet paused outside and somebody murmured—looking over at the tent, speculating. Once feet came off the gravel and a shadow was printed on cloth; a shadow three feet high. A small voice said, "The Buttercup Queen! Where she lives!"

An adult voice called; the shadow went.

Norma's cup rang on the table. "Mrs. Wiltag——" she said.

"But it's the nature of existence!" Mrs. Wiltag marveled at the ease of her own voice. "One's always going; no doubt I should have remembered last night, not let myself be—trapped, I think it was. Mike, Norma ——"

They were shaking hands. Mike had his paintings under one arm. Somehow she could not override their mood. She had felt like this long before. Yes, when friends and relatives of the Wilmer Wiltags filed by, after the funeral. While her mouth smiled she had felt that life could not go on. But it had.

"A fig for circumstance!" She heard herself. "We are well met! If I get back to this part of the country, I shall ——" She stopped.

Someone else had left the gravel. The three watched. Leaf shadow played over cloth. Another shadow joined it. A man's. *Curiosity seeker intrigued by the tent*, she thought. *Or Hoofer, come to ask what the next move is.*

She moved briskly. No one could have told, from her face, that she was not breathing.

Then she was. And something new had come into face and voice as she lifted the flap. "Do come in! Sun at this hour calls for shade. Enjoy it."

For a second, Mayor Millikin only stood, shoulders slumped, pongee suit wrinkled, almost as damp as his face.

As he passed a hand over that high, bald skull something badgered glinted in his eyes. But he was different. Not the man she had seen before. The deep voice held respect.

"All right. Get 'em off my neck."

Mrs. Wiltag looked milk-innocent. "What?"

"Kids. My kids, the chief's, Commissioner Latour's. Others'." He looked around. "H'lo, Mike. Go back to work. Don't bother this woman. She's all right."

But Mike and Norma were going. *Ah*, thought Bella Wiltag, *they will come again. Many times, and we shall be friends; and this town, this place. Ah.*

The tent flap fell. The mildest of flushes crept into her cheeks—color of winter apples. "Mr. Mayor, in the warmth of our—discussion, I'm afraid I lost my temper. Wholly. Ungraciously. Several of the remarks I made ——"

"Wasn't the remarks. Was the result. Of you shutting down your—dingus out there."

"Elixir."

"Yes." The mayor nodded heavily. "Elixir."

"That's his name."

"All right." He stared. "Mob of kids, led by my own. Thought my oldest had better sense. They came right to me. Couldn't get away. Know how that feels? Word got around I was the one shut you down. Spread like—like ——" The simile escaped.

"Fire of conscience," supplied Mrs. Wiltag.

"Some fire! Were you ever called a bad father, bad man? Bonds could be floated. No trouble. Landmarks torn down. No yelling. But ——"

Bella Wiltag began a little smile. Only a little one. "Sit down. They won't look for you here. I'll tell Hoofer to start Elixir again." Then she laughed, and it was suddenly a child laughing. "But I am so glad they missed him!"

He dropped into a chair. He fitted it more tightly than Mike had. "Oh, they missed him. Some woman, aren't you?" He breathed softly. "Some woman. Stopped it an hour before you had to. Caught me flatfooted, still at the office. Had planned to be off fishin' where they couldn't get to me, after one o'clock."

Mrs. Wiltag felt pity. Not much, but it was present.

"Help yourself to tea and scones. I think you'll relish the scones. People do." She moved out into sun once more. She walked very quickly past the fountain. There would be plenty of time to enjoy it. But she hurried now. Then she sailed even faster. Ahead under the oaks, Hoofer beside him, Elixir was waiting to call back the children. THE END

"My husband made the coffee table out of an old door."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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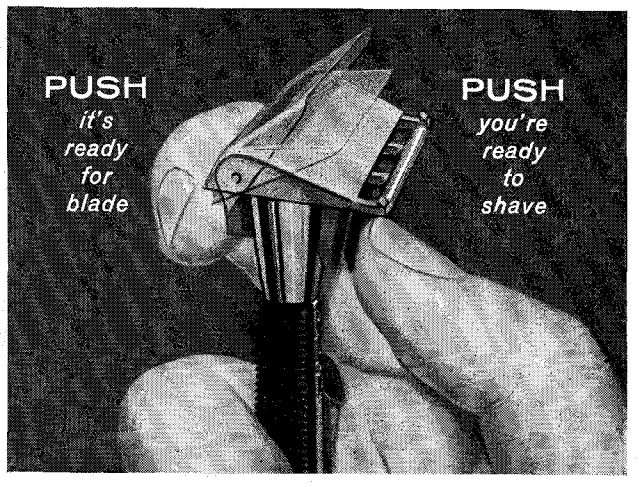


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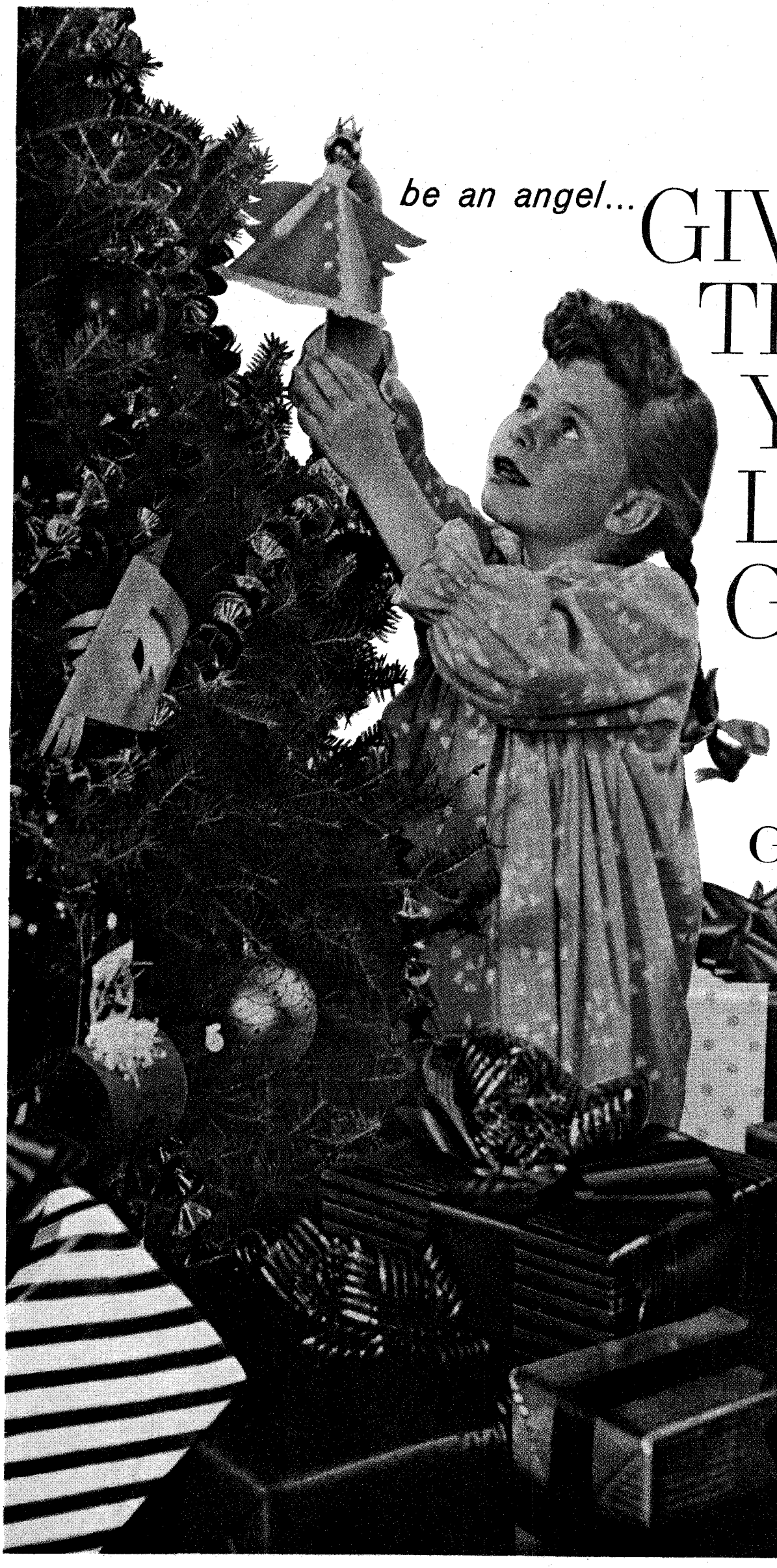

*be an angel...*

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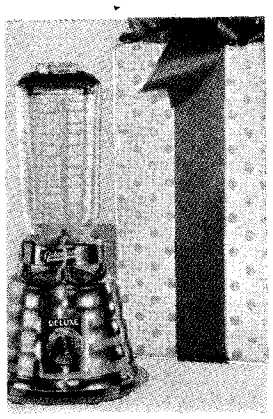

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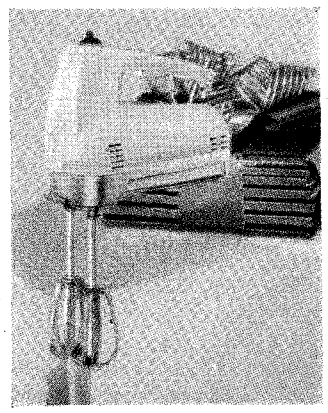

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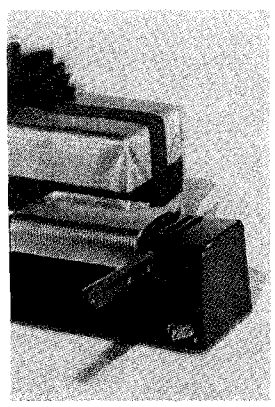

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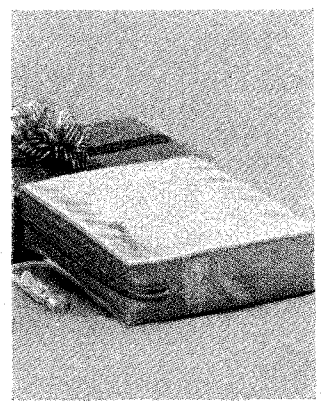

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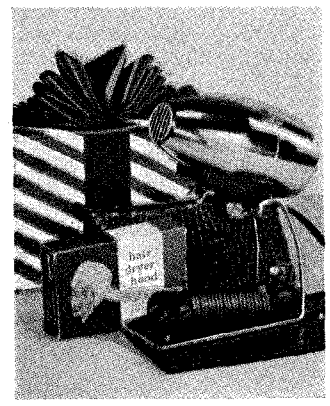

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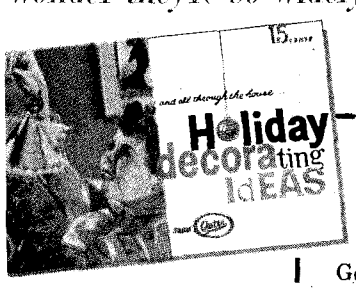


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# The Case of the Greedy Grandpa

(Continued from Page 43)

and the manner in which Mr. Selkirk receives my information will depend on how many cards I put down."

The man hesitated, said, "Just a minute," stepped inside the house and picked up a telephone. He spoke briefly; then hung up the phone and pressed a button.

The huge steel gates moved silently back on their heavy roller bearings. The caretaker motioned Mason on, and the lawyer sent his car through the gates up along the scenic driveway to the parking place in front of the house.

Horace Selkirk came strolling out from a huge patio which contained a swimming pool, a barbecue grate, a picnic table and luxurious lounging furniture. The patio had been ingeniously designed so that it could be opened to the sun or completely roofed over and glassed in, if desired. Wet splotches on the concrete indicated the pool had been in recent use. Two inflated inner tubes floated on the water. A miniature sailboat was partially concealed under a table. Highball glasses were on the table, one partially filled. Ice cubes in the glasses had melted down to about half size.

"How do you do?" Selkirk said, somewhat coldly. "This is rather an unexpected visit."

Mason said, "So it is."

"Usually," Selkirk said, "persons desiring to consult with me telephone and ask for an appointment."

"So I would assume," Mason said.

Selkirk's eyes were frosty. "It is a procedure I like to encourage."

"Doubtless," Mason said. "However, since you seem so well versed as to my movements, I thought perhaps it would be unnecessary."

"I am not telepathic," Selkirk said.

"You said that you relied on the services of private detectives."

"I do."

"If I were having you shadowed," Mason told him, "I would know when you were coming to call on me."

"You think I'm having you shadowed?" Selkirk asked.

"Someone is. It was rather neatly done. I appreciate the technique."

"What do you mean?"

"The manner in which the shadowing was done. A casual appearance, from time to time, of two different cars which would pass me, then turn a corner, appear once more behind me and then again pass me. And at times, in the city, I would notice that I was being shadowed by a car which must have been running on a course parallel to my own, some two blocks distant. That is, I believe, electronic shadowing, which is made possible by means of a small device fastened somewhere to the under side of my car, which emanates a certain radio signal that can be picked up and located by the shadowing car. I'll have to have my car looked over by a mechanic, I suppose."

Selkirk laughed. "It won't do you any good, Mason. By the time you found one device, my men would have something else pinned on."

"And," Mason said, "I assume my car has been bugged so my conversations can be duly recorded?"

"No, no, not that," Selkirk protested. "We'd get into difficulties with that and, besides, I would want you and your very estimable secretary to be able to discuss business matters in private without feeling that I was eavesdropping. But do come in."

"Thanks," Mason said.

Selkirk led the way to a shaded corner where a breeze blowing up the hill was somehow funneled through steel latticework to cool an L-shaped nook. Light filtered in through plate-glass windows which had been tinted a dark green.

"I took the liberty of having a couple of mint juleps prepared for you," Selkirk said. "I was drinking one and I thought you and Miss Street would join me."

He indicated a table on which was a tray and two frosted glasses decorated with sprigs of mint.

"Perfect hospitality," Mason said, as Della Street seated herself and picked up one of the glasses. "Next time you might telephone your guard that we're coming, so that the gates can be opened."

Selkirk shook his head. "I trust my detectives, but not quite that far. I like to have visitors inspected."

Selkirk tilted his glass toward his visitors. "Regards," he said.

Mason sipped the drink.

Selkirk raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Excellent," Mason said.

"Thank you. Now what was the object of your visit?"

"Your grandson," Mason said.

Selkirk's body became instantly motionless; his face was a frozen mask. The man seemed to be holding his breath, yet without displaying any change of expression. "What about Robert?"

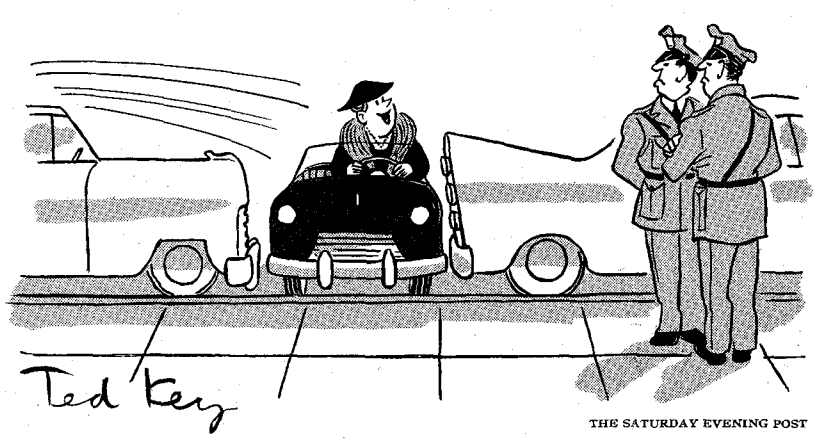
"His mother," Mason said, "seems to have arranged for him to be taken to Mexico City by a baby sitter named Grace Hallum."

"Mexico City?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Apparently because sometime Friday night Robert fired a Colt twenty-two Woodsman in the general direction of a prowler who was moving around outside his tent, perhaps with the idea of taking Robert away while his mother and Barton Jennings were at the airport greeting Norda Allison."

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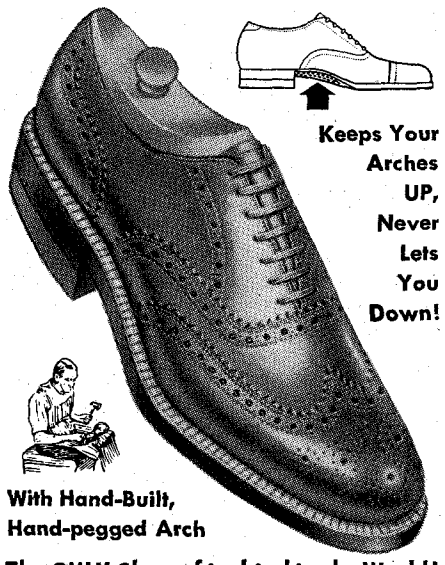


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"Do you know this or do you surmise it?" Selkirk asked.

"I know it."

"How do you know it?"

"That is something else," Mason said. "I thought you would be interested in the information."

"They're in Mexico City?"

"No. I said that Robert's mother had arranged for him to be taken to Mexico City. I don't think they made it."

"What do you think happened?" Selkirk asked, still holding his glass motionless halfway to his lips, his body tense, leaning slightly forward, his eyes cold, hard and watchful.

"I think," Mason said, "that the police decided that the matter had gone far enough. Before the child was whisked out of their jurisdiction, detectives moved in and took Robert and his escort to headquarters for questioning."

"Detectives?"

"I think so," Mason said. "A porter remembers an older man accompanied by a younger one. They had that indefinable air of authority about them which sometimes characterizes officers. Robert and Miss Hallum accompanied these two men."

Selkirk digested the information for a moment, then settled back in his chair.

"Why did you come to me?" he asked after a moment.

Mason said, "It is possible that your grandson is being given a treatment depending on suggestion and the repetitious assertion of certain things which must have happened while he was asleep. There is also, of course, the possibility that your son was planning to take Robert outside the jurisdiction of the California courts before new guardianship or custody proceedings could be instituted. There is some evidence that the shot Robert let loose from the revolver found a mark."

"What evidence?" Selkirk asked.

"A blood trail which led from the vicinity of the tent to the curb, where a car was parked. The blood trail was removed, at least in part, by a stream of water played on the grass and the sidewalk through a hose early yesterday morning."

"Barton Jennings?"

Mason nodded.

"Just what do you expect me to do, Mason?"

"There are two things which can be done. You can do one; I the other."

"What would you suggest that I do?"

"As the child's grandfather, you might insist that the police detention is violating the law. You might allege that Grace Hallum was contributing to the delinquency of a minor in trying to lead your grandson to believe that he had fired the shot which had resulted in his father's death. You might file a writ of habeas corpus stating that Grace Hallum, an entirely unauthorized person, has the child in custody. This would force Lorraine Jennings, the child's mother, either to yield the point or to come out in the open and state that she had ordered the child removed from the jurisdiction of the court."

Selkirk thought the matter over for a moment, then said, "Just sit here and cool yourselves with these drinks. If you want a refill, just press that button. I'm going to telephone my legal department. Excuse me for a moment, please."

Selkirk took another swallow of his mint julep, put down the partially empty glass and walked around the corner of the L-shaped alcove. Presently they heard the sound of a heavy glass partition sliding on roller bearings.

Della Street started to say something. Mason motioned her to silence and said conversationally, "Nice place Selkirk has here."

"It must cost him a fortune to keep it up."

"He has a fortune."

"Why should he be having your car shadowed?"

"I wouldn't know," Mason said. "We weren't shadowed earlier in the day. However, that's entirely up to Selkirk. If he wants to spend his money on detectives, finding out where I go, it will at least be a bonanza for the detectives and will keep some of Selkirk's money in circulation."

Mason closed his eye in a broad wink to Della Street; then stretched, yawned and said sleepily, "I've been losing too much sleep lately. I guess there's nothing I can do from now on except —— I guess we can afford to slow down until Norda Allison's preliminary hearing comes up. . . . Ho . . . ho . . . hum'm'm'm! This place certainly is relaxing. It's making me sleepy." Once again Mason closed his eye in a broad wink.

"That mint julep hits the spot," Della Street said. "It's the most wonderful mint julep I've had in a long time."

"Thank you," Selkirk's voice said, as he came unexpectedly around the corner of the alcove. . . . "I've telephoned my legal department, Mason, and they'll get on the job immediately."

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"That's fine," Mason told him, getting to his feet. "Your relaxing atmosphere has made me drowsy."

"Care for a swim and a little relaxation by the pool?" Selkirk asked. "I have plenty of suits and dressing rooms."

"No, thank you," Mason said. "I'm a workingman and have to be on my way."

"I hope you and Miss Street come back again," Selkirk said, and then, with his voice suddenly taking on an authoritative note, said, "and it will be better if you telephone."

"Thank you for the invitation," Mason told him.

They shook hands. Selkirk escorted them past the pool to the parking space. Della Street jumped into the car, slid under the steering wheel and over to the far side of the seat. Mason got in behind the steering wheel.

"Just drive right on through the other end of the parking place and around the circle," Selkirk said. "The gate will be open for you to go out."

Mason nodded and swept the car into motion.

It was a neighborhood of rolling hills and vistas of country estates. Glistening white houses and hillside subdivisions met their eyes as they swung down the long driveway to the highway. Mason made the boulevard stop, then put his car into motion, swung over to the stream of fast-moving traffic and stepped on the throttle.

"You're very anxious to get where you're going, all of a sudden," Della Street said.

"Yes," Mason told her, "I have decided there's no use working too hard. Let's get where we can relax. I know a cocktail bar about a mile down the road. We can pull in there and ——"

Della Street started to say something, then checked herself.

Mason drove silently until he came to a small hotel; then said, "There's a parking lot here. We'll leave the car and go relax for a while. It will do us good."

He swung into the parking lot and led Della Street into the hotel.

"What in the world are you doing, chief?" she asked.

"I don't know whether the car is bugged or not," Mason said. "But we do know one thing. They have it rigged up so they can follow us by using electronics. Quick, Della, right through the cocktail bar and —— There's a taxi stand right outside and —— Thank heavens there's a taxi there."

Mason signaled a cabdriver, caught Della Street's elbow in his hand, hurried her across to the taxicab, jumped in beside her, slammed the door shut and said to the driver, "Straight on down the street. I want to catch a party who just left here."

The driver put the cab into motion.

Mason, looking through the rear window, said, "Turn to the left at the first street and then turn to the left once more."

The cabdriver obediently followed instructions.

Della Street said in a low voice, "What's the idea, chief?"

Mason said, "Horace Livermore Selkirk has Grace Hallum and Robert up there in the house with him."

"You're certain?" Della Street asked.

"Pretty certain," Mason said. "There was a toy sailboat underneath a table back in the patio a short distance from the swimming pool. I noticed it when we went in. When we came out it was no longer there. Horace Selkirk fits the description of the older man with the aura of authority who stopped the trip to Mexico City."

Mason said to the cabdriver, "I guess we missed them. We're going to have to go back. Turn to the left once more and then to the right. I'll tell you where to go."

"But, chief," Della Street protested, "we can't go back up there in a taxicab and even expect —— Why, he won't let us inside the gates."

"That's true," Mason told her. "But I think he's afraid now that I'm suspicious, and my best guess is he's going to get rid of the boy. After all, he's in a very vulnerable position."

"He is if he gets caught," Della Street said. "But —— I'm afraid I don't get it."

"Well," Mason told her, "our car is hotter than a firecracker. He's got it bugged up so his private detectives can follow it. We put it in the parking place there at that hotel and cocktail lounge, and you can bet that his detectives followed right behind us. We went on into the cocktail lounge and they probably watched where we were going, then went to telephone a report to Horace Selkirk. We fooled them by going right on through and jumping into a cab. There's a good chance they didn't even see us take the cab. If they did, they didn't have a chance to follow us because there's no one on our tail now, and they certainly don't have these cabs bugged so they can be followed by electronics. It is, of course, taking a chance, but it's a chance worth taking. If we hit anything, we hit the jack pot. If we lose out, we're out the price of one taxi trip and we can go back and sit in the cocktail lounge for an hour or so, and then lead Horace Livermore Selkirk's spies back to the office."

"They'll tell him we took a taxi ride?" Della Street asked.

(*Continued on Page 112*)

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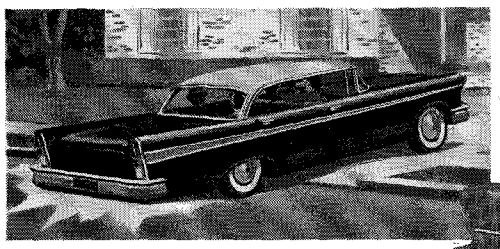
# . . . is your tail dragging?



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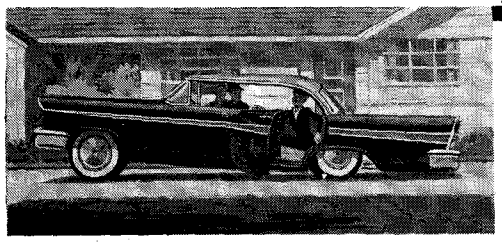
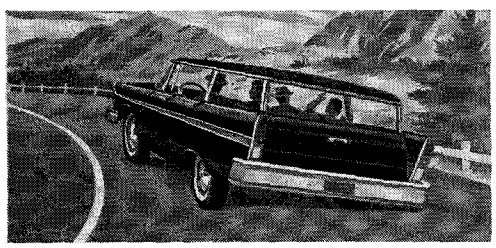
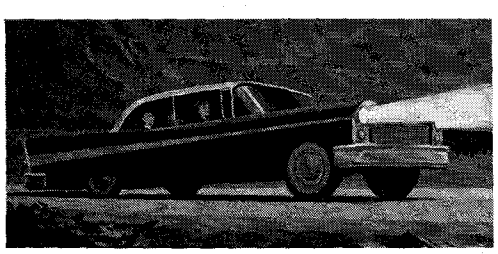


**UNCOMFORTABLE RIDING**
Without Monroe Load-Levelers, rear passengers are awkwardly seated and ride uncomfortably, find it difficult to get out of car.



**SWAYING ON CURVES**
Without Monroe Load-Levelers, loaded car sways and swings as it rounds curves; passengers are thrown from side to side. Stability is impaired. Tires wear faster.



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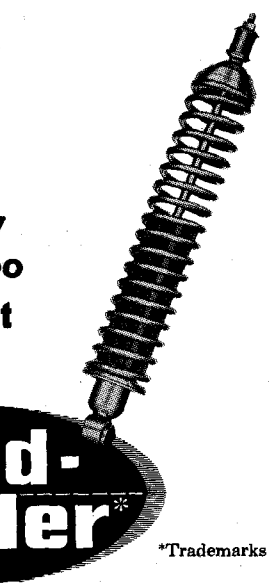

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(*Continued from Page 110*) Mason shook his head. "They won't be certain just what we did. Therefore, they'll simply state, 'Subjects parked their car, entered the hotel, went into the cocktail lounge and emerged two hours later to get in their car and drive to the office.' Later on, if it should appear that the point was important, they would say, 'Why, yes, we missed them for half an hour or so, but we assumed they were around the hotel somewhere because their car was there, so we didn't consider the matter worth while reporting.' On a shadow job of that kind you can't stand right at the subject's elbow all the time.

"Turn off up here at the right," Mason told the cabdriver, after some ten minutes.

"That road doesn't go anywhere," the cabdriver said, "except up to some private property. There's a gate and ——"

"I know," Mason told him, "but I'm expecting a person to meet me. . . . Slow down. Slow down, cabbie! Get over to the side of the road and take it easy."

Mason nudged Della Street as a cab came down the road headed toward them. The cab passed them, and they got a glimpse of a woman and a boy in the back seat.

Mason said to the cabdriver, "I think that's the couple we want, but I can't be certain of it until I get a closer look. Turn around and follow that cab. Let's see if we can get a closer look and find out where they're going."

"Say, what is this?" the cabdriver asked.

"It's all right," Mason told him, "you're driving a cab."

"That's all I'm doing. I'm not mixing in any rough stuff," the driver said.

"Neither am I," Mason assured him. "Just keep that cab in sight. I want to find out where it goes. If you're really interested, I'm getting evidence in a divorce case. Here's twenty bucks. Any time you don't like the job, quit it, but when you get finished, if you make a good job of it, you get another twenty on top of this. Now are you satisfied?"

"I'm satisfied," the driver said, and accelerated the car.

"Not too fast," Mason warned. "I don't want them to get nervous."

The driver handled the car skillfully, keeping some distance behind the car in front until traffic thickened; then moving up and, from time to time, changing lanes so that the relative position of the two cars varied.

The cab ahead eventually came to a stop at a relatively small hotel. The woman and the child got out. The cabdriver lifted out suitcases.

"Around the block and stop," Mason told the driver, handing him another twenty-dollar bill.

As soon as the cab rounded the corner, Mason had the door open. Della Street jumped out and the two hurried around the corner and into the hotel.

The well-tailored blonde had just finished talking with the clerk as Mason and Della Street approached the desk.

The clerk smacked his palm down on a call bell and said, "Front! . . . Take Mrs. Hallum to six-one-nine."

Mason approached the desk. "Do you have a J. C. Endicott in the house?" he asked the clerk.

The clerk frowned at him impatiently and motioned toward the room phone. "Ask the operator," he said.

Mason went to the room phone, picked up the receiver and said to the operator, "Do you have a Mr. J. C. Endicott in the house?"

"From where?" the operator asked.

"New York," Mason said.

There was a moment of silence; then she said, "I'm sorry. He doesn't seem to be registered."

"Thank you. That's all right," Mason said.

The lawyer hung up the telephone and walked across to where Della Street was waiting within earshot of the clerk.

"He's in," Mason told her. "He says for us to come right up. Boy, it's sure going to seem good to see good old Jim and hear all about that hunting trip."

He led Della Street to the elevators, said, "Seventh floor, please," and then, after the cage came to a stop, led Della Street to the stair door. They opened the door and walked down one flight to the sixth floor.

The bellboy who had taken the woman and the boy up to 619 was just getting aboard the elevator on the way down when Mason and Della Street entered the sixth-floor hallway. They walked down to 619 and Mason tapped on the door.

"Say it's the maid with soap and towels," Mason said to Della Street in a whisper.

After a moment of silence, a woman's voice on the other side of the door said, "Who is it, please?"

"Maid, with soap and towels," Della Street said in a bored voice.

The door was unlocked and opened. Della Street walked in, followed by Perry Mason. They found themselves in a two-bedroom suite with a central parlor.

Mason kicked the door shut and turned the bolt. The tall blonde moved back, her eyes wide with alarm.

"Sit down, Mrs. Hallum," Mason said. "You're not going to get hurt if you tell the truth. Why didn't you go to Mexico City, the way you were supposed to?"


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"I—I —— Who are you? What do you want? And ——"

"I want to know why you didn't go to Mexico City," Mason said.

She bit her lip. "I suppose you're representing Mrs. Jennings. I—well, I've been wondering if what I did was right, but ——"

"Go ahead," Mason said.

"I don't know as I should tell it to you."

"Want to talk with the police?" Mason asked, moving toward the telephone.

"No. Heavens, no! That's the one thing we must avoid at all costs."

"All right," Mason told her. "Talk to me."

He turned to Della Street, who had taken a shorthand notebook from her bag. "Sit over at that table," he said. "Take down what she says. . . . All right, Mrs. Hallum, let's have it."

She walked through to the connecting room and said, "Robert, you stay in there for a little while. Just sit down and wait until I come for you."

"Yes, ma'am," Robert said with polite dignity.

Mrs. Hallum came back and closed the door. "Just what is it you want to know?" she asked.

Mason said, "You were supposed to take Robert to Mexico City. You didn't do it. Why?"

"Because his grandfather told me I'd be arrested if I did."

"And what did you do?"

"I accompanied him to his house up on the hill; then, a short time ago, he told me that I had to leave, that I was to go to this hotel, that rooms had been arranged for me."

"And why were you to take Robert to Mexico City?" Mason asked.

"Because," she said, "Robert ——"

"Go on," Mason said.

"Robert may have killed his father," she said.

"And they want to keep Robert from finding that out?"

"They want to protect Robert until there can be a more complete investigation. Robert knows he shot somebody. It's a horrible thought for a child to have in his mind. He hasn't been told that his father is dead."

"What do you think?" Mason asked.

"I don't know," she said. "Barton Jennings—that's the man who married Robert's mother—is very courteous and very considerate, and he keeps telling Robert that he mustn't worry, that it was just a dream. He can't quite convince Robert that it was."

"How did Robert happen to have the gun?" Mason asked.

"His mother had a baby sitter who let him play with the gun. She used to unload it before she gave it to him. I don't think Robert fully understands the difference between a loaded and an unloaded gun. That is, he does, but he didn't appreciate the danger, and he was drugged with sleep at the time he fired the gun. His parents—that is, his mother and his stepfather—went off and left him alone. Something happened that frightened him. He says someone was in the patio, walking around.

"Robert was frightened. He got into the house, went upstairs to the place where he knew the gun was kept and got the weapon. He took it back to his tent to bed with him. The presence of the weapon reassured him and he went to sleep. The boy has a habit of looking at Western pictures and Western shows. He feels a gun is a symbol of protection, of security. He's nervous and sensitive and —— Well, he wanted the gun and he got the gun."

"And then what?"

"Then, later on at night, he heard somebody walking near the tent. He wakened from a sound sleep, pointed the gun and wasn't conscious of pulling the trigger, but there was the roar of an explosion, then he heard somebody running away. He thinks he fired the gun. I'm not certain that someone else, standing just outside the tent, did not fire the shot. That's my own idea, for what it's worth. Robert was only half conscious. He heard the shot. He was holding the gun. He thinks he fired it—that is, he could be made to think so."

"What did Robert do?"

"He ran into the house and wakened his mother. She told him Barton Jennings was asleep and not to make any noise. She told Robert that he didn't need to worry, that it was an accident; that accidents happen to everyone; that if Robert had heard somebody running away, it meant that he had only frightened someone and hadn't hurt the man. Robert was still nervous and frightened. He didn't want to go back to the tent."

"Mrs. Jennings told him he shouldn't waken her husband, but finally she arranged for Robert to sleep on the couch in her bedroom. He was too terrified to

"He's too proud to beg!"

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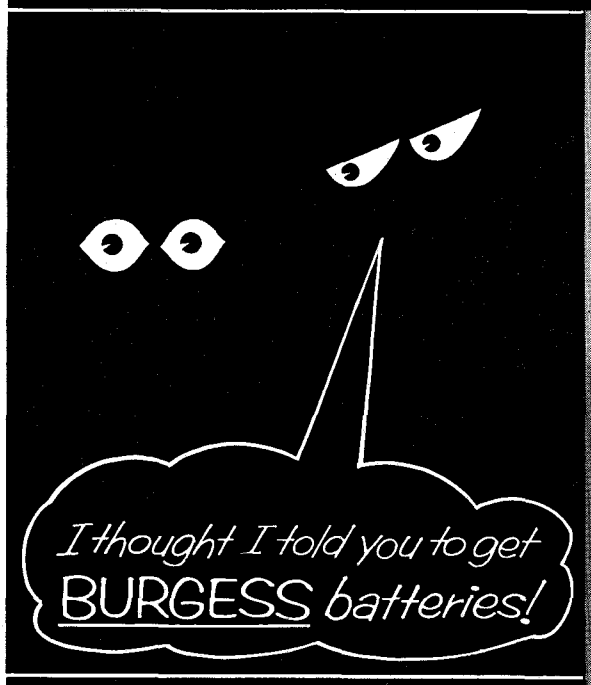


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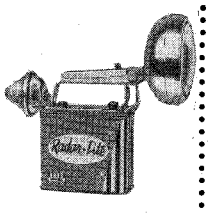

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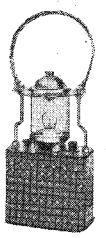

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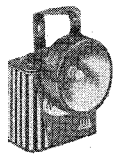

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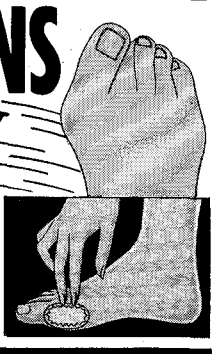

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sleep for a while. Then Mr. Jennings wakened him and took him to me. He asked me to keep him with me."

"Then what?"

"Then Mr. Jennings showed up a few hours later and said we should go to Mexico City. We had reservations at the Hotel Reforma. He gave me money for the fare, told me that we had reservations on a plane and everything was all cared for. We were to leave this morning. So we went down to the airport and Mr. Horace Selkirk, the boy's grandfather, showed up. I didn't know who he was, but of course Robert recognized him. He identified himself to me and told me that under no circumstances was Robert to leave the jurisdiction of the court. He said we were to come with him and that he would send for Barton Jennings and get the thing straightened up. He had a man with him and they put us in an automobile and took us up to Horace Selkirk's big house. Robert was happy there, but I didn't like the way his grandfather talked to him."

"And how did his grandfather talk to him?" Mason asked.

"He kept telling him that his mother had let him have the gun, that she shouldn't have done it, that it was all his mother's fault, that his mother was really responsible for whatever had happened. I'm satisfied that he was trying to plant the idea in Robert's mind that he might have killed someone. It's a horrible thought. No boy should be subjected to that kind of emotional strain. I made up my mind I was going to do something about it, and then Horace Selkirk came in very excited and said we were to pack up at once and get ready to leave, and were to come here and wait here until he gave us further orders."

"What about Mexico City?" Mason asked. "Did you tell Barton Jennings you weren't going to Mexico City?"

"No. Mr. Horace Selkirk had postal cards which he made us fill out. Those postal cards, I understand, were to be flown to Mexico City and then mailed to Mr. and Mrs. Jennings. We had an understanding with them we would send postal cards that would simply be signed G and R. That stood for Grace and Robert."

"And you wrote some of those cards?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"There must have been a dozen or so. Horace Selkirk said he'd have them sent to Mexico City and mailed at intervals so no one would become suspicious."

Mason said, "You look like a square shooter. You've had children of your own?"

"No. I—I made a mess of my life. I wish I had it to live my marriage over again. If I had, I'd have children."

Mason said, "You have money?"

"Yes."

Mason said, "I'm going down and get a taxicab. You give me your suitcases. This is Miss Street, my secretary. We'll take the suitcases down and handle things so no one will know you checked out. You wait exactly twenty minutes, then take Robert, go down in the elevator, ask if there's a drugstore near here and walk out of the hotel and turn to the right. Miss Street and I will be waiting in a taxicab on the corner. I want you to go where you can keep Robert away from all these emotional stresses, where you can take his mind off what is happening, and where Horace Selkirk won't know where you are."

"But how could we do that?" Grace Hallum asked.

Mason said, "You'll go to the one place where he'd never expect you to be."

"Where's that?" she asked.

"The Hotel Reforma in Mexico City," Mason told her.

"But won't that be —— Mr. Selkirk said something about kidnaping and ——"

"The child's mother said that you were to take him there?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"The boy's father is dead," Mason said. "She is the legal custodian of the boy until some court says otherwise. She told you to take him to the Hotel Reforma. Take him to the Hotel Reforma."

Grace Hallum thought that over for a moment; then said, "The suitcases are all packed. We haven't unpacked. We just got here."

Mason nodded to Della Street and said, "If you don't mind, we'll take the suitcases to another floor. We don't want it to appear that you're checking out."

"But what about the bill on these two rooms?"

"The reservations were made by Horace Livermore Selkirk," Mason said. "Let him pay the bill."

"How long will it be before anyone finds out we're not here?"

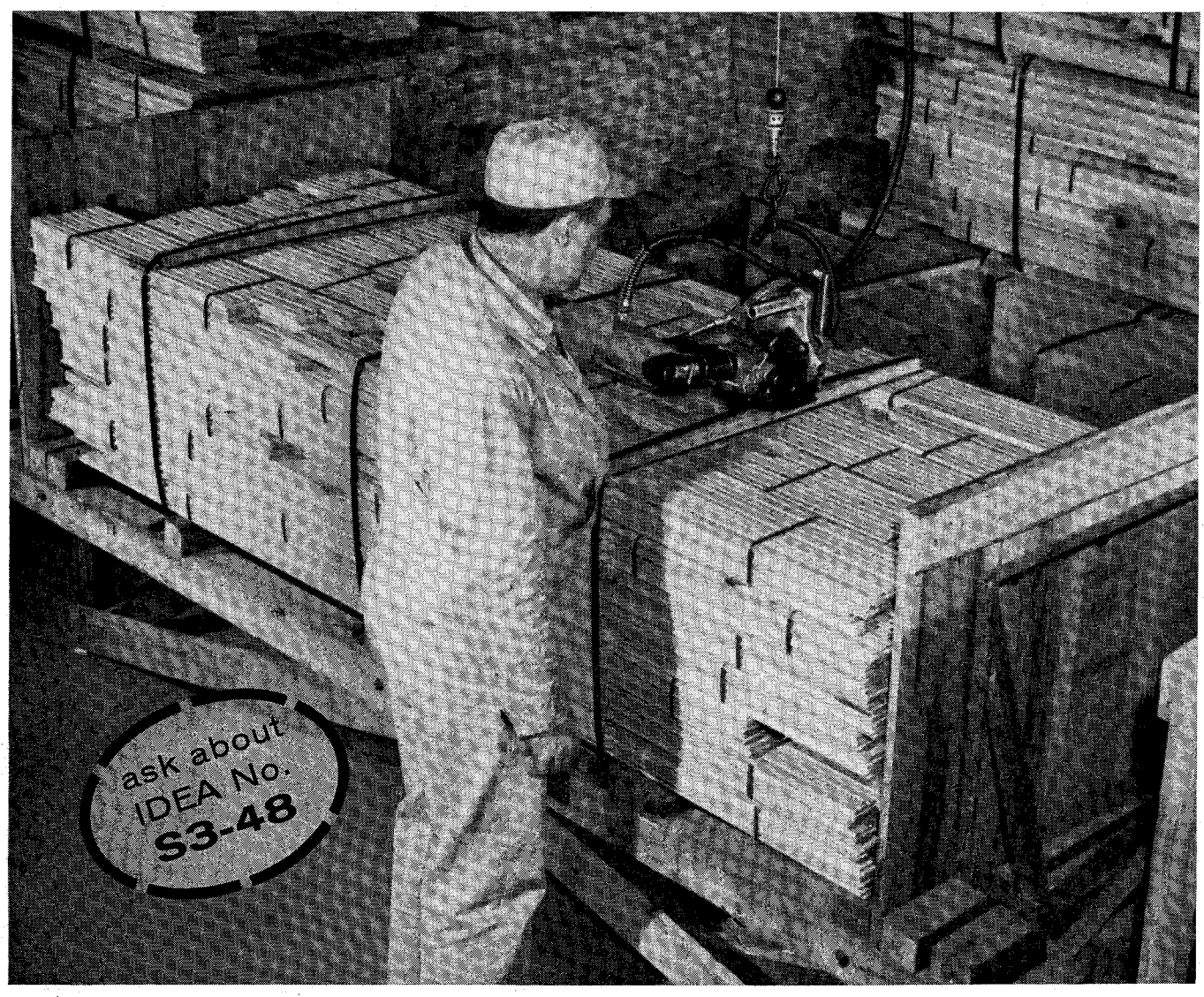
Mason grinned. "It could be a long time."

"And then?" she asked.

"Then," Mason said, "when Horace Livermore Selkirk inspects the hotel register, he will find that Mr. Perry Mason and Della Street had rooms here. By the time he puts two and two together, he may learn not to be so blamed patronizing. Come on, let's go."

Back in the cocktail lounge at the hotel, Mason said to Della Street, "I think those are our shadows over there."

"Where?"

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"The man and the woman in the corner. There have been surreptitious glances in our direction, and the man's not so interested in her as he should be in an attractive woman companion who is being plied with liquor."

"Why plied?" Della Street asked.

"It makes them pliable," Mason said. She laughed. "Ever try it?"

"What we need," Mason told her, "is a red herring. Go to the phone booth, call Paul Drake and tell him we want a woman operative who is about twenty-seven, blond, rather tall, with a good figure, and a seven-year-old boy, well dressed, quiet and dark."

"Why do we want them?" she asked.

"Because," Mason said, "we're going to give Horace Selkirk's detectives something to think about."

"And what do they do?" Della Street asked.

Mason said, "They move into the hotel where Horace Selkirk got the two connecting rooms for Grace Hallum and Robert Selkirk. They can move right into the hotel as though they owned the place. Tell Paul not to ever let them charge anything, but to pay cash for everything. The woman isn't ever to sign the name of Grace Hallum. She's simply to pay cash for everything."

"But won't the clerk know the difference—that is, won't he ——"

"We'll wait until the night clerk comes on duty," Mason said; "then this operative and the boy will go into the hotel, take the key to 619 and 621, move in there and stay there. The woman is to keep the key to the room in her purse, never to go near the desk, never to say to anyone that she is Grace Hallum."

Della Street thought the matter over, then said, "You don't suppose they've got the line tapped here, do you?"

"I doubt it," Mason said. "It's a chance we'll have to take. Just go to the phone and call Paul. I'll keep an eye on the couple over there and see what they do."

Ten minutes later, when Della Street was back, Mason said, "They were certainly interested in your telephone call, Della, but they didn't dare to appear too curious. They're wondering what kept us out of circulation for so long. How did Paul Drake react?"

"The same way you'd expect," she said. "He agreed to do it, but he's not happy about it."

"Why isn't he happy?"

"Says he's violating the law."

"What law?"

"What law!" Della Street asked. "Good heavens, here's a woman who moves into some other woman's room in a hotel, and ——"

"What do you mean?" Mason asked. "She isn't moving into any other woman's room. Grace Hallum has left the hotel."

"But she didn't pay her bill."

"The bill was already paid," Mason said. "Horace Selkirk arranged for that, and even if she had left the hotel without paying the bill, she would have been the one who defrauded the hotelkeeper. Drake's operative isn't defrauding anybody."

"But she's moving into a hotel room."

"Exactly," Mason said. "She's prepared to pay for the accommodations. The hotel has its rooms so they can be rented to the public."

"But she didn't register."

"Is there any law that says she has to?"

"I think there is."

"Grace Hallum didn't register. She simply went and picked up the key. That means somebody had registered into those rooms and left instructions with the clerk that the key was to be delivered when a woman with a child asked for it."

"Well," she said, "Paul Drake wasn't happy."

"I didn't expect him to be happy," Mason said. "When you hire a detective you pay his price for services rendered. If he follows instructions, you can guarantee to keep him out of jail, but you can't guarantee to make him happy."

Judge Homer F. Kent looked down at the people assembled in the courtroom and said, "This is the time fixed for the preliminary hearing in the case of the People versus Norda Allison."

"Ready for the People," Manley Marshall, a trial deputy from the district attorney's office, said.

"Ready for the defendant," Perry Mason responded.

"Very well. Proceed," Judge Kent said.

Marshall, following a generally recognized pattern with the crisp efficiency of a man who knows both his case and his law and is determined to see that no loophole is left open, called the caretaker at the San Sebastian Country Club.

The caretaker testified to noticing a car parked early on the morning of the eighteenth. He had thought nothing of it as occasionally golfers came early for a round of golf. Later on, at about eleven-thirty, one of the golfers had told him that there was someone out in one of the parked cars who apparently had been drinking and was sound asleep.

The caretaker looked, saw the figure slumped over the wheel, and did nothing about it for another hour. Then he had taken another look, had seen blood on the floor of the car and had notified the police.

"Cross-examine," Marshall said to Mason.

"Did you," Mason asked, "look inside the car?"

"I looked inside the car," the witness said.

"Did you open the door?"

"I did not open the door. I looked in through the glass window in the door."

"Through the glass window in the door?"

"Yes."

"Then the glass window in the door was rolled up?"

"I—I believe it was, yes."

"The glass in all the windows was rolled up?"

"I think so."

"That's all," Mason said.

Marshall called the deputy coroner, who testified to being called to the scene; a photographer, who introduced photographs; an autopsy surgeon, who testified that death had been caused by a .22-caliber bullet. The bullet had lodged in the chest and had not gone all the way through the body. The autopsy surgeon had recovered the bullet and had turned it over to Alexander Redfield, the ballistics expert. Death, in the opinion of the physician, had not been instantaneous. There had been a period of consciousness and a period of hemorrhage. That period was, in his opinion, somewhat indefinite. It might have been an interval of ten or fifteen minutes after the shot had been fired and before death took place; it might have been only a minute or two.

"Cross-examine," Marshall said to Perry Mason.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The longest distance between two points is an unfamiliar short cut. FRANK G. MCINNIS

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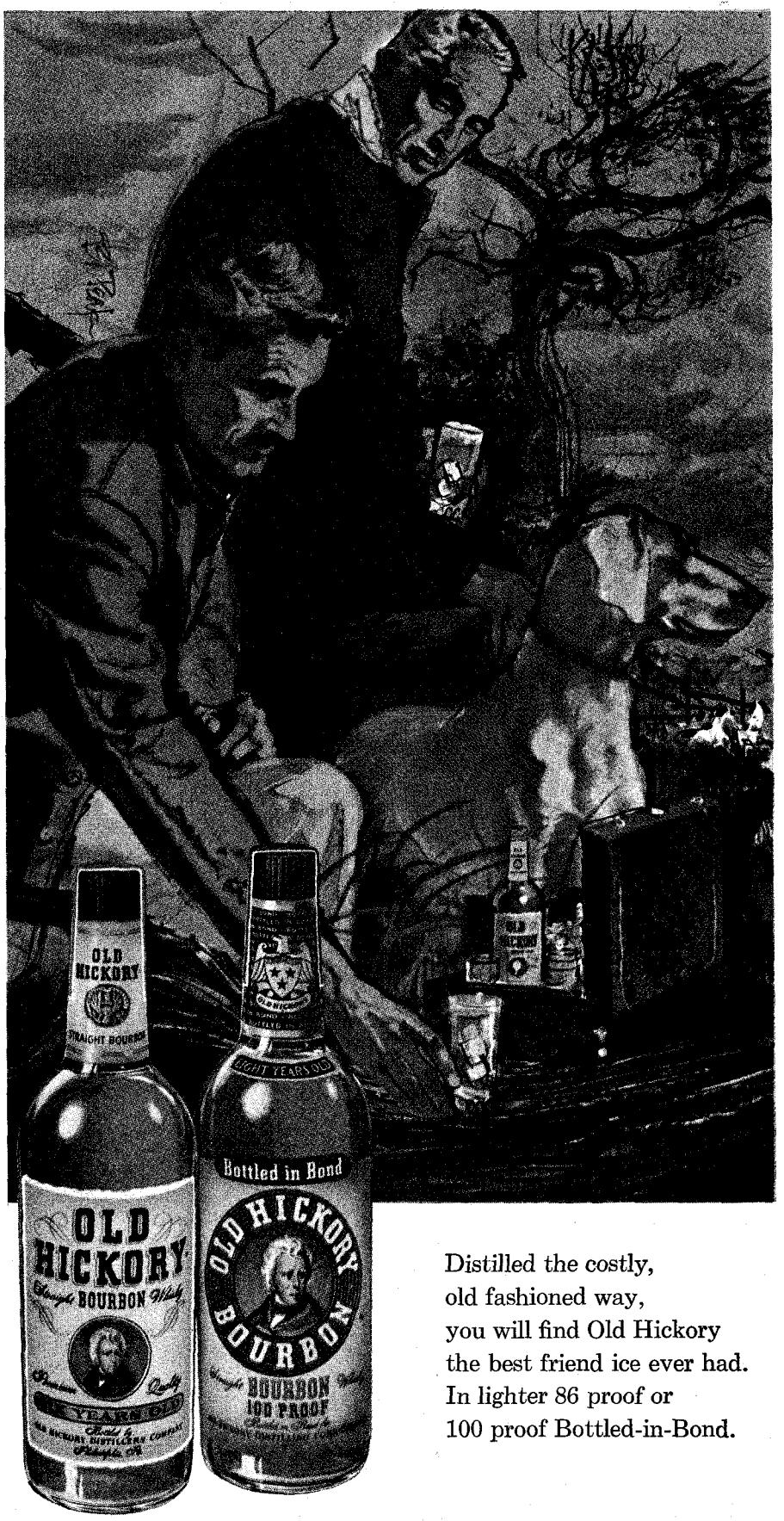


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# The Secret of Gumley Abbey

(Continued from Page 23)

general, whose only companion was his old batman, Maggs, who had followed him into retirement, had been living at Gumley Abbey for ten years when I first came upon the scene. His horse was better housed in the stables and, if lunch was a fair sample, better fed. Melissa and I were thoroughly depressed when we set off back to London in the gathering murk of a January afternoon.

It was on this drive that Melissa told me of the circumstances in which the general had retired some years in advance of expectation. I then began to understand his lack of enthusiasm for newspapermen.

One evening in his Pall Mall club the general had become embroiled in an argument with the military correspondent of the Sunday Courier. His contention was that, despite the tank and all the other mechanized refinements of warfare, the functions of the horse soldier were not, as most people believed, strictly decorative. The trouble was, of course, that the general had never ceased to be a cavalryman at heart. He loved horses, the jingle of accouterments, the smell of the stables and the rhythmic music of hooves, all of which was understandable. But he allowed himself to be carried away by his subject, and what began as a private conversation ended as a published interview in the Sunday Courier bearing his full name and rank, and titled The Role of Cavalry in Atomic Warfare.

This appeared on a Sunday. On the Monday immediately following, the general was summoned to appear at the War Office to explain why a serving officer (a) held such obsolete views and (b) was so misguided as to express them publicly. Something sarcastic was said about bows and arrows, too, which got under the general's skin, needling him into saying something best left unsaid. He was forthwith dropped from the active list with a thud which, according to a report we are not bound to accept literally, was registered upon the seismograph at Greenwich Observatory some ten miles distant.

The decade of penurious retirement which followed, his pension supplemented by a slender private income derived from his life savings, both of them heavily taxed, had soured the general's disposition, leaving him full of resentment. It does not matter what the rights and wrongs of the matter are; all that concerns us is that the general was as he was.

I went to Gumley Abbey as seldom as courtesy and my devotion to Melissa permitted. It was plain from the beginning that the general regarded me as one of his afflictions, ranking me with the leaking roof, the jungle of weeds in the drive and his intermittent attacks of lumbago. He practically never spoke to me, fearing—or so I assumed—that I might quote him. I think the only bright spot on his horizon was my admission in an unguarded moment that I was not making enough money to marry Melissa.

Then one morning Melissa came in to see me, looking worried and unhappy. "I think," she said sadly, "that poor daddy is going round the bend."

Exercising all my tact, I tried to look surprised. "What makes you think so?" I asked, wondering, as I spoke, whether it ran in the family.

"He says he's chartering a yacht for a winter cruise in the Caribbean," replied Melissa, "and he's inviting us and several other people."

"What's he going to use for money?"

"He's going to sell all his stocks and shares, or so he says, and enjoy one more good holiday before he dies. It was a bad line and I couldn't hear him very well, but there was something else about a crowded something of glorious something. I think it was a quotation of some kind."

"Are you going with him?" I asked.

"If you'll come, Bob. Will you?"

"Yes, I'll come," I told her, "so long as he doesn't bring that damned horse."

Melissa ignored this. "I wonder," she said slowly, "whether I ought to take him to see a psychiatrist. He sounded highly peculiar on the phone."

Now I found myself on the general's side. "You're ten years too late for that," I was forced to tell her. "The time to have had his head examined, surely, was when he was making plans to sidetrack atomic bombs with a squadron of cavalry. You could have had him certified then without any trouble. But now he's behaving sensibly. He's come to the perfectly sane conclusion that 'One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name'—that is a quotation, by the way—and wants one final fling before the curtain drops, and you regard it as evidence of insanity. Mark you, if he wants to take his horse, I shall incline to your view, but otherwise, no. Let him have his fun."

We drove down to Gumley on the following Sunday, to find that there had been changes. The general's living room, which had once been the abbey library, was being spruced up a bit. It was clean—anyway, nearly as clean as the stable. Somebody had scythed the weeds in the drive. A section of collapsed roof gutter had been repaired. There was a new coir doormat and other significant evidences that money had been spent. But what really set me thinking was a snatch of dialogue Melissa and I heard while we were wiping the mud off our shoes on the new doormat in the hall. It went like this:

The general (his voice loud, resonant and confident): "It's all dashed nonsense to say that crime doesn't pay. Before we took to crime, just look how we lived. Abject squalor, that's what it was. Now look at us! No more cleaning fires, washing dirty dishes and the rest of it. Crime does pay, Maggs, and we both know it."

Maggs: "Very glad to 'ear you say so, general. Honesty's all right as far as it goes, I dessay, but it didn't never get you nowhere, nor me neither. Anyway, s'posin' we are copped, prison'd be 'eaven alongside wot you and me've gone through the last ten years. I know wot I'm talkin' about too. I did two years' 'ard labor before I joined the army. I got careless an' it served me right."

The general: "If it's all the same to you, Maggs, I think on the whole I would prefer to stay out of prison. But I would like you to know that if anything does go wrong with my plan, there isn't a man breathing I'd sooner share a cell with than you. But nothing will go wrong, Maggs, because I intend to plan this thing as I would plan a military campaign."

Melissa and I, I felt, had heard enough. To have listened to more—which was what Melissa wanted to do—would have bordered on eavesdropping. To her great annoyance, I coughed loudly and led her into the room.

The first thing I noticed about the general was that his mustache no longer drooped. It was as stiff as a cat's whiskers. His eyes were clear, his cheeks rotund and pink. There was a spring in his step and his manner was jaunty. In fact, he looked exactly what he was, a retired major general, whereas on the last occasion I had seen him he had looked like an unemployed street musician.

He was, for a change, polite to me—suspiciously polite. I began to wonder what he wanted of me. The lunch was first class. Maggs, wearing one of the general's cast-off dress suits, buttled. As the crashing of dishes in the kitchen was plainly audible while he was in the room, the clear implication was that a cook had been employed. There was a good Chablis with the grilled sole, a fine claret with the roast beef and trimmings; small things in themselves, but straws in the wind, supporting the general's own contention that crime was a paying proposition. What kind of crime, I wondered. There had been a lot of country-house burglaries in Surrey, but I doubted whether the general had the figure and that minimal agility so necessary for a quick getaway. Whatever branch of crime he had adopted, he was bound to be inexperienced, because men with marked criminal tendencies, I argued, were unlikely to rise to the rank of major general.

Melissa seemed stunned by it all, but over the port and the nuts she agreed to accept her father's invitation. I thanked him for inviting me, covering myself by saying that if my editor would give me the necessary leave of absence, there was nothing I would sooner do than spend the coming winter cruising in the Caribbean. He called it the Spanish Main, which made me suspect that he had been reading travel folders.

"I hope daddy doesn't go to prison," said Melissa dutifully on the drive back to London.

"That is what may be termed one of the occupational hazards of his new way of life," I reminded her. "But I wouldn't worry if I were you, because a first-year law student would be able to get him off the hook on a plea of insanity, by introducing into the record that famous interview of his about using cavalry to intercept atom bombs."

Melissa said I was being callous, while I insisted that I was being practical. The coolness engendered lasted for several days. This was in late September, as I remember it. Thereafter, things began to happen fast.

The general chartered an auxiliary schooner called the Pearl of Panama, then lying in Port of Spain, Trinidad. I checked on the truth of this through a friend on a Trinidad newspaper. The schooner, as reported to me, was slow, but luxuriously equipped. The general then announced that his old friend "Fruity" Bingham, a retired admiral of the Royal Navy, would take command. I had met the admiral, who lived in one of the Gumley Abbey houses as a tenant of the general's. He, too, I gathered, was finding life difficult on his pension. Another guest on the cruise was to be the dean of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, the Very Reverend Joshua Tidmarsh, a most pious man whose calculated pulpit indiscretions often found their way onto the front pages.

Then, in late November, we sailed for Trinidad in a banana boat. The admiral went ahead by air in order to see that everything was in order aboard the schooner. The dean brought his wife, and there were two other additions to the party. One was a Mrs. Makins, widow of one of the general's brother officers, who occupied rent free a cottage owned by the general at Gumley, while the other was a gloomy man named Lushington, an ex-Indian judge and an old friend of the general's. He was, latterly, justice of the peace for Gumley.

Mrs. Makins was a birdlike little woman who enjoyed—I have her word for it—poor health. She suffered from a perennial cold in the head. Dewdrops formed on the end of her nose with uncanny regularity. She carried, clenched in her left

(*Continued on Page 118*)

"It's past midnight, Gloria. Shake hands with the young man and come to bed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 116*) hand, a handkerchief with which, just as the dewdrop was about to fall upon her black bombazine gown, she made a lightning-like dab and saved the day. Her timing was little short of miraculous.

The voyage to Trinidad was pleasant but uneventful. The general became more expansive and genial as we approached warmer climes. He was a charming and generous host and, by popular consent, the life and soul of the ship's company. He spent at least two hours per day in the canvas swimming bath rigged on the well deck, perfecting himself in the use of his undersea diving and breathing apparatus. That there was some deep purpose behind this, I did not doubt.

The admiral met us on arrival at Port of Spain, taking us out immediately to the Pearl of Panama, which was lying in the gulf about a mile offshore. There would be, he told us, a few days' delay until the arrival from New York of some vital spare part for the auxiliary diesel engine.

The vessel was most comfortably, indeed luxuriously, equipped. My room, which was not one of the best, had an electric fan and its own shower. There was even a small desk.

The general and the admiral were now behaving in a furtive, conspiratorial manner. Most of their conversations were conducted in whispers. They spent hours poring over charts.

On the evening before we sailed they came aboard for dinner and at the table the general made an announcement. "By a most fortunate chance," he told us all, "the admiral and I have come into possession of a map, together with detailed instructions revealing the hiding place of an immensely valuable pirate treasure. We have decided, therefore, to combine pleasure and profit."

Melissa and I had been offered that one in a Port of Spain bar, complete with the pirate's dying confession as certified by the chaplain of H.M.S. Nautilus just before the pirate was hanged at the yardarm. It struck me that the general and the admiral were old enough to know that the sale of maps revealing the whereabouts of pirate treasure is one of the major industries of the Caribbean. They were run off in thousands by an enterprising Glasgow printer who specializes in that kind of thing and are on sale in every water-front bar between Key West and the mainland of South America.

"Darling," I said to Melissa after dinner, "I'm afraid you were right. The old man is right round the bend, otherwise he couldn't have fallen for that old gag."

That is what I said. That is how it seemed. But a nagging doubt persisted. The general was pouring out large sums of money. The charter of the Pearl of Panama—I had taken steps to ascertain this—was costing him five thousand dollars a month. Fuel, wages and stores—there was a crew of ten—would come to almost as much again. Where was it all coming from?

The more I pondered the matter, the more muddled became my thinking. If he hadn't taken to some profitable form of crime, there seemed to be no other explanation.

I found him late that night, smoking a cigar on deck. "You know, my boy," he said genially, "this treasure hunt is right up your street. Wonderful story! You ought to be able to make a pot of money out of it."

It didn't ring true, because if I made a pot of money out of it, he knew darned well that I would marry Melissa, which was the last thing he wanted. But then, why had he invited me?

I went ashore early the following morning to send a cable asking whether the Argus Syndicate would be interested in a treasure-hunt story, telling them to reply to me by radio addressed to the Pearl of Panama. The reply came later in the day when we were beating our way against the trade wind with Tobago some fifteen miles distant on our starboard bow. Argus said they would pay well for a factual and "successful—repeat successful—treasure-hunt story." And somehow, against all the probabilities, I believed it was going to be just that, proving that confidence can be as catching as measles.

The ladies did not appear at dinner that evening—that is to say, the elder ladies. Melissa, who is a good sailor, was quite unruffled by the violent pitching in the short steep seas.

"Did I ever tell you, my dear," the general asked her abruptly, apropos of nothing, "that one of our ancestors, Roger Bollinger, was a pirate?"

"No, daddy, never," replied Melissa. "Tell me all about him."

"The family has never admitted that he was a pirate, of course. He sailed under

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## Postlude to Mendelssohn

By Julia Hurd Strong

It still seems only yesterday
I packed her christening
robe away,
Stitched her little Easter
frocks,
Fitted her to bobby socks,
Got her first long formal
zipped,
Had her college wardrobe
shipped—
But it's been years since;
yesterday,
I saw her throw her bride's
bouquet.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

a letter of marque, a device used to make piracy sound more respectable, but that's all he was—a pirate. He sailed these seas for years, with a price put on his head by the Spaniards. But they never caught him. With the loot taken from the Spaniards, he bought Gumley Abbey and settled down to the life of a well-breeched country squire. Became a most pious man toward the end. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, from all accounts. There's a book about him in the library. You should read it one day. Remind me to find it for you."

Was this, I wondered, the old boy's way of preparing Melissa for the shock of learning that her father was a criminal, by pointing to the existence of an earlier Bollinger who had blotted the family escutcheon? Or was he just proud of an ancestor who had probably been a conscienceless, murdering ruffian?

The next week was spent at anchor on the leeward side of Tobago, in a sheltered palm-fringed bay where, for several hours daily, the general and the admiral perfected their undersea techniques.

"I suppose," I remarked at lunch one day, "that the treasure is at the bottom of the sea?"

"How did you guess it, my boy?"

"I'm the seventh son of a seventh son," I told him. "How long has the treasure been there?"

"Since 1680—since the pirate—Smith was his name—Joe Smith put it there. No better hiding place in the world than the sea bottom. Ask the admiral."

"A lot can have happened since 1680," I continued. I wanted to make them talk. "The treasure may be under twenty feet depth of sand by now."

"I doubt it," said the general briskly. "Bill Smith was a pretty smart fellow, from all accounts, and, doubtless, he would have thought of all that."

"From what accounts?" I asked. "Besides, I thought his name was Joe."

It was no good. When I asked what the location of the treasure was, I was told, "On the bottom of the sea!" I gave it up.

From Tobago we went across to Grenada and there followed one of the most glorious months I have ever spent, cruising among the Grenadines, a chain of largely uninhabited, waterless islands, lying between Grenada and St. Vincent. Melissa and I swam, fished and lazed, listened to the radio in the evenings, went to bed early, rose with the dawn and lost all count of time. We called at St. Vincent for water and then for several days were out of sight of land. The heat of the sun was mitigated by the trade wind.

We were not a sociable ship's company. The judge ate enormous meals and hardly ever spoke. The general and the admiral spent most of their time whispering in the chart house. The dean, Mrs. Tidmarsh and Mrs. Makins—the latter, by the way, lost her dewdrop—played three-handed bridge most of the day, trying in vain to rope in Melissa or myself. It was a delightful, *dolce far niente* existence, overshadowed for me by all the apparent inconsistencies. If this was a treasure hunt, why wasn't some effort made in that direction? The only break in the idyllic monotony was when the dean conducted an Ash Wednesday service on what turned out to have been a Friday, assuming from the fact that we had pancakes for lunch on the Thursday that it was Shrove Tuesday.

At dawn one day soon after this we entered a crescent-shaped bay formed by what were virtually the arms of a sandbank, curving for about two miles. It could hardly be called an island, for at no point was it more than about six feet above sea level and its greatest width was about one hundred yards. The only vegetation was a few coconut palms, some coarse grass and stunted bushes. At one end Melissa and I found a crude hut of palm thatch, a few rusted tin cans, presumably left there by fishermen from some other island. The only evidence of our whereabouts was some faded cigarette packets printed in Spanish. From this I concluded that we were somewhere near Cuba or one of the other Spanish-speaking islands.

The general and the admiral now became more conspiratorial than ever. They spent hours swimming with goggles and examining the sea bottom. Melissa and I, swimming over the same ground one day, were able to see plainly the outlines of a wreck at a depth of around thirty feet.

One morning the general and the admiral left the schooner before dawn. When they returned for breakfast, an old oil can used as a buoy marked the spot where they had been diving. They were both jubilant.

"We think we've located it," said the general. "We need all hands to haul it to the surface. Not the crew, of course. No good giving them ideas."

The crew, by the way, were mixed-blooded men from Panama, where the schooner was registered. None of them spoke a word of English or, if they did, I did not hear it.

After breakfast the longboat was launched, and we all went across the bay to the marker buoy, and there followed—at least for me—the most unpleasant hour of the cruise, while we men hauled to the surface a barnacle-encrusted object about the size of a small traveling trunk.

When we had hauled it into the longboat, we rowed back to the schooner, setting it out on deck to give the water time to drain out of it. Then, at the specific request of the general, Melissa and I, armed with chisels and mallets, proceeded to chip off the barnacles. In less than half an hour we had exposed to view an ironbound wooden chest in a good state of preservation. With a heavy hammer and a chisel, it was the work of a few moments to force the lid off the chest.

The first object which came to view was a beautiful gold chalice, slightly dented. The dean, after reading the Latin inscription at the base and around the rim, gave it as his considered opinion that it was loot from a Spanish cathedral. Next was a pair of massive gold candlesticks, weighing not less than ten pounds apiece, followed by some other gold ornaments which suggested ecclesiastical use. A small box, when opened, revealed fifteen beautifully matched pearls, several of which were badly blemished. Mixed up among them were a double handful of gems, including one large rose-pink diamond and a lot of rubies, emeralds and sapphires, which had been wrenched from their settings by some vandal hand. Fragments of their gold settings still clung to them. If these were real—and it was impossible to doubt this—they were worth the proverbial king's ransom. At the bottom of the chest, to a depth of at least two inches, was a medley of gold coins, Spanish and Portuguese, most of them, and some I could not identify.

Exciting? I suppose it was, if only because something atavistic in most of us responds to the dull gleam and rich clunk of gold, something which has nothing to do with greed. There is greed, too, of course, but the two responses are not related. There wasn't enough excitement, I decided, bearing in mind that the two old men chiefly concerned, who had been feeling the pinch of poverty for years, were now rich and able to gratify every whim—at least, the kinds that money satisfies.

"Come on, all of you," said the general, while we were examining the find. "Lunch is on the table. There'll be lots of time to look at that stuff later."

As we took our seats at the table in the saloon, I found myself wondering if that was what age did to all of us, acting like a late frost on the buds of enthusiasm. I hoped it would not happen to me.

Melissa and I examined the things more closely during the afternoon, but the chill of anticlimax had taken the joy out of the day, and I was quite glad to see the gold and the gems locked away in the general's cabin.

Well, I had my story, and the three days before we reached Antigua, our next port of call, were fully occupied writing it. I sent it off to London with some satisfaction. From Antigua we returned to St. Vincent and thence southward down the chain of the Grenadines. We did not hurry, and Easter was behind us when at length we dropped anchor again off Port of Spain, where we remained for some days before returning to England.

Neither the general nor the admiral would talk to the reporters who dogged our steps in Trinidad. It was left to me to keep them at bay and satisfy their curiosity. It was the same in England on our return.

All this time Melissa was a shade too thoughtful for (*Continued on Page 120*)

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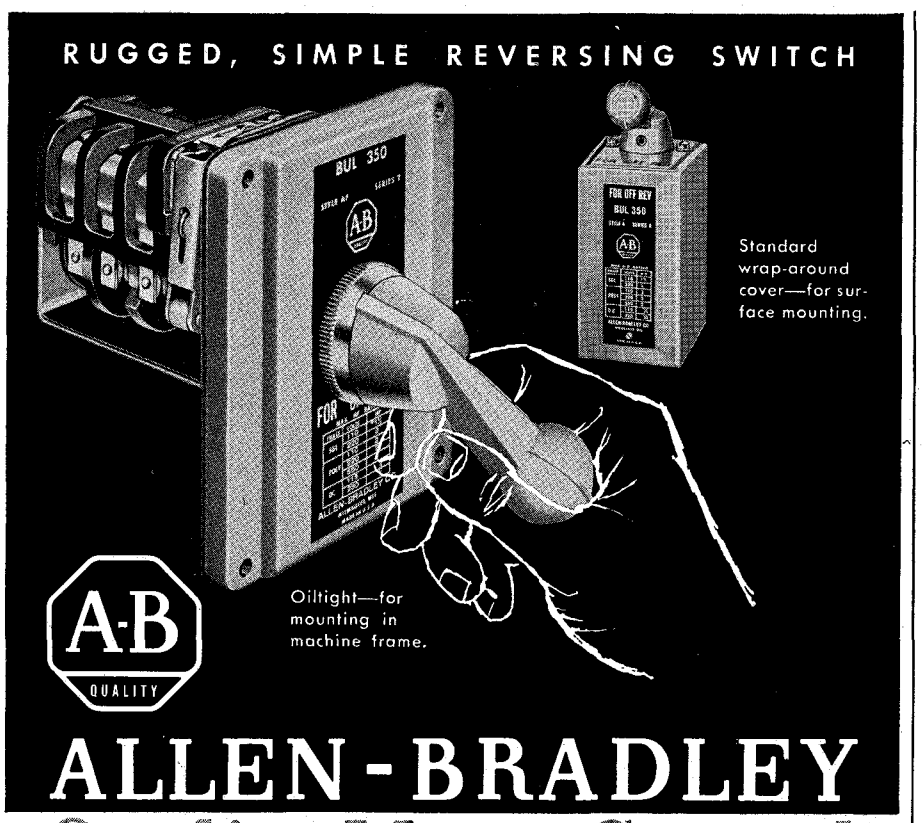


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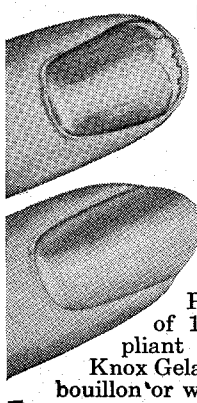

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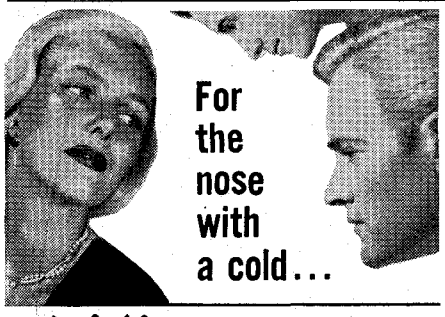

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(*Continued from Page 118*)

my taste. Something, evidently, was on her mind. Something was on the general's mind, too, when Melissa and I went down to Gumley Abbey for lunch. He was ill at ease with us, which made him sensitive to Melissa's odd manner toward him.

"Something on your mind, my dear?" he asked solicitously.

"Yes, father"—she usually called him "daddy"—"there is."

"Then get it off your chest, my dear," he said heartily. "No good bottling things up. What is it?"

"I'd like to hear your explanation of a few things that have been puzzling me for some time," she replied.

"Ask me what you like, my dear," he said, with a suggestion of bluster in his manner. "Only too happy to explain anything—if I can, of course. Can't have a pretty girl like you worrying about trifles."

"Then," Melissa began, fixing her steady gaze on her father, "perhaps you can explain how you and the admiral were able to find that treasure chest so easily."

"Fruity will have to explain that to you, my dear. It's all above my head, you know. Fruity's an unerring navigator—highly complicated calculations involved—years of experience required."

"All right, we'll let that pass," said Melissa judicially, "and come to the next question. This Joe Smith, the pirate—or was he called Bill? Anyway, Joe or Bill, it doesn't matter—you say he hid that treasure chest in 1680. Was that the date?"

"If you say so, my dear."

"I don't say anything, father. He's your pirate, not mine, although there is no trace at the British Museum Library of a pirate at that time called Bill or Joe Smith. Was it 1680, or if not, when was it?"

"Yes, 1680, or thereabouts, give or take a couple of years. Why?"

"Well, I was wondering how a chest which has been lying at the bottom of the Caribbean since 1680—give or take a couple of years, of course—contained several hundred George III guineas, bearing in mind that George III didn't come to the throne until 1760, eighty years after Bill or Joe Smith put them there. Odd, isn't it?"

"Most interesting point you've raised, my dear; most interesting! Makes you think, eh? Dashed carelessness somewhere—the kind of thing that only an expert could answer. No good asking a poor old soldier like me." The general was not happy.

"There's something even odder, father," persisted Melissa, "something you'll have to find a lot of experts to explain—to me. In among those gold coins I found this"—"this" was a crown top from a bottle of Dobson's beer—"which is even more remarkable, because even if crown tops were invented in 1680, Dobson's Brewery wasn't started until 1825. Look, it says so on the top."

Lacking the necessary experts to explain this away, the general began to bluster.

"Perhaps, sir," I suggested helpfully, "some of our readers may have theories to account for it all."

From the explosion which followed this, I gathered that the general wanted no publicity. Fear took the place of anger in his eyes. "What have you got to complain about, anyway?" he snarled at me. "You had a pretty good holiday, didn't you?"

"The truth, please, daddy!" said Melissa quietly.

Without replying, the general led the way into the old banqueting hall of the abbey, which was steeped in gloom and festooned with cobwebs. Moving aside a suit of armor which hung with many others on the paneled wall, he seized a carved Tudor Rose, giving it a half turn. With slight pressure, a section of the paneling opened inward. An electric flashlight hung on a nail inside. A flight of stairs led downwards. I counted twenty-two stairs.

At the end of a short tunnel, in a vaulted chamber, a weird sight awaited us. Shackled to a ringbolt in the wall was a blackened skeleton. Beside it were pewter utensils which had once contained food and water. Then the beam of light crossed the chamber to a massive wooden table which had rotted and collapsed under the weight of a vast hoard of gold coins, which had spilled across the floor.

The general's composure was now returned. We followed him in silence the way we had come. Closing the panel, we went out into the golden afternoon sunshine.

"Roger Bollinger must have hidden it there when he turned respectable," said the general, "and then died without revealing the hiding place."

"But why all that silly business of the treasure hunt, daddy, when it was here all the time?" asked Melissa, looking utterly bewildered.

"It's perfectly simple, my dear. I will explain it to you. Maggs and I discovered that panel by accident last year. There is in England a dashed awkward law known as the law of treasure-trove, under which all that boodle could have been claimed by the Crown—by the government, which finances the welfare state and looks after everyone except old soldiers like me, who have served it faithfully. At best, if I had declared this, there would have been an inquest and years of delay before any decision was made. As I own the land where it was found, I might—might, mark you—have been allowed to keep some of it. Well, I'm tired of penny-pinching, so I didn't give them the chance. Fruity Bingham and I cooked up the treasure hunt. We bought that barnacle-encrusted chest, put some of the loot in it and, as you know, found it at the bottom of the sea. Who's going to challenge that story? Dash my buttons! It was found in the presence of a justice of the peace, to say nothing of old Tidmarsh, who's only a dean now, but is being made a bishop next week—as well as"—he gave me a dirty look—"a dashed scribbler who has spread the story far and wide.

"Let the government take it? Not me. No government is going to spend my money buying false teeth and spectacles for a lot of loafers who are better able to afford them than a pensioned major general.

"I blame myself for not spotting those George III guineas. They might have been very awkward. But that beer-bottle cap—well, that was just dashed carelessness; might have caused a very bad impression if one of those chaps from the British Museum had spotted it."

"Don't worry, daddy," said Melissa sweetly. "I invented the beer-bottle cap, just to see how you would explain it."

We left then.

"You're very silent, Bob," said Melissa, after about ten miles. "What's on your mind?"

"I'm worried, darling," I told her. "Like everyone else at some time or other, I thought your old man was round the bend. But he's a pretty smart cooky, if you ask me."

"Then what's worrying you?"

"Well, suppose there is a role for cavalry in atomic warfare," I said, "and he's the only one smart enough to realize it? It makes you think, doesn't it?"

THE END

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# Divorce (Continued from Page 36)

Indiana the seat of Jackson County is Brownstown, a town of 2000 with shady streets and a pump on the courthouse lawn; and what the circuit judge, John M. Lewis, says about divorce is not very different from what any big-city judge says. The ratio of divorces to marriages is about one to three—the national rate. Over the years the rate has been rising. Mental cruelty is the most common ground. Most divorces are uncontested, take about ten minutes and often are awarded on perjured testimony—"I'd guess that 98 per cent of the testimony is pure fabrication." It is nearly impossible to get a contested divorce. Contests most commonly take place over property. Custody of the children is nearly always awarded to the wife. Wives usually get more than half the husband's property. There almost never is enough money to provide properly for the wife and children. The judge is often disheartened by his work. No more shame attaches to divorce today in Brownstown than in New York, though it used to, Judge Lewis says. "We've got people living in Jackson County divorced three or four times, and the average neighbor don't know it and the ones that do don't give a damn." Most people who come before Judge Lewis for divorce live in town. "You don't get very many real farmers in for divorce. You've still got a closer-knit family life on the farm than in town."

> A son has reached the awkward age when he's too old to be an exemption and too young to leave home.
>
> STEVE STILL

Divorce is permitted in nearly all societies, but encouraged in none. Society is thought to have a stake in marriage. It is reasoned that in marriage, children are born, and thus society perpetuates itself and hence society depends on stable marriages. Gibbon considered the deterioration of family life a symptom of the decline of the Roman Empire. The Roman Republic was built on families, and a man who dissolved his marriage for trivial reasons faced ostracism. Divorce is one of the points at which individual liberty conflicts with the good of the state.

In the early years of the Russian Revolution, the Bolsheviks broke the control of the Orthodox Church and declared that every individual had a right to dissolve a marriage at will; but Russia's leaders have changed their minds, and the family is now considered essential to the good of the state. A couple wanting a divorce must apply to a people's court which attempts reconciliation and, if that fails, refers the case to a higher court which grants or denies the divorce as it sees fit—there are no "grounds," discretion rests wholly with the court—and, on the whole, divorce is now impossible in Russia except for members of the party hierarchy.

Divorce is considered particularly dangerous to society in western countries, where the family unit is small. In many nonwestern societies, extended-kinship groups are more important than the immediate family. In Ibo society of Southern Nigeria, when a marriage is dissolved, the children belong to the husband's family, and the mother is not missed. In China before Westernization, the immediate family was scarcely an independent unit—the extended family chose the mate, determined the residence, controlled the property, and managed the affairs of the young couple, who lived with or near other relatives. If one parent was lost through death or divorce, the child remained in the same household with the same intimate relatives, feeling as secure and loved as ever. But in our own industrial, mobile, urban civilization, the immediate family bears all the burden. This may help account for our high divorce rate; a marriage counselor has said, "The load is carried by a few, the emotional charge runs around in a very tight circle, and when something goes wrong everything blows up because there's no way to diffuse the load."

It also creates serious problems after divorce. The child of divorce has nowhere to turn. His emotional state is worse than that of the child of one dead parent, and his social position is more difficult. This is so only because of our attitude toward divorce, according to Prof. Kingsley Davis, a sociologist. He believes the child's situation would be better if people would divorce amicably, if the law would not search out guilt, if the public would accept divorce as a natural though regrettable occurrence, and if special means were employed to safeguard the children. Davis argues that a high divorce rate does not mean the disintegration of society, if the children are safeguarded. If America evolves ways to take care of children that will replace the kinship bonds of primitive and peasant societies, Davis believes, America may someday have a divorce rate higher but less damaging than the present rate.

In 1948 the National Conference on Family Life reported, "Our divorce laws are a mess, they are rotten, they have totally failed to accomplish their declared objectives. . . . The lawyers are heartily ashamed of their enforced double-talk. . . . The judges are bitter about their impotence under existing procedures." A ferment for reform began. Already a committee headed by Reginald Heber Smith had begun to consider establishment of a section on family law in the American Bar Association. Judge Paul W. Alexander of Toledo, Ohio, took up the cause. He and a group of lawyers, clergymen, psychiatrists, sociologists and marriage counselors formed the Interprofessional Commission on Marriage and Divorce Laws, sponsored by the Bar Association. The commission advocated the establishment of integrated family courts and the application to divorce of principles used in juvenile cases. An integrated family court would hear all matters affecting the family, including divorce, juvenile, adoption and bastardy cases.

The commission felt that the divorce court was destructive, the juvenile court constructive. The juvenile court's philosophy was one of helping the child; the divorce court's philosophy was one of punishing guilt. The juvenile court used trained persons, such as social workers and psychiatrists; the divorce court did not. The commission hoped to substitute the philosophy of diagnosis and treatment for the older philosophy of guilt and punishment—a "therapeutic approach," Judge Alexander has called it.

But the reform movement ran out of gas. Some Catholics opposed. Many lawyers and judges resist bringing social workers into court, insisting that the law remain pure. The commission became moribund, mainly through lack of funds. Finally the American Bar Association in 1958 did establish a section on Family Law. Its committees will provide a forum for lawyers and judges. Whether they will


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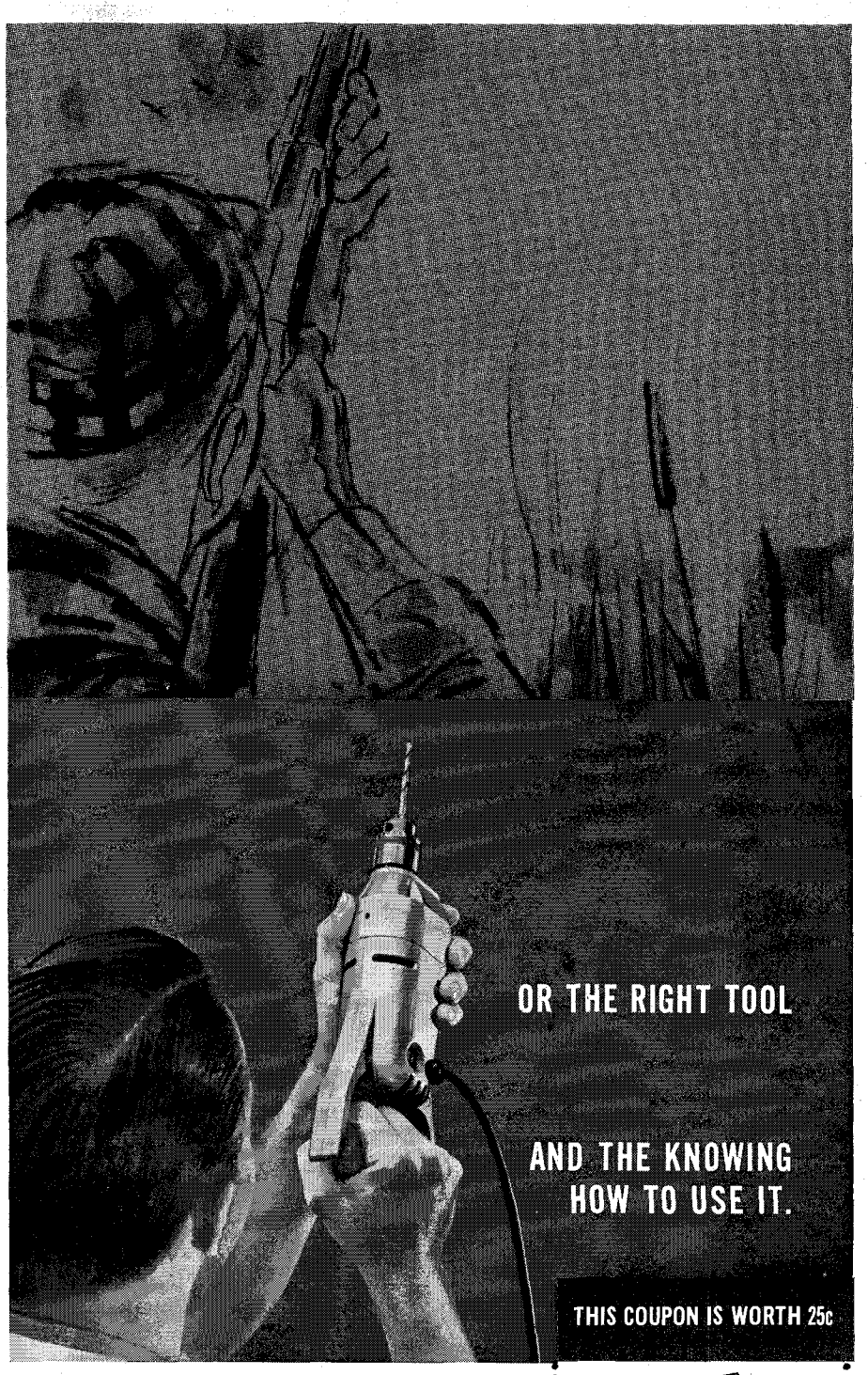


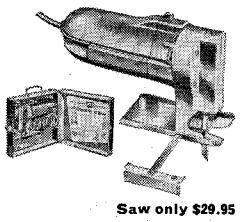

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propose fundamental reform is another question.

Nonetheless, some reform has taken place. It has been aimed at slowing down divorce, promoting reconciliation, improving systems of investigating cases and collecting support money. Most of it has been brought about by a few judges. Julius Miner, now a Federal judge, concluded after years in divorce court in Chicago that the heart of the problem was the ease with which divorce suits are filed. Miner felt that many people rush into divorce court, file suits containing bitter charges, and then can find no way to reconcile without losing face. "The name calling under oath is the straw that breaks the camel's back and makes reconciliation almost impossible. The dagger has been plunged. The neighbors know about it; the children know about it."

He proposed a sixty-day cooling-off period and, in 1955, after years of one-man crusading, got it enacted into a law acceptable to the Illinois Supreme Court. Thus, a person intending to sue for divorce must first file a praecipe for summons and then, except in cases of emergency, must wait sixty days before filing the actual divorce complaint. Judge Miner hoped the sixty-day delay would give couples time to think it over, to patch up their differences. But attorneys soon found a loophole in the law. They ask the court to waive the sixty-day period because of an emergency—for example, the wife needs money for the children immediately—and in nearly every case that the waiver is asked, judges grant it. Judge Miner envisaged a clinic of counselors, social workers, psychiatrists and clergymen whom couples would consult during the sixty-day period. But no such clinic has been set up as yet.

Probably the most ambitiously progressive court is Judge Alexander's family court in Toledo. When a wife with children under fourteen sues for divorce, the court notifies her husband that his family situation must by state law be investigated to determine what is best for the children, and it invites him to use the court's marriage-counseling service. The wife must come in before her divorce suit will be heard. The court can force the husband to come in, too, but only once has Judge Alexander done so—uselessly, it turned out: "There is no such thing as forced marriage counseling."

The court reconciles up to 48 per cent of its couples. It employs about forty-five professional people—counselors, social workers, probation officers, referees, psychologists, psychiatrist, pediatrician, chaplain. A default divorce here is as quick and routine as anywhere else, a contested case as bitter. But here the judge has before him the factual report prepared by his staff, which helps him greatly in deciding custody and support. He is not at the mercy of lawyers and litigants.

Divorce at present is an adversary proceeding—one party pitted against the other, trying to prove himself innocent and the other guilty in order to "win" his case. Judge Alexander argues that the adversary system is absurd—guilt is rarely on one side only; that it doesn't work—its purpose is to bring out the truth through the cross-examination of witnesses, but it fails in nearly all divorce cases since they are uncontested; and that, worst of all, it drives people apart instead of reconciling them. The law's doctrine of collusion forbids people to talk things over sensibly and, if divorce is inevitable, agree to it peaceably; it forces them, instead, to hurt each other. Its doctrine of condonation forbids repentance and forgiveness—if a wife sleeps with her husband after he has given her ground for divorce, she has condoned his wrong behavior and no longer has ground for divorce, and so lawyers often advise clients, "If you really want your divorce, you mustn't have anything to do with your husband. If he wants to kiss and make up, send him away, because if you fall for his line and the judge finds out about it he'll throw your case out of court."

But what is to be substituted for the adversary process? Judge Alexander and others have suggested that the couple, instead of filing a lawsuit titled, "Mary Doe vs. John Doe," would file a petition titled, "In the Interest of the John Doe Family." Containing no charges or name calling, it would simply submit their problems to the court, and the court, after thorough investigation by social workers and psychiatrists, would decide not who was guilty, but what was best for them and for society.

But Dean Robert Kingsley of the University of Southern California law school has objected, "This is all very nice. The only trouble is it presupposes some awfully smart social workers, psychiatrists and judges. This is asking for a judgment that would have made Solomon shudder. It presupposes psychiatrists and social workers in large numbers and with greater skills than exist. I just don't think it's going to work. Judge Alexander has a fine court, he has a good staff and he's a thoughtful, sincere guy—but there's no guarantee every sitting judge is the same. I see no alternative to retaining the adversary proceeding. I wish I were smart enough to come up with a better solution."

To meet these objections Alexander and others have proposed that the judge could deem a marriage dead only after the parties had in fact been living separately for some stated period. But such a law would be contrary to the views of many people, including, presumably, Catholics, as it would mean that married people had a right to separate whenever they chose, and after they had lived apart for a stated interval had a right to divorce.

Basic change in the divorce law seems unlikely soon. But lesser reforms in the conventional divorce courts seem desirable and possible. Judges should be given more help. Investigators could provide them with reports on families' financial statuses and living conditions to help them decide questions of support and custody. Clerks could set dates for future hearings, and special referees could hear preliminary motions. Judges should not rotate as they do, serving a brief hitch in divorce court, then escaping to some easier branch, for divorce deserves the best efforts of dedicated judges with long experience. In some places jurisdiction should be clarified. Child-support money should be collected through the court or other public agency.

Some states need legislation on the use of the blood test to determine paternity, to clarify the legal status of children born as a result of artificial insemination, and to clarify the division of property under a separate-maintenance decree. Many states need a codification of all family law. Some need official court reporters. A divorce law uniform in all states is favored by some lawyers, who argue that at present a man may be divorced in one state but not in another. Other lawyers, however, fear that any uniform law would represent the lowest common denominator—and hence the worst features—of all state laws.

Some students of the divorce problem have concluded that the remedy lies not in improving the divorce laws, but in improving the marriage laws. One lawyer has said, "If we are to have a sixty-day cooling-off period, that's where it should come." Such "marriage mills" as Las Vegas and Yuma are deplored by all who care except those who patronize them or profit by them; eliminating them "would at least keep the drunks from marrying," as a judge has said. A waiting period uniform in all states probably would cut down on runaway teen-age marriages; so might a law prohibiting divorce until after a couple has been married several years.

A few general statements can be made about divorce. The rate rises immediately after a war. It goes up during good times, and declines during a depression. Increasingly divorce tends to occur early in marriage—it is probably most frequent in the third year of marriage. It is more frequent among childless couples than among parents. It is more frequent among the poor than the middle-class or the rich. The children of divorced parents tend to be divorce-prone. It is not certain that the divorce rate is higher for working wives than for housewives, though some evidence so indicates. It is not true that most divorcees are neurotics who are likely to be as unhappy in subsequent marriages as in first—many divorced people make stable second marriages. It is not true that most divorce is hasty and irrational, obtained for trivial reasons—one judge reports that most couples who come before him have been separated at least two years. It is not true that divorcees are rejected by society, or that they tend to descend to lower social levels. Finally, although it is true that the rate of juvenile delinquency is higher among the children of divorced parents than among those of nondivorced parents, nobody has proved that it was the divorce itself that made them delinquent. It may well be that the strain upon the child of remaining in an unbroken but unhappy household would have been greater than the strain of going through a divorce.

Many theories have been advanced to explain the rising divorce rate. Dean Kingsley has said, "I'm an old fogy. My feeling is that the divorce problem is symptomatic of a lot of things that go on in American society. 'Oh, the Joneses are getting a divorce,' people say. 'That's too bad, but I heard they weren't getting along.' They make a mental note not to invite both of them to the same party and that's all. A couple get married, they have disagreements, and instead of saying this is part of life, they say, 'Oh, no, this isn't the way I thought it would be,' so they get divorced. The solution is not in tinkering with the divorce law. The solution is the much broader job of bringing about a change in attitudes toward fundamental responsibility, not only in divorce but in every field."

Basically our divorce rate is probably high because our society is built upon a small family unit and the tensions within the unit often become intolerable. Marriages, instead of being arranged by sensible elders for practical reasons, are formed by foolish children for romantic love; instead of being buttressed by family, they are maintained only by mutual likes and a sense of responsibility. But our family organization has always been small.

Why has the divorce rate risen so steeply in the past fifty-odd years? No doubt the emancipation of women and the revolution of morals following World War I contributed. So did a weakening of religio-moral pressure that strengthened the sense of responsibility. So did our increasing urbanization and mobility—society tied close to the land appears to be a more stable society than one cut loose from it. And when a rootless urban society is built upon a small family unit, the pressures upon the family become enormous.

Nearly forty years ago in England a novelist, E. M. Forster, wrote, "London was but a foretaste of this nomadic civilization which is altering human nature so profoundly, and throws upon personal relations a stress greater than they have ever borne before. Under cosmopolitanism, if it comes, we shall receive no help from the earth. Trees and meadows and mountains will only be a spectacle, and the binding force that they once exercised on character must be entrusted to Love alone. May Love be equal to the task!"

The "causes" of divorce—alcoholism, chronic (*Continued on Page 126*)

"I warned him!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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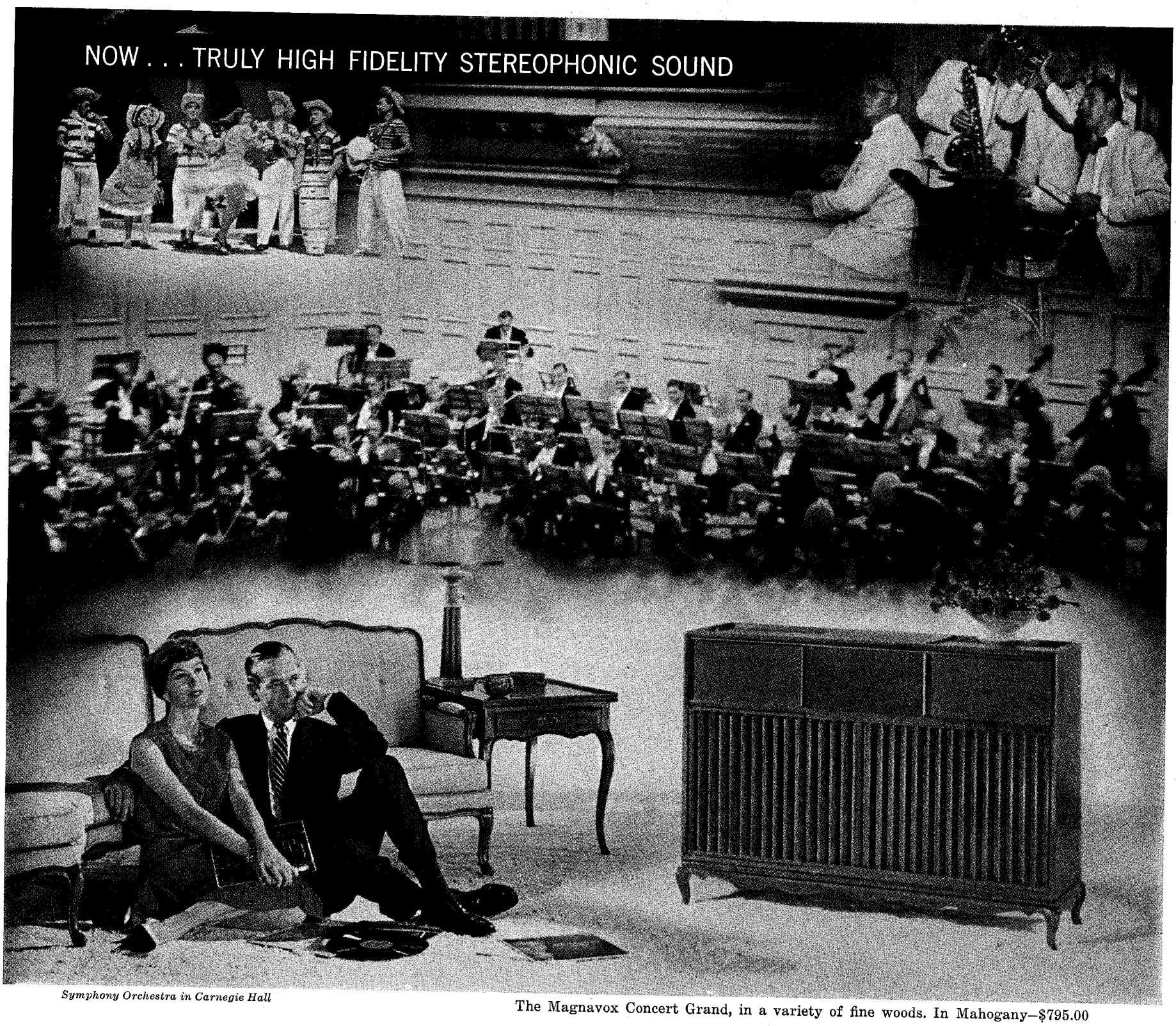


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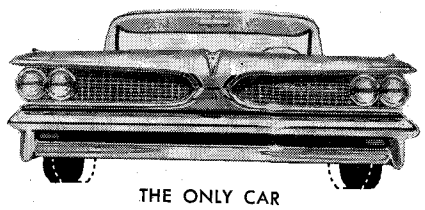

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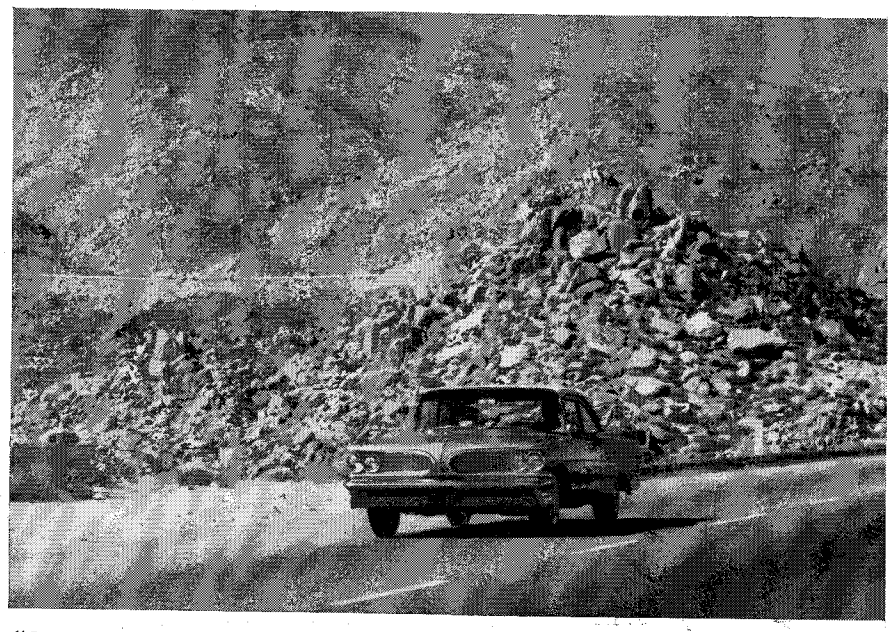

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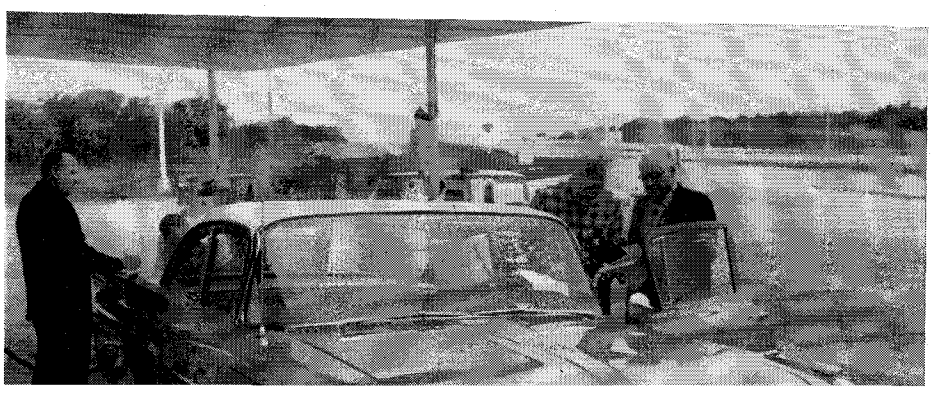

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(*Continued from Page 122*) gambling, adultery, sexual incompatibility, quarrels over in-laws or money or another man or woman—are the immediate problems that send people to the divorce court, but they are merely the outward signs of unhappiness. Financial deprivation itself doesn't smash marriages; if it did, all the poor would be divorced. Actually the causes of divorce among the poor do not appear to be much different from the causes among the rich.

Why are people unhappy? It is hard for two persons to live together. Many try desperately before giving up. Most come to divorce court unwillingly—divorce is a hard and hurtful process, to which sensible people turn only as a last resort. Many are bewildered. Life changes, people grow, children are born, parents die, responsibilities increase, and the solutions of the first ten years are no good for the second ten. People marry without understanding what they really want—a young girl merely wants to get away from her parents; a rich man merely wants a beautiful woman to show off; a young man wants a romantic adventure—but they all find themselves saddled with babies and bills and in-laws. And each partner brings into marriage problems that twist the life of the other. They marry with the best will in the world, the will to be happy and to make each other happy; but somehow it doesn't work out, they are helpless, caught, carried along by a current they can't control. No single cause can be assigned and no single remedy prescribed for this predicament in all cases. This is the human condition. Those who are trapped are trapped.

In a new Chicago suburb stands a new stone ranch house low to the ground, with evergreens by the walk and a car in the carport, and for miles around are other ranch houses. Children play on the sidewalks here, and young husbands shirtless in the summer sun cut the grass with power mowers, and their pretty wives in shorts sit with babies on the grass, watching. It is a scene of serenity and happiness. No two persons on the street looked more like the ideal young American couple than the Keiths, the couple that lived in the stone house. She was almost beautiful, he lean and almost handsome, and they had three fine children. But he moved out and she sued him for divorce; and indeed the story is repeated so often that after a few days in divorce court you would think that every little ranch house in the suburbs is a little nest of hate.

Rosalind Keith was twenty-six, with ash-blond hair in a ponytail, prominent cheekbones, grave gray-green eyes, beautiful even white teeth, a mouth that turned down at the corners. She looked proud and provocative. Her shoulders were broad, her figure good. She looked healthy and full of life. Her husband, Ray, two years older, was a quiet, dark, thin, tense young man, inward-turned, moody, shy. His eyes were set deep and close together. These two had grown up together in Chicago, children of workingmen, but they did not start dating till after he came back from World War II. He never had gone with another girl. She had been in love with a high-school boy whom her parents forbade her to see. She wanted to get away from her parents, and so she married Ray. She was only seventeen.

They spent their wedding night in a Loop hotel. It was a bad night. He had wanted to go to Seattle on their honeymoon. Rosalind has said, "After our wedding night I didn't want to go anywhere with him. I was sorry I was married. He was so violent. Since then he's always made a joke of it—he tells people how I sat up in bed on our wedding night and cried and said I wanted my mom."

They moved into two upstairs rooms in her parents' house. One evening a few weeks after they were married, he told her to stop smoking. When she wouldn't, they quarreled and he slapped her. "From then on, every time we argued he slapped me. Later on he used his fist. He had a terrible temper." He was very jealous of her. He didn't want her to work or to have any friends. "He told me the first week we were married I had to give up my girl friends, had to quit smoking, couldn't cross my legs when I sat down. He wanted me to wear high-necked dresses—up to my neck and below my knees."

Most of their quarrels were about sex. Asked what their trouble was, Rosalind is likely to say at first, "He believes a woman should be ready to have sex any time of the day or night whenever the man wants to," but then she says, "We weren't happy in bed. I guess he was, but I wasn't." He knew she wasn't and increased his demands, as though to force her to love him. Neither of them had had any previous sexual experience. Neither thought of consulting a doctor or psychiatrist. If she refused him when they went to bed, he would beat and choke her, and she would submit. She became afraid of him. She was too proud to tell her parents he beat her—she explained the bruises away. She never hit him back.

"I don't like violence. I'm afraid of it. My mother used to hit my father back," she said. Why did he beat her? He has said, "I don't know. I'd hit her, then be sorry for it—after it was too late. My father used to hit my mother. I hated him for it. I hated to do it myself. But I did it," and he sounded bewildered.

What did the Keiths do? "Nothing," Rosalind said. "We had no outside interests. We bowled some. We'd go to a movie once in a great while. He'd get a vacation, and instead of going somewhere he'd get a part-time job. For two years he worked two jobs, one twelve hours and one four hours. He was only home to sleep. I sat home all the time—and washed diapers. The only friends I had were my mother's friends. I was so glad when they came to the house."

He says he had to work so much to make ends meet. During the first seven years of their marriage he never made more than seventy dollars a week. He has said, "It was always a struggle. The kids were sick when they were first born. There were always doctor bills. I would give her my pay check. If she wanted a dress she could have it, because that was more or less the point of my working—for her and the house and the kids."

She had no respect for him. "I've always been ashamed of him. It was up to me to pay the bills and buy his clothes, like a kid. He couldn't even decide what socks were right with what shirt. He was not quite a man." Incredibly, though he knows better now, Ray thought they were happy during those years.

They always had wanted a home of their own, and in 1956 they scraped up enough money, with her parents' help, to make a down payment on a ranch house in the suburbs. Her parents moved out to the same suburb. Soon things were worse than before, and she told him she wanted a separation. He said he would kill her if she left. He threatened suicide.

One morning in the fall of 1957 he awakened her at six o'clock and "wanted to have sex." She recalls, "The kids were up, and I didn't feel like it anyway. So he pulled me out of bed. I got up and he grabbed me by the neck and threw me across the bed and started choking me. The kids came in and he quit. I grabbed the kids and ran over to my mom's house. The next day I told Ray I wouldn't come back unless he left."

He went to a motel for a week. He asked her to let him come back. Her parents urged her to because of the children. "Finally, I said if he wanted to come back he could, but he'd have to give me all the time I needed to think it over, and he'd have to sleep on a cot in the boys' room. That lasted three days. He kept saying how could I make a go of it if I wouldn't consider going back to bed with him. I was willing to try. It made me sick to my stomach. I couldn't help it."

Again he beat her; again at her insistence he went away for a week; again he persuaded her to let him come home. "But I couldn't stand the thought of him. I'd be fine all day long, but toward evening, as soon as he'd walk in the door, I'd feel myself froze up." She picked fights with him. She wouldn't stay home when he was there. She'd go out for drinks with June, a neighbor girl recently divorced, and with men. This was torture for him. She has said, "I thought there was no sense going on like that." She was afraid to ask him for a divorce. She persuaded him to leave temporarily, and as soon as he was gone she filed for divorce.

For several weeks miserable scenes ensued. He came to visit the children. He would sit on the kitchen floor and cry and pound his head against the refrigerator. He would beg the children to pray that their mother would take him back. She believes he spied on her, trying to catch her in an indiscretion he could use to fight the divorce.

The divorce came up in court on her motion for temporary support. The judge took them into his chambers and tried to reconcile them. Ray was eager, but Rosalind just sat there and shook her long blond ponytail. The judge asked what their trouble was. They said nothing at all about their real difficulties, only that he had a bad temper and had struck her. The proceedings seemed like shadowboxing. The judge finally persuaded Rosalind to think it over for five weeks. Ray agreed to pay her bills and give her thirty dollars a week. She left the judge's chambers alone and met her girl friend, June, and went to lunch.

Rosalind was disappointed at the delay. "I don't see why they want to drag it out. I've thought about it already—for years."

June, a pretty blonde, nodded. "I know. I was married ten years. You've got a life to live."

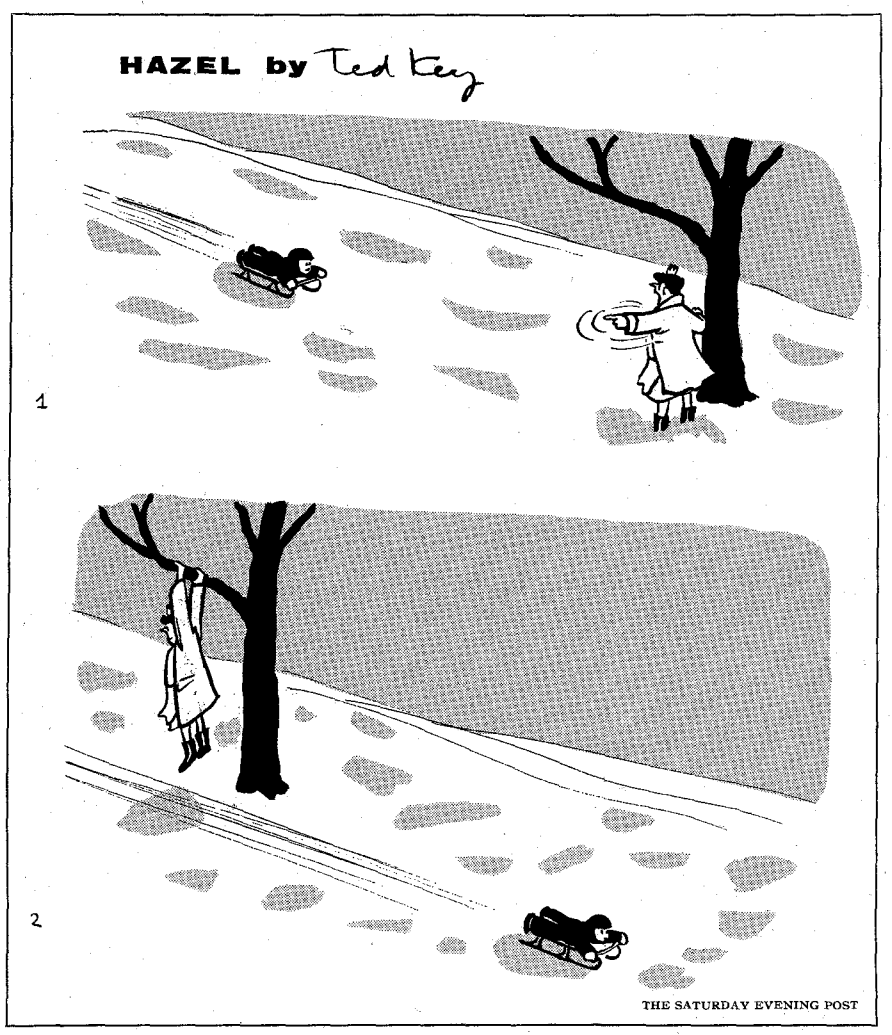
Rosalind said, "I don't hate him. I don't even feel sorry for him. I feel nothing. But if I think of being with him, I—I'd rather be dead. I'd hoped we could part and still be friends, but we can't." She was silent a moment. "I used to cry about it all. I still wish it hadn't happened. But I don't cry any more." All she wanted now was a divorce—and the children. Did she think there was anything wrong with her? "The only thing the matter with me is I want to be loved and I want to love in return."

As for Ray, he left the court, disconsolate, and that night, sitting in his mother's living room, he tried to puzzle out what had gone wrong in his life. Sex, he realized, had been their trouble, and his temper. "It takes a blow like this to wake you up. All these years ——" He intended to visit the children regularly. He was grateful to the judge for postponing proceedings. He had asked his attorney to try to patch things up. He had started going to church again, as he had as a child; he regretted that he and Rosalind hadn't gone while they were married.

He had sent a friend to sound out Rosalind and had been somewhat cheered by the report: "She don't seem to really hate you." Did he think Rosalind would give him another chance? "That I don't know. Rosalind's a pretty stubborn girl. She's pretty bitter now. And that girl friend of hers, June, she don't help."

He was considering consulting a psychiatrist to find out why he had beaten her. "Maybe then I could explain it to her. I don't know if it'd help the situation or not. I been telling her till I'm blue in the face that I love her. Maybe it's hard for her to believe after all this, but I still do."

Editors' Note—This is the last of a series by John Bartlow Martin.

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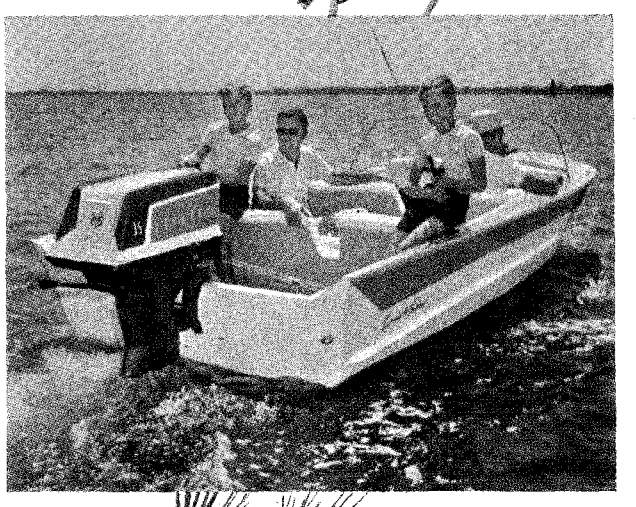

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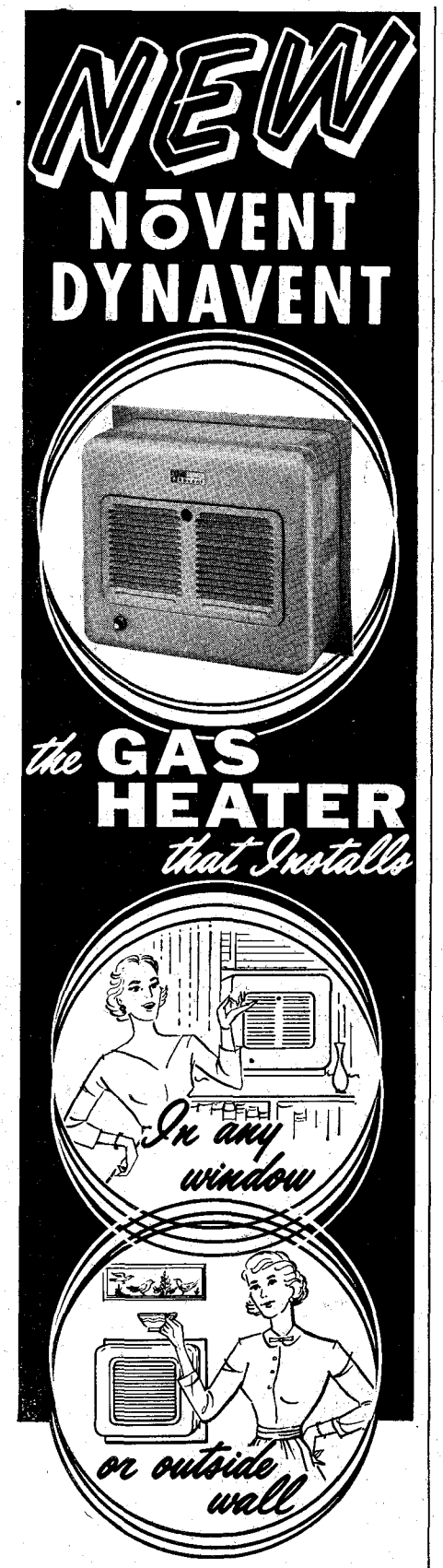


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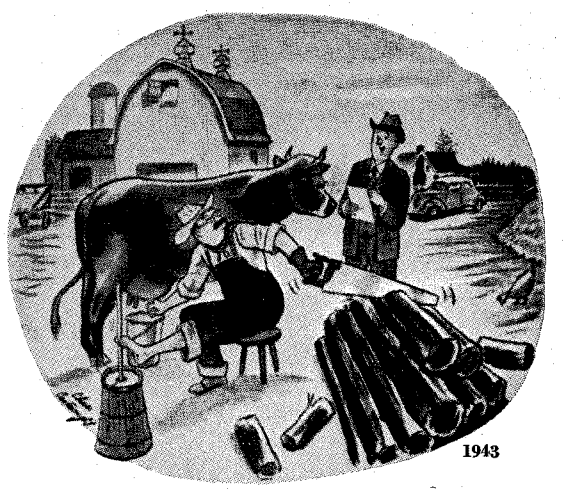
# Keeping Posted

## Hollywood Can Do Anything

Actor Yul Brynner told **Pete Martin** (page 24) that his next project would be a picture for producer Jerry Wald and 20th Century-Fox based on novelist William Faulkner's first great critical success, The Sound and the Fury. He would enact the role of Jason Compson, a member of an old Southern family. Well, one day assistant managing editor Bill Stevens, an ardent admirer of Faulkner's literary art, found himself wondering how Brynner ever would manage the rich strain of Southern accent the new role called for. The answer is, he doesn't have to; Hollywood, in its wondrous way, has arranged for Brynner, who lived for some years in Paris, to use a French accent. The screen adaptation (by Irving Ravetch and his wife, Harriet Frank, Jr., who pleased Faulkner with their conversion of the author's novel The Hamlet into the screenplay The Long, Hot Summer) calls for Brynner to be a Louisiana Cajun—which accounts for the French accent. Jason's mother, a widow, marries into a non-Cajun family, and there you are.

## 350 Chuckles

Would you say that the American sense of humor has changed much during the past twenty-five years? **Marione R. Nickles,** cartoon editor of the Post, comments, "Our interests and concerns have altered with the times and this has been reflected in the Post's cartoons. But we Americans have always been able to laugh at ourselves, no matter how grim the circumstances, and in this basic respect our sense of humor certainly has changed little." As a matter of fact, Mrs. Nickles has taken steps to prove this; she has made a selection of 350 Post cartoons by the best cartoonists of the last quarter century, and Dutton has just published them under the title, The Saturday Evening Post Cartoon Festival. It's both a feast of fun and a hilarious history of latter-day American life.




**"I represent the Federal Manpower Commission. How are you fixed for help?"**

## Tales of the Authors



**Norma Mansfield and her boys.**



**Collaborators Kenneth Gilmore and Howard Simons.**

Author **Norma Mansfield** (page 30), proudly posed "with those two big bruisers"—her sons—at Stanford University last commencement time; Pete, at the left, had just finished his pre-med course and is now in Harvard Medical School, and Dick had just taken his law degree. The smaller-looking bruiser is an inch bigger than his brother—they were standing on a slope.

**Kenneth Gilmore** and **Howard Simons,** collaborators on page 34, also collaborated, when they were young reporters in Washington, on meals, dates and keeping a bachelor hall in an ancient Georgetown house. Later Simons got married, leaving Gilmore doing the housekeeping all alone. Their current article features Wilburn Ferguson's experiences among the head-hunter Indians of Ecuador; and one evening when Ferguson was dining at the Simons home, Mrs. Simons got a phone call from her mother and, unable to explain things at length, whispered simply, "Howard has a head shrinker here." Howard says that to this day he suspects his mother-in-law thinks he's being psychoanalyzed.

**Paul Darcy Boles,** of Atlanta and page 26, has published five novels and dedicated all of them to a lady named Dorothy, the mother of his sons Shawn, Patric and Terence. By the way, he signs off his letters: Peace, Joy and Good Bread.

When **Robert Cahn,** (page 32), went to interview architect Welton Becket, he discovered that they were both alumni of the University of Washington and, in different periods, had belonged to the same student society, the Oval Club. Becket's executive assistant, Jack Beardwood, had been a contemporary of Cahn at U. of W.; and some time ago Jack Whitehouse, Becket's public-relations man, had introduced Cahn to a lady named Patricia—Pat was a friend of Mrs. Whitehouse, and now she's Mrs. Cahn. It was a sort of old-home week.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

**"Stand By for Climate Control"**

A fascinating—and sometimes frightening—report on how meteorological science may change the world.

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